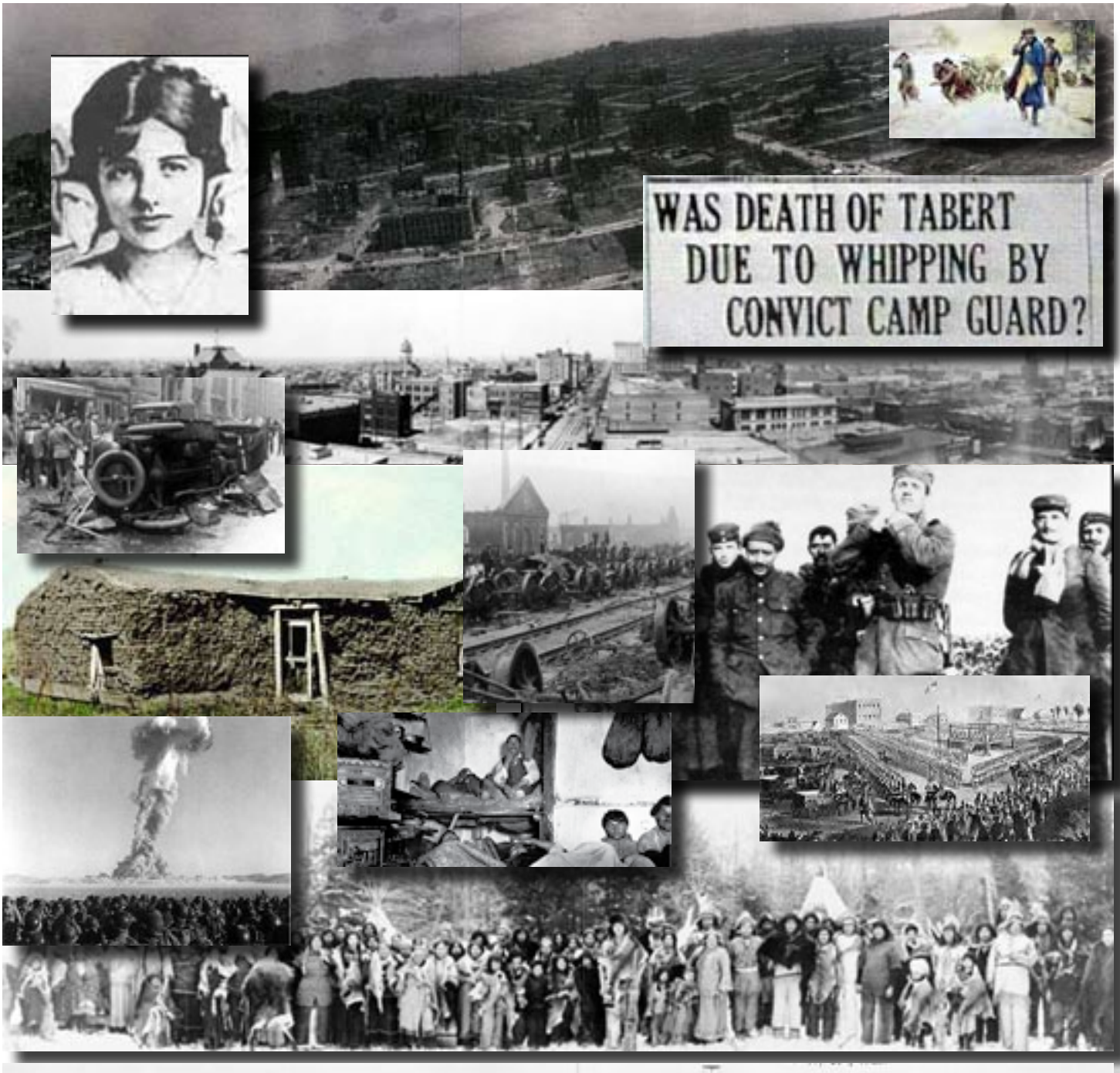

WAS DEATH OF TABERT
DUE TO WHIPPING BY
CONVICT CAMP GUARD?

Foreword

History is what makes up the ties that bind individuals, communities, and nations. It gives us our sense of purpose and, if we're lucky, creates a sense of wonder about our past. It is responsible for forming our identities, from the personal to the national. Ultimately, however, history focuses on whose story you are telling. We know that every story has at least two sides, but histories commonly address only one view - as if it were the ultimate truth, and any other perspective fictitious and therefore unworthy of inclusion. One of the most inspiring stories from our Revolution is that of General Washington and his troops, hunkering down for the winter at Valley Forge. Certainly we all know their plight - the bloody tracks in the snow showing the barefoot army's direction, the deaths from cold and gnawing starvation. As taught in our schools, it's the object lesson on suffering to achieve a worthy cause - in this case, our war to declare our independence from England and become a free nation. However, the simple story we're taught leaves out many truths. For one, it's a fact that Washington chose Valley Forge for his winter camp because it was the breadbasket of the nation; so how is it that so many of his troops starved to death that winter? The answer, not taught in American History, is that they starved because the farmers of the Susquehanna Valley drove their caravans of food right past Washington and his men almost daily, delivering it to the British army 20 miles away in Philadelphia. One can see the problem with the story as we've been taught: if Washington's troops suffered for our cause, shouldn't good patriotic American farmers have done the same? And the farmers weren't even necessarily on the side of the British, either. No, it was simpler than that: the British army paid for food in Pound sterling, while the Continental Army paid in scrip redeemable in Continental dollars, which were worthless. Washington and his men suffered for our freedom, but it is now clear that local farmers weren't willing to go quite that far. It's the backside of that story that makes our winning that Revolution truly incredible, because it casts doubt on how many colonists were really committed to the cause.

Another story that everyone should find particularly troubling was the history of leasing prisoners in the South. Certainly, the region was financially devastated after the Civil War and could no longer afford to build proper prisons. But that doesn't justify the state of Mississippi's turning all of their prisoners into slave laborers, particularly when no one survived 10 years in that state's twisted version of incarceration. Worse, like so many government programs, this one spread out of Mississippi to many Southern states; and it dramatically expanded arrests, often just because local businessmen or the state needed more workers for dangerous or backbreaking jobs. After the turn of the last century, when cheap labor was needed, anyone could be arrested for vagrancy and put on a chain gang, even if that someone were just passing through town. When the outrageous fines couldn't be promptly paid, those arrested were simply shipped out as day laborers to "work off their debt to society." It would take the exposure of the death of one innocent young man from North Dakota to finally stop his inhumane treatment of so many individuals. And, as much as one would like to think this sort of thing was from a more primitive time in America, a prison work boss whipped Martin Tabert to death in 1921 and left his body in the swamp.

Worse, the scandal over Tabert's death did not stop all prisoner leasing; this

quite common and often corrupt practice existed up to and into the middle of the 20th century. The difference is that innocent people were no longer forced into government-sanctioned slavery; and prisoners who were farmed out to local businessmen for sweatshop wages at least had to be brought back to the prison alive.

The Backside of American History has always tried to answer the question of who we really are as a nation. We've tried to uncover some of the real heroes of the American experiment, people of uncommon courage who were often hated in their lifetime but whose actions gave all of us real freedoms. They were people like us, only braver: Anne Hutchinson stood up to the church in New England in pre-Revolutionary times, only to be banished to the wilderness. James Beckwourth, one of our country's great pioneers and frontier scouts, helped open the West, but is still unknown because he was part African American.

There are also villains in our history, men who are often portrayed in our textbooks as men of unique abilities who gave more to the nation than others. Of course, some did do great things, only to fail or make disastrous decisions later in life. Telling the other side of their story is meant not to discount their greatness, but to prove that no one is infallible, even heroes; some people who did great deeds actually lacked any real personal integrity, and that's what we find here on the Backside of American History.

This series of stories on the Wheels with Ed Wallace radio show began as a segment intended to run for just a year or two. However, as the segment starts its eighth year on air, we've brought you no less than 365 stories about our past that you probably never knew. I've often said that we are all the descendants of the survivors of history. You might not have thought of it that way, but for you to be alive today, your ancestors lived through history's greatest and most tragic events. A direct line of your ancestors came from those who lived before civilization and agriculture. They survived the small tribal wars between non-speaking clans and lived in caves or in huts out in the open. They had survived Ice Ages, not to mention the Imperial Army of Rome, barbarians, Huns, and other conquerors. Twin plagues may have killed half of Europe, but someone in your family survived. If you are African American, you know the hardships of your ancestors, but people in your family had the determination to live in spite of the odds, and that's why you live today. Likewise, if you are Hispanic, at least two of your ancestors survived the European conquest of their countries and the plagues those armies brought, to which your family once had no immunity. And in this lies the reason history should be celebrated. For it is not abstract in any way; it is the story of how you and I came to be. And although it is possible that someone in your ancestry was royalty or an important key figure in history, it is the great and unwashed masses that had the intestinal fortitude to survive whatever came their way. More than likely, there was once a scavenging peasant in your family's past, but they too should be celebrated; if they had not existed and lived to procreate, you would not be here to read these stories. The true hero of the world's history is the common man.

History is not abstract. It is part of who you are. It is not just the story of others, taught to show schoolchildren who was courageous and who led civilizations to greatness in the past - it is the story of you and your family and me and mine; it was our ancestors there in the middle of history, living in poverty, fear, despair, and hunger. Most important to me, history tells how hope came into the lives of the many and of their

quiet, mostly unnoticed struggles to make the world better for future generations.

When historians of the future tell our story, I hope, this work will make clear that we were not willfully blind to our own past. We went looking for the truth and we honored what we found - we honor all sides of the truth.

Ed Wallace
Fort Worth, Texas, January 2008

Chapter One
Acadians: Our Co-Founding Péres?

Our popular belief is that that America was founded by the Pilgrims in 1620 at Plymouth Rock. But that gives little credit to the Dutch, who founded Fort Orange -now Albany, New York, more than a decade before the first New England settlement. And around the same time, a large settlement of hybrid French, known as the Acadians, colonized what we now know as the Maritime Provinces in Nova Scotia. Ten years earlier we find the Spanish settling Santa Fe in their province of New Mexico, so it is hardly fair to say that all of what became America started in New England.

What is accurate is that America would change hands often. The British and French fought for control of certain regions, then fought the Spanish; and the Dutch gave in rather easily. And that brings up a question: When a territory was captured by the British Crown, what became of the Dutch or French settlers that were already in that region? In most cases, they were simply asked to pledge loyalty to the British Crown, then to go home to tend to their business.

The French Acadians were a unique group. They had settled the coasts of Nova Scotia around 1605, three years before Quebec was founded, and they'd been there 15 years when the Mayflower landed at Plymouth. More important, the Acadians seemingly could get along with anybody, holding their independence above all, proud in their concept of self-government.

Acadians for the most part were semiliterate fishermen and farmers. Their live-and-let-live form of government let them make friends of the local Mikmaq Indians, of the British who would sail into their ports and most assuredly of other French settlers. Neutrality was their sovereign policy; whomever wanted to trade with them, fine. They respected other cultures and were unbelievably tolerant, which was strange, because the Acadians protected their own hybrid culture fiercely and still do.

Over two or three generations of families, the Acadians became more isolated from their French past and, if you can imagine it, developed an even more unique national character. It is fair to say that in their first 105 years in North America, they were both prosperous and living the most idyllic lifestyle of any group.

That would change; in 1710 the British took control of that part of the world, and, as was the custom, asked the Acadian elders to swear allegiance to their new ruler, the King of England.

The Acadians had no real problem with that, but it would have to be done with a few rules inserted. Mostly, they were going to continue to trade with whomever they wanted to, and they would never take up arms for or against the British. Other than that, if the British Crown was in charge, so be it.

An accommodation was made and for the next 45 years, the relationship seemed to work nicely. That is, until the British settlers in New England started having real problems with their former neighbors, the Indian tribes of the Northeast.

Puritan preachers started accusing these independent Frenchman of having too close a relationship with their Indian neighbors. Because the Acadians believed in strict neutrality in all conflicts, the preachers surmised every Sunday that maybe the Acadians were more allied with the Indian menace than with the British further south.

Of course, the Boston merchants attending those Sunday sermons actually liked the Acadians. Their coastal villages were like a free trade zone: Furs from the Indians, rum from the Indies, and finished goods from Europe could all be traded there - and the Acadians offered a back door around mercantile laws and European tariffs on goods.

So: The New England businessmen liked doing business with them; the preachers were spreading rumors that the Acadians might well be behind the problems with the Indians - and then the British military authorities started thinking that the Acadians' allegiance to the

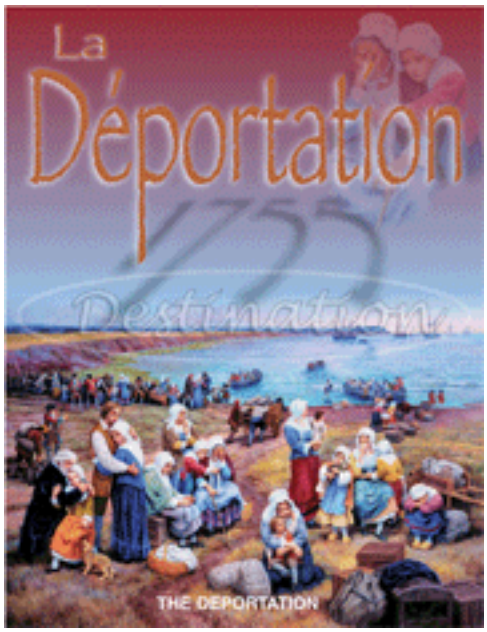
Crown should involve more restrictions on their personal rights. But even that was a two-edged sword: The British military and navy needed the Acadians to supply their men with food and fish. So again this group was targeted, but no one had any real political will to do anything about it.

That is, until around 1749, when it was becoming apparent to all that soon England and France would be at war. Indian attacks on New England settlements also picked up, as the Native Americans decided they could no longer endure the New Englanders' constant atrocities on their people. But, instead of recognizing that the Indian attacks were simply reprisals for their own actions, the angry rhetoric against the Acadians picked up steam. After all, in Puritan New England, it was easy to hate and suspect a group whose members were prosperous and free and loved to drink, feast, dance and carry on.

Now, the Acadians didn't care if the New Englanders didn't like them. Trade was solid between the two groups anyway, and they certainly believed the New Englanders' problems with the Indians were of their own making. After all, not once had the Acadians ever had a problem with the local tribes. Nevertheless, again, a war was coming between England and France, known as the Seven Years War (the French and Indian War, in this country). And there's a funny thing about war: If you remain neutral, a lot of people think you're siding with their enemy. The fact that it isn't true doesn't exempt you from being the target of someone's unreasoning wrath.

Colonel Edward Cornwallis, the uncle of the General of the same name from our Revolution, now started the shift toward isolating the Acadians by restricting trade. But in August of 1755, British Lt. Col. Charles Lawrence took it one step further. He was going to eliminate all traces of the Acadians from the East Coast of Nova Scotia, in anticipation of the war to come.

Every adult male was taken from his home and put in prison, hostages to ensure the complete surrender of their families. Then their homes were burned to the ground, their livestock slaughtered and their crops burned. Their fishing boats were either destroyed or confiscated. Of the 18,000 Acadians, 7,000 were put on boats and sent to the Deep South. Often as not, men were separated from their children and wives, or brothers and sisters from each other. Thousands would die on their voyages to unknown destinations. Of those not forcibly expelled, another 11,000 fled or were driven into the interior, and some who resisted were killed by British troops.



One New England writer justified their treatment in a letter, saying "We are now upon a great and noble scheme of sending the neutral French out of this Province, for they have always been our secret enemies and have encouraged our Savages to cut our throats. If we effect their expulsion, it will be one of the greatest things that ever the English did in America, for by all accounts, that part of the country they possess is as good a Land as any in the New World."

Of course, the Acadians did not assist the Indians against the British. The Mikmaq tribe didn't even venture into New England and were never anybody's enemies; but in that letter we do find one clue as to why the ethnic cleansing of the Acadians from Nova Scotia was really necessary: They had the best land of all, and it was immediately settled by Protestant British families.

The war came anyhow, one of the most vicious in American history. The people of New England found new enemies to take on in another two decades: their British cousins from across the pond.

But, as for our happy-go-lucky, get along with everyone, love to drink, play wild music and eat lots of food Acadians, of the 7,000 shipped out, a few were settled in the Carolinas,

where they lost their French-hybrid heritage. Another 400 were put into Georgia; but many of the Acadian people were simply left at the mouth of the Mississippi. And, because they were a seriously tight-knit clan, they kept their heritage and their language made up of French, Mikmaq Indian and broken English. Only this time they knew that to survive, they would have to remove themselves to remote and undesirable areas. And today, the French Acadians, forced to leave their land in Nova Scotia, still exist, although you know them better as the Louisiana Cajuns, "Cajun" being a bastardization of the word "Acadian."

And so they remain in their customs and language, their food, music and drink, enjoying virtually the same cultural experience that their ancestors had four hundred years ago. And thanks to Puritan preachers, needing someone to blame for their problems with the Indians and refusing to believe that any group could be as tolerant to all as the Acadians were, we have zydeco music and Pappadeaux restaurants. And the Cajuns still prefer their isolation in the backwater regions of the South. They internalized the warning, "Never trust authority," during their ancestors' expulsion from the north so many years ago.

Chapter Two
America Before Racism

In our lifetime, we have witnessed the repeal of laws that had created separate classes of American citizens. No longer were blacks and whites different in the eyes of the law; for the most part, it came to seem that either you were an American or you weren't, regardless of your race. What you may not know is that the same situation existed long ago; similar laws were passed a hundred years before these - in the half decade after the Civil War. What happened? Our own Supreme Court overturned those laws, and with that act they ushered in the Jim Crow era.

It may surprise you to learn that, in the very early days of America, there was no such racial hatred. True, America was divided; but it was not white against black, it was poor against rich. The important and overlooked fact is that American racism was legislated and enforced - on purpose, in the sure and certain knowledge that those laws would foster interracial hatred and mistrust, in generation after generation yet to come.

For in the British Colonies' first 40 years in this country, when they arrived here as indentured servants, both blacks and whites were referred to as slaves. Some merchant or member of the upper class, typically, had paid for the servant's passage to America, creating an indenture, or work debt. After working off the debt over a period averaging around seven years, the servant would be free to enter society as his or her own person. What may shock you today is that both blacks and whites were indentured equally; all could achieve personal freedom in return for seven years' service.

And in those days, newly freed men and women of all colors could and did find work without prejudice; in even the skilled trades one might see blacks working side by side with white counterparts. Interracial marriage was not completely uncommon. And, when it came to breaking the King's Law, enforcement too was color-blind.

Still, there was a discrimination problem, for colonists were usually one of two classes: either British aristocracy or broke. And that's exactly why the rich of this country feared most what they did - the poor coming after them and their wealth. Upper-class British gentlemen, who felt perfectly capable of rationally disputing anything with a reasonably educated white man, feared more than anything that some day poor whites and poor blacks might band together and revolt.

Therefore, in 1661, the Virginia Assembly took the first step toward creating two classes of citizenship using race as the boundary. That year they passed a new law: If you were black and not yet freed under the terms of your indentured servitude, then you never would be free. As the law defined it, you had just been made a slave for life. After all, as Virginia's Governor William Berkley said, it was time for a change; he feared "a coming rebellion, to be formed because,

six parts of seven at least are poor, indebted, discontented and armed."

Fifteen years later, the upper class in America would begin taking more drastic steps to ensure that their power and wealth survived intact, for their worst fears would come true: poor blacks and whites would indeed band together to overthrow the "ruling class." Governor Berkley, 70 years old when the rebellion began, was disappointed to discover that his own much younger cousin was behind it.

Nathaniel Bacon, Jr., born into the upper class in England, was from all accounts a troublemaker; his own father had had him banished to the Colonies to see whether the experience would gain him some maturity. When he got to Virginia in 1675, his cousin, Governor Berkley, gave him a substantial land grant and a seat on the council. At first glance, one would think that young Bacon should have had no complaints.

However, besides the chronic extreme poverty of most living in the country at the time, there were other, more acute economic problems. Tobacco prices were falling; Virginia faced serious financial competition from neighboring Maryland and the Carolinas; the British home market was tightening its trade restrictions more and more, and manufactured goods from England were becoming increasingly expensive here. And then, in one year alone, there were numerous hailstorms, two hurricanes, and a drought in spring, followed by floods the rest of the year.

What the people needed was a scapegoat for their problems. No, at that time it wasn't the freed blacks; it had to be those Indians.

It started with an attack by the Do-eg Indians on the plantation of Thomas Mathews, located near the Potomac in Virginia. The dispute started when the elders of that tribe complained that Mathews had not paid for items he had purchased from the tribe. During this raid, several colonists were killed; unfortunately, when the British attempted some old-fashioned retaliation they attacked the wrong tribe, the Susque-hanaugs. That mistake enraged the blameless Indians, and they retaliated even more fiercely against the British.

Governor Berkley wanted this nonsense over, so he set up a meeting between the two parties to iron things out. Those meetings didn't go well at all, because several of the tribal chiefs were murdered. This incensed Governor Berkley, and he demanded that his fellow Brits restrain themselves. Apparently they did; but his young cousin, Nathaniel Bacon, ignored Berkley's orders and seized property held by the Appomattox Indians, claiming they had stolen some of his corn.

It was the Governor's job to preserve the friendship between the British and the local Indians. Accordingly, he called for a Long Assembly in March of 1676 to resolve the problem, but only after he had wisely confiscated the few guns and any black powder held by local tribes. For their part, the Long Assembly members simply declared a war on all "bad" Indians - the 17th-century equivalent of the War on Terrorism.

Now, trade with the Indians in those days was good business, but it was strictly by license; effectively, this meant only the Governor's friends had that right. Others did it illegally. But after the Long Assembly the government began cracking down on that unregulated outside trade - which was what had provoked the raid on the Mathews farm.

Nathaniel Bacon had been one of those illegally trading with the Indians, so now he decided to style himself General of a local militia. He would handle problems with the Indians in his own fashion - starting with running them off of some very valuable properties. His cousin the Governor, now with a rebel and rebellion on his hands, offered to pardon Bacon if he would simply quit playing a Colonial Rambo - though the House of Burgesses refused to agree to that solution. Bacon was captured, and he apologized for his actions. But then things deteriorated.

Bacon went back to his old nasty ways, only this time he focused on the rich and powerful. First he surrounded the Statehouse, and the governor fled. Then Bacon headed for Jamestown, which he took; and then on July 30 of 1676 he issued his "Declaration of the People,"

in which he gave Jamestown back - apparently only because he planned to (and did) burn it to the ground on September 16 of that year. And he might have kept on going but for two things: First, the British Navy had arrived to help put down this major revolt; and second, Nathaniel Bacon Jr. died of infections he had caught from body lice.

The last rebellious holdouts brought down by the British regulars were 80 black men, fighting alongside 20 white males.

With that, Governor Berkley finally got control of Virginia back. Twenty-three of Bacon's followers were hanged for their part in the rebellion; and, after an investigation done at His Majesty's behest, Berkley was relieved of the governorship of Virginia.

Don't be misled: This was a major rebellion in America, supported to a large degree by the impoverished masses, both black and white, and it was more than a little frightening to the power elite. Because the majority, which was formed of poor people, had supported Bacon because they thought he was fighting for the little guy. In fact, he wasn't.

Something had to be done; it was bad enough that from then on there would be ongoing problems with Native Americans. But the only hope that the British elite had lay in keeping all of the whites on the same team - and pitted against the blacks. So new laws were passed, racist laws designed to prove to whites that, no matter how poor, they were still superior to poor or freed blacks. Interracial marriage was outlawed immediately; then apprenticeships and jobs in skilled trades were ordered to be given only to white males.

Criminal codes were changed: now black men would receive harsher penalties than whites for the same crime. The term, "indentured servant," was now legally reserved for white people, while blacks were to be known simply as slaves. Worst of all, the representatives who passed these acts - with the sole purpose of creating a feeling of white supremacy in poor Colonists - knew that this racism would be passed down from generation to generation. And soon far more Africans would be coming to America, brought in as slaves to handle the worst labor jobs there were.

And so we see that there was a time in this country once before when people didn't care what color your skin was; interracial marriage was common, and blacks and whites worked side by side, both of them complaining about the man. But Bacon's Rebellion - which many today mistakenly believe was the first step toward our own revolution a century later and the first cry for equality for all - had little to do with Bacon's caring about anyone but Bacon.

His impact on history is far broader. Because the poor thought he was fighting for them, racism came to America and long outstayed its welcome.

Chapter Three
A Century Before Rosa Parks: Lizzie and Arthur

"People always say that I didn't give up my seat because I was tired, but that wasn't true. I was not tired physically, or no more tired than I usually was at the end of a working day. I was not old, although some people have an image of me as being old then. I was 42. No, the only tired I was, was tired of giving in."

That was Rosa Parks in 1991, talking about the day - December 1st of 1955, to be exact - in Montgomery, Alabama, when she had been ordered to give up her seat on a city bus for a white person and had refused. That act of courage started the modern civil rights movement that would end with one class of citizenship for all Americans.

Well, Montgomery's bus system rules were slightly strange to begin with. For one, black riders had to enter the bus, pay the driver their fare, then exit the bus and reenter through the back door, often getting left behind when certain white bus drivers took their money and drove off. Because of that rule, the bus driver who demanded that Parks give up her seat that day in 1955 knew her. In 1943, Parks had refused to exit his bus and reenter through the back door, and he'd never forgotten it.

Parks was not the first to defy the Jim Crow laws in the fifties. Eight months earlier,

15-year-old Claudette Colvin had refused to give up her seat on a city bus and been arrested; then Mary Louise Smith was arrested for the same offense. Parks was simply the first person treated like this that the NAACP thought would make a good candidate for taking the evils of segregation to the American public.

However, this isn't the story of Rosa Parks; nor is it about Claudette Colvin, Mary Louise Smith or the segregation laws of the 1950s. This is the story of Elizabeth Jennings, the heroine who first demanded an end to segregation and won that right for all.

You've probably never heard of Elizabeth Jennings, but she too was a black woman, although living in New York City. She was a good woman, too. The daughter of a very successful businessman, she taught school and played organ at the First Colored Congregational Church on Sixth and Second in Manhattan. What may shock you is the year in which this story takes place: 1854 - 101 years before America even heard the name Rosa Parks.

We really don't think of it this way, but before the Civil War there were many freed blacks living a relatively decent life in major Northern cities. However, just like in Montgomery 100 years later, street trolleys in 1854 were often marked "Colored Persons Allowed" - while others carried no such markings.

To be fair, on the many unmarked large, horse-drawn trolleys in New York City, some of the drivers did allow blacks to ride, provided they had the correct fare and there weren't too many white customers riding. On the other hand, most drivers in the 1850s were hard men; working up to 17 hours a day, six or seven days a week, many were at best rude, often belligerent in their treatment of their customers. Many of those drivers carried whips to use on those they didn't want to transport.

On Sunday, July 16, 1854, Elizabeth Jennings attempted to enter a trolley not specifically marked as available for colored people and was immediately ordered to leave the vehicle.

Jennings knew only one thing: she was the church's organist and she needed to get to the church on time. The New York Tribune wrote of Elizabeth's treatment on that day, "She got upon one of the Company's cars, on the Sabbath to ride to church. The conductor undertook to get her off, first alleging the car was full. When that was shown to be false, he pretended the other passengers were displeased at her presence, but when she insisted on her rights he took hold of her by force to expel her. She resisted."

Now, according to eyewitnesses to the event, Elizabeth Jennings informed the conductor trying to dispatch her from the moving trolley that she was a respectable person, born and reared in New York - and that he was a good-for-nothing fellow for insulting decent people who were only trying to get to church for Sunday services.

The Tribune also covered what happened next. "The conductor got her down on the platform, jammed her bonnet, soiled her dress and injured her person. A crowd gathered, but she effectually resisted. Finally, after the car had gone on further, with the aid of a policeman, they succeeded in removing her."

Chester was the son of a Baptist minister. Born in Vermont in 1829, he graduated from Union College in 1848 and took work as a schoolteacher in Vermont for a couple of years. Like many young men during that period, he yearned for more action than the backwoods of New England could provide and decided to try his luck in New York City. He found work as a law clerk, then studied and passed the bar, then decided with his roommate that they should start a new law firm out West. At least that was the two boys' intent.

It took only about three months of roaming the western part of the United States for them to realize that there was more money to be made lawyering in New York City than most anywhere else. But at 24 years of age Chester was young, and certainly green in the field of law, when Elizabeth Jennings came into his office. She asked him to sue the Third Avenue Railway Company for their policy of segregated trolleys and her treatment at the hands of one of their conductors. Chester, with little other work going on, agreed to take her case.

At first things didn't look so good for the young attorney and his client. The case would be heard in the railway's hometown of Brooklyn, then completely separate from New York City. But it didn't take long to have it heard and Brooklyn Circuit Judge William Rockwell issued his ruling. It read in part, "Colored persons if sober, well behaved and free of disease," had the same rights as others and could "neither be excluded by any rules of the Company, nor by force or violence." Elizabeth was awarded $500 damages - cut to a couple of hundred bucks and the return of her court costs and attorney fees, $22. And next day, New York's Third Avenue Railway Company desegregated all of its trolleys in the city.

That was 100 years before Rosa Parks refused to give up her seat on the Montgomery bus. Within five years, all the trolley lines in New York were integrated. Yet today, few celebrate the real first heroine of racial equality, Elizabeth Jennings. No, from that period, we are taught only about the speeches of the charismatic Frederick Douglass, nothing about the actions of one brave young black woman.

Her story didn't end there, and it had tragedy in it. During the Civil War Elizabeth, now married, lived in the neighborhood where the New York City Draft Riots took place. The Irish poor took to the streets protesting Lincoln's Draft Law - which allowed wealthy individuals to buy their way out of military service for $300, leaving only the poor to serve and die. When anger got the best of that mob, more than 70 blacks were lynched in the streets. And during those riots, Elizabeth's 1-year-old son died. Knowing of her history in the city, one brave white undertaker took her son and arranged for a proper funeral at Brooklyn's Greenwood Cemetery. Elizabeth Jennings lived for another 39 years. She passed away in 1901, a heroine forgotten by American history.

What happened to the 24-year-old attorney who took her case and won it, integrating New York City's trolleys in 1855? He didn't do so badly either. You see, Chester was none other than Chester A. Arthur, future president of the United States of America. And it was winning the Elizabeth Jennings case that first made him a household name in New York.

That makes it all the more troubling that the first real civil rights advocate's story appears nowhere in history textbooks.

Chapter Four
America's Largest "Legal" Execution

Most have seen the movie, Dances With Wolves, and it certainly humanizes the Lakota Sioux; before the movie, they had been remembered mostly for winning the Battle of the Little Bighorn. Nevertheless, in many ways that movie was a fanciful telling of a story that was not quite accurate; many Americans lived near Indian tribes and had done so since Europeans first settled the continent.

One case in point was the Santee Sioux, a Minnesota tribe that often traveled to those parts of the Dakota territories you saw in the Kevin Costner movie.

Like most large tribes, in the mid-1800s they were being moved to reservations; treaty agreements with the United States often compensated tribes for the loss of their native lands. By the start of the Civil War, the Santee Sioux had been mainly removed; they still held only a 150-mile long, 10-mile wide strip of land on the south banks of the Minnesota River. Senator Henry Rice had forced the last big migration to that reservation on them, and then immediately submitted a bill to Washington for $24,000 for his efforts.

The Santee were not doing half that well. With their tribal lands gone, they were on the

brink of starvation, totally dependent on credit at the two Indian agencies at Redwood Falls and Granite Falls. But, there was big money to be made off selling goods to Indians on credit, many merchants owned the stores near the agencies, during the year they would sell their goods and receive payment once a year when the government gold came in. Of course, the margins on their products were so high, that no Indian ever had any money left over when it came time to clear their accounts.

Moreover, many Indian agents were completely corrupt. Among those agents, who often found ways to convert the monies due tribes into their own pockets, was one Thomas Galbraith. He was in partnership with Clark Thompson, who was not only his supervisor but also a less than honorable banker in St. Paul. The men submitted a padded claim for $52,000 in January of 1862 for reimbursement of their expenses in discharging their duties. But that same month, missionaries Thomas Williamson and Stephen Riggs wrote a letter to the Minnesota delegation in Congress, pointing out how badly the Santee Sioux were being cheated, both by government officials at the two Indian agencies and by merchants affiliated with them.

Making matters worse for the Santee was the fact that Washington, then embroiled in the Civil War, had not gotten the Santee tribe's annuity out on time during the winter of 1861. Congress was late approving the funds, then the Treasury Department argued over whether to pay the tribe in paper money or gold coin as the treaty stipulated. Winter came and went, then spring, and by summer the tribe still had no money. The land the Santee had been given was not suitable for farming, and the previous year's crop had failed. And of course, without any funds out of Washington, merchants in the area now refused to grant any more credit to the tribe and refused to distribute food until payment arrived.

Finally, on July 14, 5,000 desperate and starving Santee Sioux descended on the government's storage area and demanded food. Agent Thomas Galbraith, outnumbered, gave them a little, just enough to get them to go away. Then he asked the government for help. That brought in two companies of the 5th Minnesota, under the command of Lt. Timothy Sheehan. On August 4, 1862, 500 Santee returned and again demanded food; when none was forthcoming, they surrounded the army, took what they could, and left.

Lt. Sheehan told Galbraith it was time to go out and negotiate with tribal leaders. Therefore, the corrupt Galbraith and Andrew Myrick, the spokesperson for the traders in the area, went out and spoke with Chief Little Crow. The chief made it simple: when men are starving, they help themselves. He then asked the two men to arrange to help his people out. Myrick replied, "So far as I am concerned, if your people are hungry, let them eat grass."
The chiefs stormed out.

A few days later, August 17, four young braves killed five white settlers near Acton Township, and that night the tribe met to discuss what was likely to happen next. Like most people who feel they have been pushed too far, the warriors wanted war, but Chief Little Crow had once been to Washington and he well understand the power of the European race. He rose and said, "Braves, you will die like the rabbits when the hungry wolves hunt them in the Hard Moon." He was outvoted, and so he gave word that there was to be an uprising.

Now, most of the northern Santee decided to sit this one out. In fact, a few of the Northern Santee did break into the warehouses to get food and in the process killed two men, but other members of the tribe gathered up all of the white people in that area, kept their own warriors away from them, and safely guarded them on a three-day trip out of the war region.

On the southern reservation, things didn't work out the same way. On August 18, Chief

Little Crow led 400 warriors into battle. One of the first to be killed was Andrew "let them eat grass" Myrick; braves pulled up grass and stuffed it into his mouth. Possibly 400 whites were slain, half of the 46-man patrol from Fort Ridgeley was killed in ambush, and one Santee died.

The next day the Santee attacked the town of New Ulm, but were beaten back; then they attacked Fort Ridgeley, and again had to retreat. They attacked the fort again to no avail, then went back to New Ulm and again were rebuffed. Finally, the antiwar faction of the tribes held council and pointed out, "Hey, you aren't winning, and the reprisals will be ferocious." The arguments were so heated that Chief Little Crow feared the Santee would fall into civil war. But remember, in the beginning Little Crow didn't think this was a good idea, he'd simply been outvoted.

By then, 1,600 volunteers under the command of Colonel Henry Sibley were en route to where the Santee were arguing. They carried orders from General John Pope to "utterly exterminate the Sioux if you have the power to do so."

On September 23, Little Crow and his warriors tried to turn Sibley back; they couldn't, so they headed off to the Dakotas to live with their fellow tribesmen.

Colonel Sibley rounded up almost 2,000 Santee; all of the men of fighting age were culled and a five-man military commission convened to decide their fate. Stephen Riggs, the missionary who had befriended them, wrote that none were getting a fair trial. It was true; and because they were not given legal counsel, they could not call witnesses. In fact, most were convicted simply because they were Santee - even the ones who had refused to fight and argued against the uprising. It didn't matter: 307 were condemned to die.

That was too much for Henry B. Whipple, the influential Episcopal bishop of Minnesota. Whipple traveled to meet with President Lincoln and discuss the reason for the uprising, that being the corruption of the Indian Agency and the starvation that was taking place. Others in Minnesota also pleaded for the Santee with the President, including some of the Indian merchants, who didn't want to lose that many customers to a necktie party.

Of course, the newspapers were calling for blood, as were the Congressional delegation from Minnesota. Lincoln ordered an aide to look into the military tribunals and found that none of the trials had really been fair; the paperwork was correct in only 39 of the trials. So the decision was made: the 39 convicted with a paper trail were to die, but the rest were freed. One of the condemned men, Rda-in-yan-ka, wrote to his father-in-law, "You have deceived me. You told me that if we followed the advice of General Sibley, give ourselves up, all would be well. I have not killed, wounded or injured a white man, or any white person. I have not participated in their plunder - yet I am set for execution."

On the day after Christmas in 1862, 38 Santee were hanged simultaneously in Mankato, Minnesota - the largest mass execution in American history. Shortly thereafter, however, it was revealed that three of those men had been hanged by mistake, owing to whites' confusion about their tribal names. A day later, a pardon came from the governor for another of the executed men; it had been discovered that he had saved the lives of a number of female settlers.

No one knows why, but Chief Little Crow came back the following spring. And one day while picking berries, he was shot and killed for the $500 bounty. His body was taken to Hutchinson, where, for the Fourth of July Celebration in 1863, the public was invited to mutilate it. It was then disposed of in the city dump.

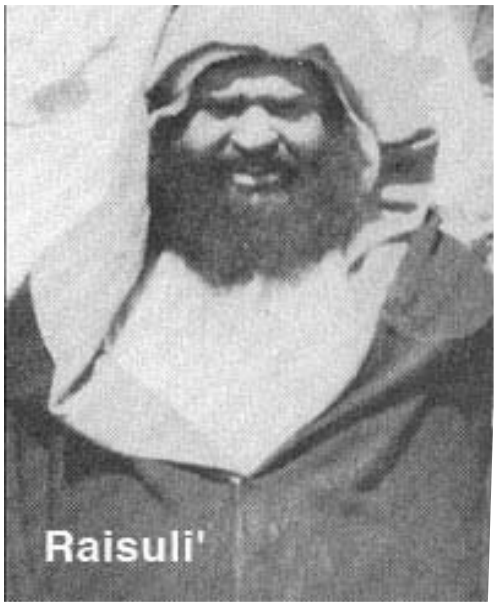
And so ends the story of America's largest mass execution. As a result of a flawed military tribunal, some innocents were hanged; others who were guilty had been freed for no other reason than fate - their paperwork had been incorrectly done. The Santee obviously didn't win; neither did the merchants, nor did many of the area's settlers. Only the corrupt government agents won in the end.

Chapter Five
The Wind and the Lion

If there was a time when the American opinion of most Middle Easterners started to change, it might well have been with the 1975 movie, The Wind and the Lion. Advertised as being based on a true story, it recounts the 1904 kidnapping of Eden Perdicaris, played by Candice Bergen, by Ahmed bin Muhammad al-Raisuli, played by Sean Connery. The plot is close to what really happened: Bergen and kids are kidnapped by Connery, who is playing "The Last of the Barbary Pirates" on land. Teddy Roosevelt, then running for reelection and given the choice of either paying $70,000 ransom for Ms. Perdicaris and her children or rescuing them, decides to put his Big Stick theory of American might into play. He sends the Marines in to save her. However, Perdicaris finds that her initial opinion of Raisuli was wrong; he is not the barbarian she initially thought, he is simply a Berber reacting to the treatment of his people and family by European colonial powers.

Now, while it is true that Raisuli was a real person and a kidnapping did occur, let's change Candice Bergen's character, the young and beautiful Eden Perdicaris, into a 64-year-old, wealthy Greek American expatriate named Ion and her children to his stepson, Cromwell Varley. (The Roosevelt character remains the same.) But the Perdicaris Incident, as history remembers it, hardly occurred in a historical vacuum. And what led up to it should have been a warning to Teddy Roosevelt - but remember, this was an election year.

It started in 1902, when bandits of the Ottoman Empire kidnapped Ellen Stone, an American missionary; they demanded $100,000 for her safe return. The American media picked up and retailed her story, portraying her as devoted, young, beautiful and innocent; in fact, she may have been devoted, but she was middle-aged and quite plain. But whether she was fair or foul, Roosevelt found, Washington could not legally pay the ransom. So he allowed the media to raise the ransom, believing that it would end up going to Bulgarian freedom fighters battling to save their country from the Ottoman Empire. The money was raised, and the ransom paid; and on March 1, 1902, Ellen Stone was freed. The problem was that she hadn't been kidnapped by Bulgarian freedom fighters, or even by members of the Ottoman Empire: Local Christians posing as Bulgarian freedom fighters had kidnapped Stone to get the money for weapons and ammo - and possibly to entice America into intervening in their struggle in the Middle East.



In August of the following year, word reached Washington that our vice consul in Lebanon, William Magelssen, had been assassinated for daring to publicly criticize the Turkish attacks against both the Armenians and Christian missionaries in the region. This time Roosevelt could and did spring into action with his Big Stick theory, ordering the USS Brooklyn and Machias to sail at all possible speed to Lebanon to avenge Magelssen's death. But this strike didn't work out well either. As it turned out, Magelssen had attended a local wedding at which guns were fired; no one was hurt, and Magelssen was quite alive and at his job. Fortunately, this all came to light before our Marines landed.

Then on May 18, 1904, 200 of Raisuli's armed tribesmen broke into the Tangier mansion of 64-year-old Ion Perdicaris, kidnapping him and his stepson, Cromwell Varley. Now, just that year our consul in Morocco had told reporters that Perdicaris was Tangier's most prominent American citizen; and with the elections coming up Roosevelt knew he had to take a stand to save American lives overseas. Raisuli made his demands of Morocco's Sultan, Abdelaziz:

$70,000 in cash and control of the Rif Mountain region of Morocco. When Washington received the demands as relayed by the Sultan, Secretary of State John Hay huffed, “Preposterous!” He also told our consul in Tangier that “America does not give in to anything that sounds remotely like blackmail.”

Roosevelt knew that showing any weakness on this matter would hurt his chances for reelection. Something had to be done to save “America’s most prominent citizen in Tangier” from death at the hands of “The Last Barbary Pirate,” and Roosevelt was going to do it.

At this point, you should probably know Ion Perdicaris’ story. His father Gregory was a Greek who had emigrated to America and made money the old-fashioned way: He’d married into a wealthy South Carolina family and become an American. The newlyweds went home to Greece and then moved back to Trenton, New Jersey, in 1846; using his wife’s fortune, Gregory helped found the Trenton Gas Company, which only made the family richer.

Little Ion had been born in Greece in 1840, but as both his mother and father were American citizens, he automatically had American citizenship. Growing up in Trenton young, idle, and rich, Ion had a pretty good life until the start of our Civil War, when a real problem threatened the family: The Confederate government was attempting to confiscate all of the family’s original land holdings in South Carolina, because they were now living in New Jersey; young Ion traveled to Greece to figure out a way to keep that from happening.

After the war and with his riches intact, the globetrotting Ion Perdicaris found Tangier “the most beautiful of cities.” Outside the city’s walls he built his mansion, named it “Place of Nightingales,” and filled it with the most astonishing furniture and exotic animals. It was from that mansion that he and his stepson were kidnapped in 1904.

Teddy Roosevelt, determined this time to teach Middle Eastern terrorists a lesson they would never forget, decided that it was time to get a coalition together and root out these problems in Morocco. France decided to take a pass on this one, and so did England - at the time, they were vying for control of all of the Middle East and North Africa and frankly, they didn’t want us messing everything up by invading. As a matter of fact, they immediately strengthened the defenses of their holdings in Morocco, figuring that an American invasion was on the way. Yes, by now this kidnapping of an American was big news in our country, so Roosevelt thundered to the press, “I had much rather be a real President for three and a half years than a figurehead for seven years and a half.” With that, Roosevelt ordered seven of our Navy’s ships to Morocco with no ransom and no negotiations, just a raw show of power. Shortly thereafter, he received a message from Athens.

Now at the Republican National Convention, John Hay, head of our State Department, stood up and proudly read a telegram the President had just ordered sent: “This government wants Perdicaris alive or Rasuli dead!” It became a rallying cry for the Convention and a delighted nation - and it ensured Teddy Roosevelt’s nomination and election to a second term.

On May 30 our convoy arrived, led by the Brooklyn, which discharged Marines to guard our Consulate. Another 1,200 were held in reserve to take the city, if necessary. Only, very quietly, Roosevelt and others started leaning on the Sultan to pay the $70,000 ransom and get this incident over with, without our using any military force. Finally, in late June, the Moroccan government paid Raisuli his money, Perdicaris and his stepson were released unharmed, and that’s when most of the story started unraveling. For one thing, Perdicaris actually liked Raisuli, and called him a freedom fighter for the rights of the people against a weak Sultan controlled by the Europeans. Perdicaris was even quoted as saying, “I go so far as to say, that I do not regret having been his prisoner for some time ... He is not a bandit, not a murderer, but a patriot forced into acts of brigandage to save his native soil and his people from the yoke of tyranny.” The Greek went on to say that he found Raisuli interesting and an attractive personality, but also thanked Washington for helping achieve his release.

The point is that we said we would never pay ransom, never deal with terrorists, but quietly forced the Sultan to pay the money because of the secret Roosevelt had learned. It was

a good one. In the middle of the media hype on this story, Roosevelt got a cable from our embassy in Athens concerning Perdicaris: He wasn't an American citizen, after all.

Remember back in 1862 during the Civil War, when the Confederate government tried to take his family's land holdings in South Carolina? Young Ion went back to Greece - and there he renounced his American citizenship, so that the Confederates couldn't confiscate the South Carolina estate. In fact, he traveled on a Greek passport.

Roosevelt essentially had sent seven U.S. Navy ships to save a Greek, who wasn't even upset over his kidnapping. Roosevelt knew it at the Republican Convention but kept the secret for years; the public didn't know about it until 1933, long after everyone involved had died. Change the 64-year-old rich half Greek, who gave up his American citizenship in 1862 to save some family land in South Carolina, into an innocent Candice Bergen and you've got yourself the 1975 film, The Wind and the Lion.

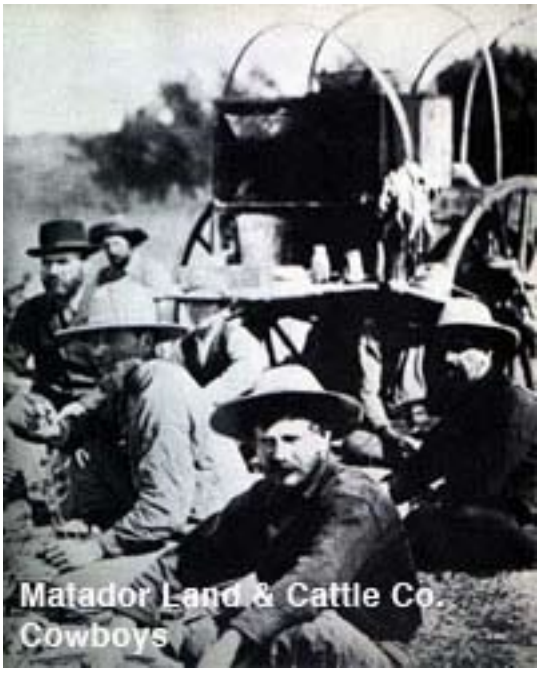
So much for early romance and international intrigue in the Middle East.

Chapter Six
Old West Myths

If you grew up in the forties, fifties or sixties, you were treated to tales of the Old West courtesy of Hollywood, whose mythic cowboy heroes stood alone against the evils of the world and were willing to lay down their lives to protect the innocent. It never really came to that, of course, since the good guys could always shoot straighter than the gunslingers. Maybe you enjoyed reading stories of those brave cowboys, fighting injustice as they moved their cattle herds north to Kansas.

The problem with these stories is that they had so little to do with the reality of the Old West, particularly as they concerned the cattle drovers. But to expose the truth let's start right here in Dallas, Texas, with a world-renowned female outlaw, Belle Star. You've heard the name Belle Starr; maybe you're even familiar with the story of her outlaw gang and how she evaded lawmen during her reign of terror. Too bad her real story isn't near so exciting.

Myra Belle Shirley grew up on a farm in North Texas. She never quite grew to five feet tall and weighed only 90 pounds - and she was sure that there had to be more rewards in life than living stuck out on a farm.


Matador Land & Cattle Co. Cowboys

So the pert, petite and picturesque Myra Belle Shirley moved into Dallas' red-light district to practice her considerable skills as a Fallen Dove. Unfortunately, the dove fell in love with one of her customers; and when she quit her chosen profession to follow him up to eastern Oklahoma, she was shocked to discover that his passion for her was strictly professional and had nothing to do with her as a person. Stuck out in the middle of nowhere, Myra Belle Shirley married the first man who proposed to her, a cattle rustler named Sam Starr.

Now, back in those days cattle rustlers could be summarily hung. Sam wasn't the most daring of that group; so, shortly after they married, he and Belle stole

two milk cows from his cousin, Frank West. They were apprehended and sentenced to a one-year jail term in Fort Smith, Arkansas.
And the criminal career of the real Belle Starr ended right there.

Belle remained in the Fort Smith area, but she started to suffer from mental problems, probably the final stages of some disease she'd picked up in her amatory career in Dallas. She took to packing a six-shooter on her hip, striding boldly around town and telling everyone she was the head of a violent outlaw gang, and essentially held down the position of village idiot until she was shot in the back and killed on February 3, 1889 - presumably by her own son, who was also deranged. Her death was noted only by a four-line obituary in the local paper, but the notice caught the eye of one Alton B. Meyers, a would-be writer broke and stranded in Fort Smith.

Asking a few locals about Starr, Myers heard all her ludicrous stories about being an Outlaw Queen. So Meyers wired the National Police Gazette, asking whether they might be interested in stories based on Belle's delusions of grandeur on the outlaw trail. They responded enthusiastically, and the legend of Belle Starr - a woman whose only real crime had been to help her husband steal two of his cousin's milk cows - was born into the annals of American infotainment, posthumously.

Then again, Belle Starr's death in 1889 also came at the end of the cowboy era in this country, just about the time the Eastern public began to see them as figures with an interesting life.

The Generation of the Cowboy had started just 24 years earlier, at the end of the Civil War. Both the newfound popularity of cheap beef among those living on the East Coast and the easy pickings here in Texas made the trail cowboy necessary and desirable; when the cattle business' profitability became known, the trail cowboy became inevitable and indispensable.

With the South's economy in tatters after the Civil War, returning Confederate troops noticed hundreds of thousands of wild cattle grazing in the marshlands of southern Texas. And since these cows belonged to no one, they felt there might be good money in rounding up strays and driving them to the nearest rail yard; at the time that was in Sedalia, Missouri. The concept was nothing new; before the Civil War stray cattle had been found all over Texas, and the first roundups and cattle drives moved these bovines all the way to Illinois, New Orleans and Denver for shipment. It just became a bigger business after the war, but it was not without its problems.

The biggest problem was the trail to Sedalia. The drovers discovered that farmers along the way didn't care to have herds marched through their crops; in fact, lawmen often turned away cattle drives through that region. So in 1867 Joseph G. McCoy, a businessman from Springfield, Illinois, came up with the idea of building stockyards where the rail line ended in Abilene, Kansas. This would only entail driving the herds through Indian Territory - and no one was going to stop cows from trampling the natives' crops.

And it was a hugely profitable business. A Longhorn worth maybe $5 in Texas brought $30 up in Abilene; many ranchers earned $30,000 or more on a single drive. And that was so much money for the work involved that many of our best-known Texas cattle ranches wound up being owned by foreigners.

Hank Campbell started Texas' Matador Land and Cattle Company in 1878. He took his herd one year as far as Chicago and sold them for a small fortune, as a result of which banker A.M. Britton joined him as a partner. But they would need more money to expand the Texas business than they could raise here; America had been in a depression since 1873, so loose cash wasn't common in this country. Britton headed for England, where venture capital was easily raised thanks to the profits of the Industrial Revolution.

In Dundee, Scotland, Britton found a group of merchants willing to invest $1.2 million in the Matador Land and Cattle Company; that deal, closed in late 1882, got the company 100,000 immediate acres for beef and grazing rights to 1.5 million acres in Texas. Then

the Scots bought land up in Montana to fatten their "Texas Cattle" up properly before sale; that Scottish company stayed intact until 1951, when American corporations purchased the 800,000 outstanding shares on the London Stock Exchange. You never thought that the Texas-to-Montana cattle drive in Lonesome Dove might have had real bosses sitting in Scotland, did you?

The Prairie Cattle Company, started in 1880, was called the mother of British cattle companies; it was owned by the Scottish American Mortgage Company, based out of Edinburgh, and bought George Littlefield's LIT ranch up in the Panhandle. And there were British companies behind some of our state's most successful ranches in that period - and many Europeans were as fascinated by the "cow boy" as their ancestors had first been by Red Indians.

And that brings us to the myth of the Texas cowboy himself. Most we see in our films are, well, white guys. But in reality many of the more successful ranchers used Native Americans almost solely for their operations; the Pawnee and Osage tribes were particularly well liked for their trail abilities. African-Americans also were known to be exceptional cowboys and Hispanics in the Southwest took justifiable pride in their vaquero heritage and skills.

Cowboys didn't get rich. If hired they received room and board, a horse and about $30 a month, which is about what they could have earned working in a factory back East, though obviously not as confining. Then again, the best drovers earned bonuses for a successful trail run, so someone hired to run a drive each year could do OK.

So, finally, just what kind of persons were those individuals we now admiringly label "cowboys"? Certainly many were just local boys, good with horses and strong enough to do the hardest chores; but on the whole the life wasn't as blue-collar as one might think. Author William W. Savage Jr. set out to write the definitive book on the Western experience during the heyday of the cattle drives. In his Cowboy Life, Reconstructing an American Myth, Savage writes about a group of drovers he met on the trail one night around a campfire. Of the nine cowpokes five had degrees from Eastern colleges, two of them had graduated from the University of Virginia, and the remaining two were graduates of common public schools. Gil Favor's diction in Rawhide sounded a little too pretty, but it could well have been authentic.

And so from Belle Starr, whose only crime was stealing two milk cows, to some of Texas' largest cattle ranches' being owned by Scotsmen, to the East Coast college boys who actually cowboyed our cattle north to market, the myth of the Old West is a little less, well, mythic.

But that's all right. That's the way it really was, right here in the great Republic of Texas, U.S.A.

Chapter Seven
The Spies

Today, most know the name of America's most secret spy operation, the National Security Agency, or NSA. The NSA had been around since the days of Harry Truman, and in the sixties had grown to become our largest and most secretive intelligence organization, under absolutely no one's control. So it may surprise you to learn that as late as 1970, the agency was still so well hidden from view that President Richard Nixon wasn't quite sure what exactly it was that they did.

The growth of the National Security Agency happened while Louis Tordella held the post of Deputy Director in the sixties. Something that happens to most individuals who spend very much time trying to find the enemies of this country is worth noting here: Their world outlook becomes so dark that they seem no longer to be able to tell the good from the bad, or to see that invisible line of decency that inevitably will be crossed. It happened to Louis Tordella in the fall of 1967, because of the increasing unpopularity of the Vietnam War with the American public.

That was the year that our military became seriously concerned that the anti-war movement in America, because it was so vocal and so well covered by the media, was becoming a

clear and present danger to this country. So Tordella was asked to violate the charter of the National Security Agency and start spying on Americans whose sympathies were not with the continuation of the war.
By July 1, 1969, the operation had its own charter and code name: Minaret.

Operation Minaret's task was to collect information on civil disturbances and anti-war protesters. One of the first targets was singer Joan Baez, but others such as Dr. Benjamin Spock, Jane Fonda and Martin Luther King were also targets of the NSA's illegal spying. Before it was over, NSA had working files on 1,690 American organizations and individuals. About the only request that they found asinine enough to refuse was one of FBI director J. Edgar Hoover's; fearing that American Quakers were secretly shipping food and supplies to our enemies in Southeast Asia, Hoover demanded that a file be created on every Quaker in this country. It should be noted that President Richard Nixon was a Quaker.

It was June 5 of 1970 when Nixon had had enough. He brought together the heads of the CIA, NSA and defense intelligence agencies and told them that not enough was being done to find and root out Americans that Nixon believed were involved in these revolutionary groups. Tom Charles Houston, a former army intelligence officer and an attorney working with Pat Buchanan in the White House, drew up the plan's paperwork under the title, NSA Contribution to Domestic Intelligence, for the president to sign and put into action. One of the provisions of that plan was permission to intercept and eavesdrop on any phone call coming from overseas - without a court order. Nixon signed off on it, and Tordella took that as tacit authorization to take the gloves off.

The only voice of reason in this matter was Frank Raven, head of G Group at NSA and formerly in charge of monitoring the non-communist world. Raven saw this act as both a violation of the NSA's charter and as constitutionally illegal. His was the only voice of dissent - except for one other person, not known for his love of civil liberties: when J. Edgar Hoover heard that the president had given NSA full access to spy on Americans, formerly his territory, he lost it. It was one thing when Hoover asked the NSA for favors, quite another for them to have his authority taken away.

Hoover shot over to the White House to discuss the matter with Attorney General John Mitchell, pointing out how illegal the program was. Of course, Hoover had been involved in illegal wiretaps for years, but Mitchell, appreciating the scenario Hoover laid out, talked Nixon into withdrawing his authorization just five days after he had turned the NSA loose in America. It didn't matter; NSA had been illegally spying on us at the request of the military since 1967, and the president's canceling that order didn't stop anything. After all, Project Shamrock, which the NSA had initiated immediately after being chartered in the late forties, had been getting all of Americans' international communications since then secretly, without a court order, anyway - with the direct help and full cooperation of Western Union, ITT and RCA.

To complicate the issue, for years the NSA had been able to talk the FBI into breaking into foreign embassies in this country to steal their diplomatic papers and cipher machines so we could break foreign codes. However, by 1967 Hoover had started refusing these requests, feeling that his two decades of good luck (in not being caught in these activities) was running out. On Hoover's death in 1972, new FBI director L. Patrick Gray immediately started authorizing these break-ins for the NSA once again.

What few remember is that the mess with the National Security Agency's spying illegally on Americans had as much to do with bringing down the Nixon White House as the Watergate break-in. It's true; Richard Nixon quickly withdrew authorization for the National Security Agency to spy on Americans, but John Dean, legal advisor to the President, put those papers in his safe. They were his "get out of jail free card" when he was called to testify on Watergate. Once Dean, trying to get immunity from prosecution for his actions, gave that document to the prosecutors, Nixon was forced to meet with his personal attorney, J. Fred Buzhardt, on the matter.

That meeting took place on May 16, 1973, and it proved just how secretive NSA really was: Nixon asked his attorney, "What is NSA, what kinds of actions do they do?" Nixon "remembered" neither authorizing the NSA to spy on Americans nor having canceled that order five days later.
His memory was moot by then, because the document was already out in the open. It led Congress to start looking into all the illegal activities the National Security Agency had been carrying out since its inception.

They found out about Project Shamrock, Operation Minaret and its successor when Idaho Senator Frank Church hired a 30-year-old attorney, L. Britt Snider, to dig out the agency's innermost secrets. Snider headed to the home of the former deputy director, Louis Tordella, now retired. Once he realized how much the young attorney already knew, Tordella spilled the beans. Starting with Operation Shamrock, which Tordella maintained had been authorized by President Harry Truman with the consent of Attorney General Tom Clark, all overseas correspondence by American citizens had been subject to search. Tordella's only defense was that every international American corporation helped the NSA by delivering any requested material - and did so without asking a penny for their efforts.

When the Congressional hearings were held in the mid-seventies, most Americans were shocked to learn how extensive had been the illegal activities of certain government agencies. Britt Snider favored protecting the identities of the well-known corporations that had covertly aided the government's spying, but Frederick Schwartz, the lead attorney for the Congressional Committee, overruled Snider, saying that a corporation's first duty was to protect its customers' privacy. President Gerald Ford called Church and begged him to delete any references to these operations from their hearings, under the rubric of National Security, all the way back to Project Shamrock; what Ford really wanted was for the American corporations to remain anonymous. In the end, the committee decided it was in the public's best interest to know, and they published it all. It was the first and only time Congress ever published information over a presidential objection based on a national security issue - but of course, there were no national security issues involved.

As a result of these hearings Congress passed the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act, which is the one that's been discussed so much in recent years. This gave us the FISA secret court in which to get warrants to do searches on Americans, but only if they are considered to be an agent of a foreign power or involved in spying or terrorism. That's right, the 1978 law allows American citizens involved in terrorist acts to be spied on by our government.

That court has worked well for decades, turning down just a handful of requests by our intelligence agencies, always giving them the benefit of the doubt in these matters. So, civil liberties were protected; the NSA was put on a shorter leash and has finally had Congressional oversight. Nevertheless, one warning from our recent past adds gray to an issue that should be black and white.

In early 2001, James Bamford published Body of Secrets, his second brilliant study of our intelligence communities. And on page 441, one NSA official, discussing how happy they are that they no longer spy on Americans and are back on their original mission of protecting us from foreign powers, said, "I want to make it clear, we do not intentionally target known U.S. persons in the United States - period. Therefore, we don't go to court to get warrants to target any such person because we don't do any of those. The FBI worries about spies in America. The same goes for foreigners suspected of terrorism."

The NSA official continued, and you will remember his last sentence forever, "If Osama Bin Laden comes into the United States, crosses the border, we would not do the guy. It would be FBI who would do him. Because he's a terrorist in the United States."

Just six months later, 9/11. And we still haven't "done" him yet.

Chapter Eight
The Real Dr. Strangelove

It was early 1952 and Sgt. Reason Warehime was sitting in a trench in the Nevada desert, waiting with 50 other men for the orders to jump out and head toward Ground Zero two miles in the distance. Along the way they would pick up another group of soldiers, also in trenches but one mile closer to their destination. It might have been OK if this had been just another Army drill, but Warehime knew this one was for keeps.

Then he got the signal and, although he was wearing sunglasses and held his hands up over his eyes, the explosion was so bright that Warehime claimed he could make out the bones within his hands. Once the blast wave cleared their trench, Sgt. Warehime and his fellow soldiers were ordered to march the two miles directly toward the nuclear explosion that had just taken place. To do that, they had to move carefully across sandbags that the blast had set on fire. A mile from Ground Zero they stopped to pick up the other soldiers, only these GIs were in no condition to stand up, much less march on. Dizzy and nauseated, they lay on their sides retching distressingly.

Sgt. Warehime and his men continued that last mile to the blast's center and then came marching back out. Within a few months Sgt. Warehime was diagnosed as sterile, having been examined virtually every week by military doctors because his teeth had rotted and his hair had fallen out. Within two decades he developed lung cancer, brittle bones and cataracts. Even so, the military would deny him medical benefits, claiming that these maladies had nothing to do with the day Sgt. Warehime had marched directly into the fallout of a nuclear explosion.

He was but one of a quarter of a million soldiers ordered to do just that in the fifties. They would become known as the atomic soldiers.

Today if someone asked you how many nuclear explosions have happened since the bomb was created at Los Alamos, during the Second World War, you might immediately think of the two dropped on Japan at the end of the war. Maybe you remember that a few nuclear devices have been tested by various governments - but it's highly unlikely that you could give the correct answer: 1,800 nuclear explosions.

This is still news today because the threat of a terrorist getting his hands on a small nuclear bomb is back in the news.

Certainly this time around Washington isn't going to revert to civilian drills such as the old "duck and cover." And the 1950 pamphlet, Survival Under Nuclear Attack, which started out, "You can survive through an atom bomb raid and you won't need protective clothing or special training to do it," probably won't be reprinted. Here's my favorite selection from that pamphlet's expert advice: "After an airburst, wait a few minutes, then go help to fight the fires."

Of course, the seed pearls of wisdom in that government booklet were based on our study of the survivors of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki blasts. We did have a rough idea of what would happen, at least initially, to those who lived through a nuclear event. But maybe we didn't know as much as we wanted to know, especially about the long-term effects of exposure to radiation - which must be why in 1953 we started forcing our soldiers to walk into nuclear blasts.

Now, the American public was being assured and our children taught in school that they could survive a nuclear attack on any one of our cities. Still paranoia had set in: it was estimated by the Office of Civil Defense that by 1960 over 1 million American families had built their own bomb shelters. Home nuclear shelters were such a craze that in 1955 Life magazine ran an ad for the H-Bomb Hideaway; the ultimate in protection cost $3,000, or about one year's income for the average family then.

Maybe there was reason to fear a nuclear explosion; not necessarily big reasons like the Cold War with Russia, but little ones like human error: accidents and even blunders were becoming more and more frequent.

The first known case of losing a nuke happened in 1950, when a B-36 bomber dropped one into the Pacific Ocean, apparently by accident. In 1957, during clear air turbulence, the navigator of an Air Force bomber grabbed the bomb release handle to keep from falling and, you guessed it, dropped a nuke just outside of Albuquerque. The nuclear part of the bomb didn't go off but the conventional part did, leaving a crater more than 10 feet deep and 25 feet across.

The very next year, on February 5, Maj. Howard Robinson was piloting his B-47 just off the coast of South Carolina when his plane collided with an F-86 fighter, seriously damaging the bomber's wing. Maj. Robinson was ordered to dump his nuclear bomb into the ocean before he attempted to land his aircraft. He did, right into the Atlantic, where it's been missing for the past four decades.

Eight years later a B-52 bomber hit a KC-135 during refueling over Palomares, Spain. This bomber lost all four of its nukes; three fell on the city and one in the Atlantic, but all were recovered. No one was killed, but the citizens of Palomares received a dose of plutonium particles, the full effects of which are only now making themselves known.

Handling nuclear weapons got seriously sloppy. In 1968 the Department of Defense had published a list of the serious incidents that had happened with nukes and found 13 total; when the list was revised in 1980, it showed 32 serious incidents with nuclear weapons. And that probably wasn't the whole story; in the early eighties the General Accounting Office looked into the nukes security problem and said the Navy alone had 233 accidents with nuclear weapons between the years of 1965 - 1983.

Needless to say, no accident in which nuclear weapons appear looks good on one's annual efficiency report; more than a few looks like downright dereliction of duty. On May 8, 1984, Admiral William Crowe, commander of the Pacific fleet, sent a directive out to all of his officers. Part of it read, "You will recover or remove, if at all practical, all evidence of the nuclear weapon accident or significant incident, as expeditiously as possible." The good admiral added, "A denial should characterize the accident or incident as a non-nuclear event" because no nuke had actually detonated. Tricky.

Just in the Navy we had 233 accidents or incidents with nuclear weapons between 1965 and 1983? Suddenly it seems silly to worry about terrorists.

Back to 1953 and Sgt. Reason Warehime: Because of the studies done with soldiers and nuclear explosions, we developed a greater understanding of what the impact would be on any American city should the unthinkable happen.

Surprisingly, that 1950 government pamphlet was accurate in saying that you can survive a nuclear attack. That's right: if you were within a half-mile of an airburst explosion, you would have a chance of survival: 1 in 10. Just a half-mile to a mile away from the center of the blast? 50/50. From 1 to 11/2 miles there's an 85% chance you'll survive, and beyond 2 miles, virtually everyone lives. Those survival rates and distances would change with the introduction of the hydrogen bomb.

Of course one of the biggest threats is injuries due to flying debris from the explosion, but it is surprising just how little radiation comes into play - your chances of getting sick and recovering from any radiation infection are about the same as in any other disease.

But let's add the absurd to the discussion: David Miller, a spokesperson for the Department of Energy, was once quoted as saying, "All you have to do to protect yourself from radiation is go down to the bottom of your swimming pool and hold your breath." Mr. Miller did not say how long you have to hold your breath or what you should do if you don't own a swimming pool.

Many of those soldiers in the fifties suffered as a direct result of those nuclear weapons tests, and we all owe them a debt of gratitude today; they helped the rest of us to understand the unthinkable. And for their raw courage, they should forever be honored and remembered. Let's just hope we'll never need to use the lessons they gave us.

Chapter Nine
The Bonus Army

It was March 23, 1918, when his orderly awakened Colonel George Patton with good news he had long been waiting to hear. PFC Joseph Angelo's message instructed the Colonel immediately to proceed to the local rail yard in France. The first 10 of 25 promised Renault tanks had finally arrived, and Patton was the only one in his division who actually knew how to drive those little war machines.

It was Patton, with Angelo at his side, who personally drove those tanks off the rail cars and onto the siding that day.

By midsummer of 1918, however, Patton still had not received as many tanks as he considered his group needed. Yet now he was forced into the battle at Saint Mihiel, one of the most vicious battles of the Great War. It was made worse by thick fog, in which Allied troops marched with no visibility at all. The only thing our soldiers knew was that the vicious German machine-gun fire sent red-hot bullets streaking out of the fog and past you before you understood the danger. From time to time the person walking next to you fell, his life suddenly over, and you thanked God it hadn't been you. After wandering for hours in the fog, many turned and started returning to their trenches, no longer capable of dealing with their fear, uncertain of their fate if they continued forward.

Only on their march back, they ran into Colonel Patton and his tanks, and he ordered them to return with him into the foggy unknown. On this day he would begin to earn his reputation as a great warrior, for the legend of George S. Patton was born in the fields of France.

As the men advanced under continuous, intense machine-gun fire, a disaster was in the making. A number of Patton's tank commanders became stuck, and from a nearby German trench enemy fire was raking across Patton's lines. He sent Private Joseph Angelo to tell them to get their tanks back in operation quickly, but it was no use: Suddenly George Patton had become an infantry commander.

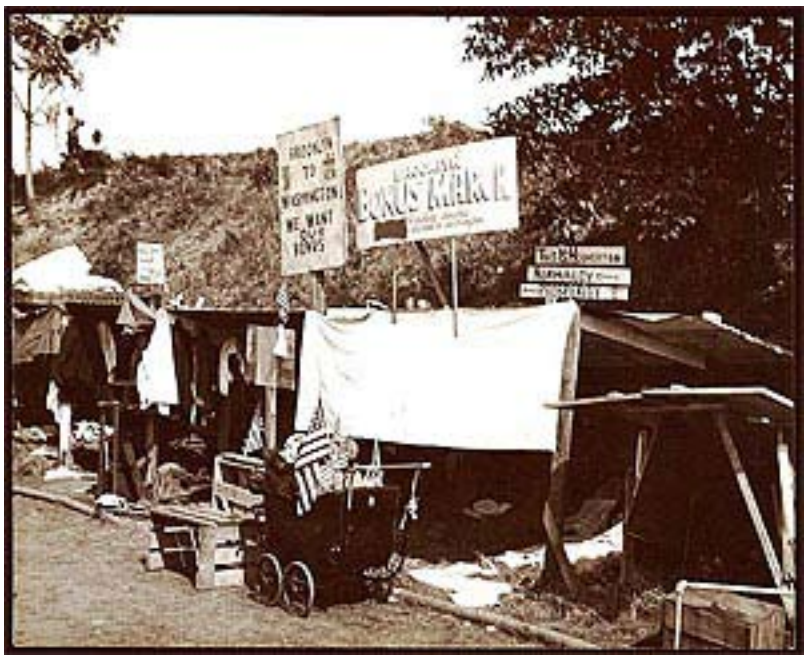
Now on foot, seeing the Germans' trench straight ahead, Patton gathered one other man and Private Angelo. Together the three men marched directly toward the offending German position, hoping to take them out of commission lest he lose all of his men that day to enemy action.

Almost immediately the third man was killed. Patton later admitted that he had been terrified, but he kept marching forward; so did Angelo. Then there was a sickening thud - a bullet had ripped through Patton's upper thigh, leaving a hole the size of a dollar as it exited. Angelo immediately grabbed Patton and dragged him into a nearby foxhole, ripping open his pants and applying a tourniquet to stop the potentially fatal blood loss. Although still under withering enemy fire, Angelo refused to leave Patton; for almost three hours he would stay at his side in spite of the danger, keeping his boss alive.

The village was finally taken at 1:30 that afternoon. Patton lived to fight another war; Joseph Angelo was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for saving Patton's life that day.

On Christmas Eve, 1923, Beatrice Patton gave birth to their son, George Smith Patton IV, and soon a letter arrived at the Patton home, written by the now unemployed Joseph Angelo. In it Angelo congratulated his former commander and expressed the hope that one day his son too would become an officer in the army.

The following year the United States Congress voted in the Adjusted Compensation Act, to repay our soldiers for the job they had performed in the Great War. It amounted to only an extra $1.25 for each day they had served overseas, an extra dollar for each day served Stateside - but it came with a catch. Anyone owed $50 or less got their check immediately, but everyone else would have to wait another 20 years, until 1945, to receive this authorized extra payment for their service to the country in the Great War. The great newspaper journalist H.L. Mencken would write, "In the sad aftermath that always follows a great war, there is nothing sadder than the surprise of the returned soldiers when they discover that they are regarded generally as public nuisances, and not too honest."



And then came the Great Depression. Suddenly many soldiers who'd survived the Great War found themselves desperate for money; and they saw no good reason why Congress or the White House should not make good on those bonus certificates right then. So, during the summer of 1932, somewhere around 20,000 former doughboys, now destitute, formed the Bonus Expeditionary Force. They then marched on Washington, certificates in hand, hoping for some compassion from our government to alleviate their financial suffering.

The Bonus Army was the first in which African-American and white soldiers marched together; their common enemy, poverty, was a great unifying force. And across the Potomac they set up camp, these former soldiers - many accompanied by their wives and children. They named the shantytown Hooverville in honor of President Hoover, who had refused their request for payment.

The House of Representatives passed the Patman Bill for veterans' relief on June 15th, 1932. Two days later the Senate rejected it, and more former doughboys marched into town. Our Senate wanted nothing to do with these people, nor did our president, so the suggestion was soon leaked to the press that these unemployed former soldiers were somehow Communist agitators.

Army Chief of Staff Douglas MacArthur was told to run the men and their families out of town. MacArthur told the press, "Pacifism and its bedfellow Communism are all around us." His two aides that day were George S. Patton and Dwight Eisenhower. MacArthur gave the lead position to Patton, who gave his troops a lecture on how to deal with their former comrades, the Bonus Expeditionary Force: "If you must fire, do a good job. A few casualties become martyrs - a large number of casualties, an object lesson.

"When a mob starts to move," Patton continued, "it is on the run - use a bayonet to encourage them. If they are running, a few good wounds in the buttocks will encourage them; if they resist, they must be killed."

On July 28, 1932, Washington D.C. police fought and killed two former soldiers. That night the U. S. Army went into action: Hooverville was set ablaze and gas was used on the BEF. Two men who had fought for their country died, as did an 11-week-old baby; an 8-year-old boy was blinded, and thousands were injured by the gas. But the former doughboys were, finally, on the march out of Washington.

Later, as Patton sat on his horse surveying the ruins of the former shantytown, a man walked out of the smoke from the fires. It was former Pvt. Joseph Angelo, the man who had saved George Patton's life years before in France. Rail thin from years of meager meals, he was afraid Patton would not recognize him, so he called out, "Sir, you know me, it's Private Angelo." Patton turned to a few troops standing nearby and said, "I do not know this man; take him away and under no circumstances permit him to return." Patton could not even look Angelo in the eye. The man who had risked his life to save George Patton, who desperately needed the pittance his country had promised him, was snubbed, dismissed and turned away as if he'd been a complete stranger.

FDR was already running for President. He told his aides that night that he no longer needed to campaign, because Hoover's eviction of the Bonus Army would win the election for FDR.

And FDR was elected - and then he too refused to pay the Great War bonus money early. He reappointed MacArthur as head of the army. But FDR did do one thing for the veterans: He started the Veterans' Rehabilitation Camps, part of his New Deal. Some 750 former Bonus Army marchers finally found work and food for their families when they accepted a posting to the Florida Keys to build a new bridge.

It was cruelly ironic, then, that on Labor Day of 1935 the Keys were hit by the first great hurricane of the century, packing 200mph winds. Of the 408 people killed that day, 259 were former soldiers working for the Veterans' Rehabilitation Camp. The final insult: a mass cremation.

These were the tragic and callous events leading up to the nation's enacting the GI Bill for veterans returning from the Second World War. For the first time in our history we made sure that those who had fought were treated properly on their return - education, their homes, their illnesses.

FDR might have dismissed the Bonus Army, just as Hoover had; but America hoped never to allow that mistake again.

Chapter Ten
The Boxer Rebellion

It was a Sunday, June 25, 1899, a slow news day in anyone's estimation in Denver, Colorado, when three bored reporters for the three Denver papers got together for a little drink. There they hatched a plan to create a story so outrageous that it would seem fantastic to anyone reading it; yet the three agreed that if all of them submitted the same story, their editors would be forced to print it, for fear the other local papers might scoop them on the news.

The story the three reporters came up with was that the Great Wall of China was to be torn down and a road built in its place, all by an American company. The inventive and thorough journalists even quoted "a Chicago engineer, Frank C. Lewis," who that claimed his company was one of those asked to bid on the Great Wall's demolition. Sure enough, the next day all three Denver newspapers carried this hoax on the front page.

From there the story traveled east, first to Chicago, then across to the East Coast and from there off to Europe. In time, the word that the Great Wall of China was about to be destroyed came to China. And within a year after the day the Great Wall story ran in Denver, China's Dowager Empress Cixi, who was unaware of the story, issued a decree to rid her country of all foreign devils, to run the barbarians out of China. The Boxer Rebellion had started.

This revolt had its origins during the British-Chinese Opium Wars earlier in the century.

It sounds confusing, but the British were demanding the right to sell opium in China, to increase the Empire's foreign trade revenues. The Second Opium War lasted from 1856 to 1860, and the British forced the Chinese to sign the Treaty of Tientsin in 1858. That treaty opened new ports for trade, allowed foreign envoys into the country, gave foreigners the right to travel freely inside China, and gave foreign missionaries free and open access to the people. And, again confusingly, the Tientsin Treaty legalized the opium trade; perhaps the new foreign missionaries would attempt to redeem the newly drug-addled Chinese through religion?

One would have to admit that a treaty that forced both opium and Christianity on the Chinese at the same time would be fairly ironic. When the Chinese refused to ratify that treaty, hostilities resumed; finally, outside forces burned the Emperor's summer palace in Peking, and the Chinese agreed to the British demands.

Understandably, the Chinese didn't exactly like losing their sovereignty. Almost immediately, the rush of missionaries into China became overwhelming, and the Catholic Church soon became one of the largest landowners in the country. Western science and technology started making their way into China; but then, in a humiliating defeat at the hands of the Japanese in 1895, China lost Taiwan and Korea.

It was obvious to the Chinese that Western powers and the emerging Japan were intent upon cutting up China into spheres of foreign influence. After all, at that time no fewer than eight foreign countries were trading with China on forced agreements: Austria, England, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Russia, and the United States. And, in one of the rich ironies with which history abounds, it was the influx into China of cheap foreign goods (including American products) that was destroying the native population's ability to make a living.

That's right, the Chinese were furious because cheap foreign goods were ruining native workers' ability to earn money. Adding insult to injury, many of the foreigners - even a few of the missionaries - were quite demanding and too often arrogant toward a culture they saw as backward and primitive; this manner was winning America no friends in the country.

Then a movement in China called the Righteous and Harmonious Fists arose with a passionate hatred for all foreigners. This group would come to be known as the Boxers, because those Righteous and Harmonious Fists were in fact well-trained martial artists. Westerners back then had never heard of Chinese martial arts, but had long known about the science of pugilism: The Righteous and Harmonious people used their fists and feet to fight, so we called them Boxers, and they led a widespread peasant revolt to rid the country of anyone and anything not born in China.

The first murder of a missionary in China happened in 1897; Germany, Russia, France, and England seized a few more seaports as revenge. In 1898, two more missionaries were killed and in late 1899, a British missionary from the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts was murdered. The British promptly presented the Dowager Empress with an ultimatum: either she could ensure the safety of foreign residents or British troops would be returning.

And about this time came that story out of Denver that American companies were bidding on a project to tear down the Great Wall of China.

The rebellion was on.

The Boxers went hunting, declaring open season on any foreigner, any missionary or any Chinese who had converted to Christianity. The slaughter was unholy; there were scores of beheadings and hearts cut out; people were stoned to death, tied down on the road and run over by carts, and on and on. The German minister, Baron von Kettler, and a member of the Japanese legation in Peking had been killed as a prelude to the outbreak of hostilities. Meanwhile, there was a mass exodus of foreigners fleeing the interior for Peking and protection; there, although the city was completely surrounded by the insur-

gents, a group of refugees held off their attackers for 55 days, until an international military force saved them from being totally wiped out.

American troops fought in the Boxer Rebellion; 53 were killed, 253 wounded. Peking was held until the peace treaty was signed on September 7, 1901, when Allied demands for reparations totaled $333 million.

In the end, possibly 32,000 Chinese Christians, 140 missionaries and 74 children were killed; and it could have been worse considering the size of the Boxer movement and the animosity against all foreigners at the time.

And within a few days after the peace treaty was signed, the Empress was again taking tea with the foreign envoys as if nothing had happened; her complicity in the revolt was officially ignored. When even more missionaries poured into China as a result, the Qing Dynasty failed a decade later, ushering in a National Republic.

The Germans took a different view of things. They launched no fewer than 40 expeditions into the interior to find the last of the Boxer troops and eliminate them.

Make no mistake about it, this was the pivotal point in Chinese history. It led to real colonial rule in that country and to numerous civil uprisings, to Japan's conquest of the country, to Russia's move into Manchuria and, ultimately, to the Second World War.

In turn, the corrupt Chiang Kai-Shek headed for Taiwan, an island first taken by the Japanese in 1895, then taken from them after the Second World War. Chiang, you may recall, had been beaten by Mao and the Communists, who were the rightful peasant heirs to the Boxer movement; and Mao's Communists actively participated in the Korean War.

In fact, it was the aftermath of the Boxer Rebellion that pushed Mao Zedong all the way into Communism. He'd been just a boy when the rebellion took place; but in 1919, when the Bolsheviks took over Russia and denounced the Czar's imperialism, they relinquished their rights to Manchuria, canceled all debts owed by the Chinese as a result of the Boxer Rebellion, and gave up their Chinese railroad without compensation. In Mao's eyes, these new Russians were actually the good guys, hence his belief that Communism held the answer for China. Like the Boxers' fondest dream, Mao also ran the missionaries out of China.

And there you have it. A phony story placed in the Denver newspapers on June 25, 1899, about American companies hired to tear down the Great Wall of China; it was just one more small issue, not really the primary one that led to the Boxer Rebellion - which wasn't a big rebellion as these things go, but it forever changed the course of China's history.

And from our participation in that rebellion America got martial arts studios and movies, which really only carry on the Boxers' martial arts tradition; Mao Zedong going Communist; Korea and Taiwan being taken from the Chinese (and China wanting Taiwan back); the start of the Second World War when Japan tried to take the rest of China; and the end of the Royal Dynasty there.

And the greatest irony of all? How upset the Chinese were because cheaply made foreign goods, including American, ruined the livelihoods of so many Chinese workers. Maybe the Chinese should have remembered that Confucius addressed their situation: "What I do not want others to do to me, I do not want to do to them." Doesn't that Karmic rule from Confucius sound a bit like the Golden Rule we get from Jesus, called the Christ, and many other faiths?

Chapter Eleven
The Bible and American Society

It is one of the subjects that most won't discuss in unfamiliar company, but religion regularly comes up in a very emotional subject in America: It's the position that we are a Christian nation, that the Bible should be taught everywhere, including our schools - and that there is no reason not to post the Ten Commandments in public spaces.

Well, it might surprise you that the Ten Commandments in question actually aren't the

Ten Commandments in the book of Exodus in the Bible. In fact, it's a fair bet that most don't know one of the real engraved commandments given to Moses by God in Exodus.

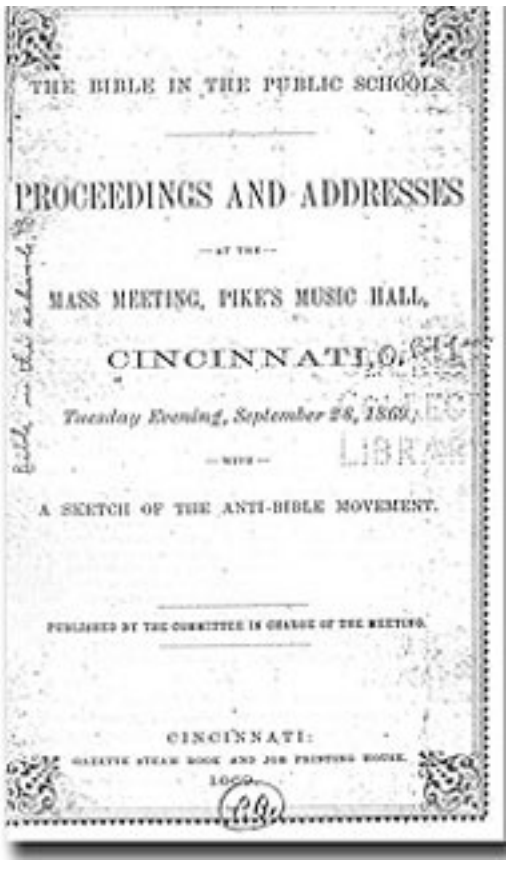
It's a favorite question I ask my friends who are taking Bible courses when they bring the subject up to me, but it's simple and surprising. It goes like this: there's Adam and Eve; they had two sons, Cain and Abel; and Cain murdered Abel - so where did everyone else come from? First, let me remind you that Adam, back when the book of Genesis was written, was not someone's first name; it's the ancient Hebrew word for "mankind."
In any case, the world was not just Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, not even according to the Bible. And you only have to read six verses into Genesis, the First Book of Moses and of the Bible, for the answer to the question:

"And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they WERE fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose."

Did you catch the part where the sons of God saw the daughters of men, thought they were good-looking, and married them? Genesis then says that this created a race of giants, which can still be witnessed today. The point of including that line of scripture is that it's long been commonly believed that Jesus was God's only son. But the Book of Genesis says that God's "sons" came to earth and took the daughters of man as their wives ... and their descendants walk among us as giants.

At the same time, many use a Biblical passage to prove their belief that being gay is a sin. In case you were wondering, it is Leviticus 18:22, which reads, "Thou shalt not lie with mankind as with womankind: it is abomination."

Fair enough, it's there in black and white; but the book of Leviticus lays down many rules for everybody - and the penalty for breaking most of them, including eating catfish and talking back to your parents, is death. Leviticus 1:9 orders us to burn bulls on the altar to the Lord; and Leviticus 25:44 says we can own slaves, both male and female, but only from neighboring countries. Chapter 19, verse 27 says men are forbidden from trimming the hair around their temples or squaring their beards. Leviticus 19:19 forbids us to plant two crops in the same field or to wear clothing made of two threads (e.g., linen and silk). In Exodus, verse 21:7 allows us to sell our daughters into slavery and verse 35:2 demands we not work on the Sabbath, or it's also punishable by death. By the way, "the Sabbath day" mentioned in the Bible is Saturday.


THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

PROCEEDINGS AND ADDRESSES

—AT THE—

MASS MEETING, PIKE'S MUSIC HALL,

CINCINNATI, O.

Tuesday Evening, September 28, 1869;

—WITH—

A SKETCH OF THE ANTI-BIBLE MOVEMENT.

PUBLISHED BY THE COMMITTEE IN CHARGE OF THE MEETING.

CINCINNATI:

1869.

You get the idea. The Bible unquestionably has been the single most important book in human history; it is the authoritative moral guideline for half of the people on the planet, including Christians, Jews, and Muslims. But even though the demand for certain of the laws reportedly laid down for everyone by God is highly selective, few of us fail to burn bulls on an altar, do eat fish without scales, trim our sideburns or come in to work on a Saturday fearing that we'll pay for it with a public stoning.

What is far more interesting is the fact that this debate is nothing new in America. There were many Bible Wars in the 1800s, only in those days it was always the Protestants against the Catholics.

The first big Bible War came about in 1844 in Philadelphia. At that time we had a rapidly growing tide

of Catholic immigrants, particularly after the potato famine in their country sent the Irish to America in waves.

A local bishop demanded that Catholic schoolchildren be allowed to read from their own Bible in public school, not forced to use the Protestant King James Version. The bishop's demand so outraged the city's American Protestant Association that they burned two Roman Catholic churches to the ground. The Church of St. Philip Neri also would have been destroyed had the mayor, the militia and the governor not stood in the mob's way.

Remember, this battle in Philadelphia was fought simply because of discrepancies between the language of the Catholic Bible and that of the more widespread King James Version; only children attending public schools would be affected by the outcome. In 1854, a Roman Catholic priest in Maine was attacked for urging his parishioners to sue in court because that state's public schools were forcing their children to recite Protestant verse.

However, America's biggest Bible War may well have happened in, of all places, Cincinnati in 1869; that citywide battle truly echoes some of the issues we hear today. And, like the one in Philadelphia had 25 years earlier, it started innocently enough.

Cincinnati had a large and growing population of Catholics in the years just after our Civil War. The city's school board knew that in other states in the preceding decades religion had been a problem, so they simply decided to ban the reading of the Bible in their public schools, stick with the basic tenets of education, and leave religious training to the children's own parents or local churches. As had happened in Philadelphia and other Eastern cities, the Protestant community in Cincinnati immediately rose up in arms, claiming that removing the Bible from the school's curriculum was little more than a "Roman" or Catholic attempt to foist the Church's unsavory views on the city's Protestant citizenry.

Both sides took to the streets, sued in court, and gave lectures at Pike's Music Hall to demand that their side be given some form of authority on the issue. In the Princeton Review of 1870, it was written; "This is an issue that stirs the American mind as nothing else has since the bombing of Fort Sumter."

Many felt and wrote that "to de-religionize the curriculum" (a quote from the period) and de-Christianize the schools was to lower the flag of Christianity in the face of our children.

Caught in the crossfire of this very public battle were the Mormons, Chinese, Jews, atheists, heathens and other so-called infidels of the city - or at least they also started taking the blame for this obvious attempt to destroy Cincinnati's schools. In fact, as in other cities, no religious minority had ever dared to criticize the teaching from the Protestant King James Version of the Bible. But now everyone of a minority faith started feeling the heat of the battle between the Protestants and Catholics.

W.M. Raney, one of the leaders of the pro-Bible forces, publicly put the city's Jews on notice:

"The Israelites did not invoke this action, but if I believed that they had done so, I would, in the kindest spirit, remind them that there are countries in the world with laws in force to this day, limiting the length of the period during which one of their race may remain within their borders. I would point them to their elegant warehouses, to their palatial homes, their costly and magnificent temples and would ask them if, after all, there was not religious as well as civil liberty in this country."

The case wound its way through the court system, and J.B. Stallo was the attorney for the "god-free" Cincinnati school board. Stallo took great exception to the argument that America is a Christian nation, telling the court that our teachers themselves were Lutherans, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Trinitarians, and Unitarians, each with their own religious basis. "[He] that believed we were a Christian nation would do violence to the spirit of our personal liberties, by forcing Protestant Christianity as the law of the land."

By 1873, that case was finally heard by the Ohio Supreme Court, which ruled unanimously that the Constitution of that State did not enjoin or require the instruction or the reading of religious books in the public schools.

It also surprises most people when they find out that the battle over religion in our public schools didn't start in the late fifties and early sixties. No, those court cases were heard across America 150 years ago; and in every major case, those legal decisions were the same as today.

The only thing that has changed is who is filing the suit. Back then it was the Protestants against the School Boards, who in turn were trying to protect the Catholics' civil rights. In our lifetime it typically has been the people of the Jewish faith and a few atheists' fathers. Catholics and Protestants have long forgotten that they were the ones fighting each other's religions in our past.

Today, the battle often seems to be over the Ten Commandments and whether they can be displayed in a public place, such as a courtroom. You know them as "thou shalt not kill or covet thy neighbor's wife, thou shalt honor thy parents," and so on. The problem is that, according to the Bible, in the book of Exodus, those aren't the Ten Commandments Moses brought down from the mountain engraved in stone.

Sure enough, in Exodus 20, verses 2 - 17, Moses does verbally deliver those ten laws to the Israelites, repeating what God had commanded of him on Mount Sinai. But, if you recall, Moses went back up Sinai (Exodus 31:18), and God gave Moses tablets with his laws written on them. And then, when Moses comes back down and finds his followers worshiping a golden statue of a calf, he throws the tablets to the ground in a rage, destroying them. That would be Exodus 32:19.

Now, reading the Bible, Moses' first oral rules were simply "the words thy God spake;" and the original tablets contained "his testimony." Only on Moses' third trip up Mount Sinai (for replacement tablets) does the Bible refer to them as the Lord's Commandments. In fact, we don't find the phrase "ten commandments" until Exodus 34:28.

And so today, I give you the Ten Commandments as given by God to Moses, carved on two stone tablets and brought down from Mount Sinai - which can be found in Exodus, 34:13 - 28.

I. Thou shalt worship no other god.
II. Thou shalt make thee no molten gods.
III. The feast of unleavened bread thou shalt keep.
IV. Six days thou shalt work, but on the seventh day thou shalt rest.
V. Thou shalt observe the feast of weeks, of the first fruits of wheat harvest, and the feast of ingathering at the year's end.
VI. Thrice in the year shall all your men children appear before the Lord God.
VII. Thou shalt not offer the blood of my sacrifice with leaven.
VIII. Neither shall the sacrifice of the feast of the passover be left unto the morning.
IX. The first of the first fruits of thy land thou shalt bring unto the house of the LORD thy God.
X. Thou shalt not seethe [i.e., boil] a kid [i.e., a young goat] in his mother's milk.

Those are the ten rules actually given to Moses in stone by God; they're the ones specifically called the Ten Commandments in Exodus. But we haven't seen anyone arguing about displaying these God-given Commandments in any public place in America.

Chapter Twelve
Bay of Pigs Aftermath

It was March 17, 1960, when President Dwight Eisenhower agreed with the CIA that it would be prudent to use Cuban exiles for in-country action to dispose of Cuba's new leader, Fidel Castro. Eisenhower had been the biggest supporter of having our Central Intelligence Agency sponsor little wars to give us the desired results in regime change. It had worked well in unseating Mohammed Mossadegh in Iran in 1953, though it hadn't worked as well in Guate-

mala when we took out Jacobo Arbenz. (Of course, we still live with a different Iran today, as a result of the backlash against our coup there in 1953; and Che Guevara and his revolutionary movement in Latin America and Cuba directly resulted from our overthrowing Arbenz in 1954.) But the truth is that Eisenhower had no more stomach for all-out war, and neither did he care for the idea of running up our federal deficit to cover such a large-scale operation.

The name of the highly classified plot to overthrow Castro was Operation Zapata; it would hire Cuban mercenaries to do the job.

The only problem was that by the time the CIA was ready to launch the operation, Ike was out of the White House and John F. Kennedy had been installed as President; sure enough, Operation Zapata was thrown into his lap.

Kennedy was concerned with the legal issues involved, even going so far as to suggest that our excuse for the invasion, if it were discovered, would be to blame Soviet weaponry located on the Caribbean Island. Nevertheless, Kennedy also let everyone know that if the invasion did not succeed, he would under no circumstances use the American military to bail out the exiles' Brigade 2506. If this group could invade Cuba and overthrow Castro, that was fine. However, if it was going to develop into a full-blown war, Kennedy, like Eisenhower, was not interested.

It started on April 15, 1961, with three flights of B-26 bombers, carrying the markings of the Cuban Revolutionary Air Force. Their Cuban exile pilots' mission was to wipe out the real Cuban Air Force, so that its more numerous and newer aircraft could not attack the invaders. The exiles' first mission was not totally successful and, on returning to their bases in Guatemala, the pilots were told to stand down; they wouldn't be returning for the two more missions originally planned.

Two days later four transport ships, carrying 1,511 Cuban exiles in all, were ready to land their "citizen soldiers" at the Bay of Pigs.

There was a problem with all of this: Castro knew they were coming. In fact, the CIA knew that Castro knew they were coming.

An editor with one Chattanooga newspaper had formerly been posted in Washington, D.C.. The editor was startled to receive a phone call from a former contact with the Russian embassy, asking whether he knew that America was going to invade Cuba.

Now the editor also knew John Kennedy from JFK's days in the Senate, but felt it would not be proper to call the President and ask if he'd heard this news. Instead, he called CIA director Allan Dulles. Asked whether this story was true, Dulles said it most certainly was not. Pressed to say whether he personally believed that the Russian source was impeachable, Dulles simply denied the story, dismissed the editor and allowed the invasion to move forward.

Dulles, like so many others, was convinced that Kennedy would use our military if the invasion did not succeed. So what if Castro knew? All the better, in Dulles' view.

So, Castro knew they were coming, and by April 21, 1961, it was all over. Sixty-eight of the exile fighters had been killed; 1,209 were captured and put on trial. The following month, Fidel Castro suggested that he was willing to trade his prisoners in some form of an exchange program.

The Kennedy clan put in a call to New York attorney James Donovan, who had recently negotiated the release of Francis Gary Powers, our U-2 pilot shot down over Russia, and had a long and colorful history in the service of our country. For it was Donovan who had been general counsel to our OSS during World War II; he also was one of the prosecutors at the Nuremburg Trials - and now he was being asked by the White House to find a way to free the remaining fighters from the Bay of Pigs fiasco.

Jim Donovan drove Bobby Kennedy nuts, because his style was to sit down in a comfortable chair with a cigarette in one hand and a scotch in the other and think through issues from all angles. Bobby Kennedy liked fast thinkers and faster actions, so the young Attorney General asked a trusted aide, young Washington attorney John Nolan, to join Donovan in Cuba.

Nolan later said that Castro was not at all like he had been led to believe; as he put it, Castro "was never irrational, never drunk and never dirty. He was easy to deal with - no temper tantrums - and he loved to talk for hours, typically in the middle of the night." This was tough on Nolan, but it was negotiating after Jim Donovan's own heart. Nolan also observed that Castro did not hog the conversation, but was gracious in his give and take.

Moreover, during one of their visits to get Castro to free the fighters, both attorneys realized that Castro was looking for something much more: he wanted rapprochement with America.

Nolan phoned Bobby Kennedy when he arrived back in Miami, telling him what Castro had suggested. Kennedy basically asked, "Can we do business with this fellow?" For his part, John Kennedy started telling his advisors that it was time to start thinking along more flexible lines in dealing with Cuba and Castro.

For his part, Jim Donovan believed that anything in the world could be successfully negotiated given enough time. As Nolan later said, "Jim really started believing that he would go down in history as the man who brought the U.S. and Cuba back together." There were only two things working against the men: Donovan, Nolan and Castro got along too well and quickly came to a final agreement on the release of the surviving 1,113 fighters. Moreover, both men were debriefed after every trip by our CIA; and it was obvious that some within the CIA did not favor rapprochement.

As a gift for Castro on their last visit, knowing how much he loved scuba diving, Donovan went into Abercrombie & Fitch in New York and purchased a new wet suit for Castro. The two attorneys flew back to Cuba and gave Castro his new scuba outfit; the next morning he took them spearfishing at his beach retreat.

A deal was cut for the Bay of Pigs invaders' release: a gift of food, medicine and equipment worth $53 million. While the negotiations had gone remarkably well, they could have been wrapped up earlier; the Cuban Missile Crisis had delayed the resolution somewhat. And so in December of 1962, at the Havana Airport, negotiations successfully completed, Jim Donovan turned to Castro and teased him that his own popularity in Cuba was rising because he, an American, had gotten so much for the Cuban people in terms of food, medicines, and farm equipment. He then told Castro, "I think during the next election, I'm going to come back to Cuba and run against you. And I think I can win." Castro smiled as he took in what Donovan had said - loudly enough for his guards and advisors to hear. The Cuban leader then said, "You look Donovan, I think you are right. Therefore, no more elections in Cuba."

Time magazine, among many others, blasted Washington and Donovan for negotiating the release of those prisoners, writing,

"This was also a grim occasion for the U.S., which somehow found itself offering ransom to the uncouth Communist dictator of an impoverished island. That was a grotesquely awkward posture for a nation that cherishes, 'Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute' as one of its proud historical utterances."

Donovan returned to Cuba and managed to get 23 American citizens out of Cuba's prisons, although many had been sentenced before Castro's takeover of the island.

All of this is the forgotten part of the Bay of Pigs invasion. But there is a sinister footnote to the story.

It comes from 1975, when John Nolan, Donovan's negotiating partner, was watching the nightly news during the Church Committee's investigation of CIA wrongdoing. In the testimony of a CIA scientist, Dr. Sidney Gottlieb, it was revealed that the CIA had purchased a diving suit for Castro and dusted its interior with a deadly toxin, knowing that when the dictator put it on, it would be a fatal dive. Nolan realized that the CIA had counted on using himself and Donovan in one of their assassination plots.

The CIA today says it isn't sure what happened: maybe the toxin didn't work, the suit

was never delivered, or the poisoned diving suit plan was dropped because Donovan gave Castro his gift before the CIA's could be delivered. Apparently no one left any notes.

Still and all, after the invasion and after the Cuban Missile Crisis John Donovan found a way to bring all of the Cuban exiles back home to America. Why doesn't our history recognize this remarkable achievement?

Chapter Thirteen
The Forgotten Explorer

He was born James Pierson Beckwourth in Fredericksburg, Virginia, in 1798. In his time he was one of the great American frontiersmen, along with the likes of Davy Crockett or Lewis and Clark - and yet today Beckwourth is just a footnote relegated to the Backside of American History.

Like many of the youth in those days, James was no more than a teenager when his family, struggling to survive, apprenticed him to a blacksmith; his father moved the 13-year-old boy from Virginia to St. Louis, Missouri. Now, his new boss was a more than able smith and taught him the profession well, but he also had a vicious temper, often striking and beating young James. For many years James had little choice but to accept his lot in life; however, by the time of his eighteenth birthday, he'd had enough. He soon ran away.

For the next few years he drifted as far south as New Orleans, taking jobs in blacksmith shops when he could, learning to survive off the land the rest of the time. One thing is certain: James Beckwourth had a restless streak a mile wide; he just couldn't be tied down to any one mundane job, not when there was an entire country to see. In his wanderings Beckwourth came to meet frontiersmen, trappers and the like. They regaled the young man with stories of their lives in the Rocky Mountains and drew word pictures for him of the vast greatness of the American West.

Beckwourth was hooked - but he ended up back in St. Louis, with apparently not much of a homecoming. So, reading in the local paper that General Henry Ashley was putting together an expedition for the Rocky Mountain Fur Trading Company, Beckwourth quickly signed on. His pay? Two hundred dollars a year, or the equivalent of about $3,000 in today's money.

Once again he left his family; for the next two years he was among the men who trapped for a living, while helping to map much of America from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains. It should be noted that James Beckwourth was doing this while James C. Fremont, who styled himself the Pathfinder of the West, was only 10 years old.

When that expedition concluded, Beckwourth decided to stay on in the West. Having befriended the Crow Nation, he was adopted into one of their nomadic tribes and given the name Bull's Robe. And he remained with their tribe for 12 years; as he already had a strong reputation as a hunter, he would involve himself in tribal conflicts, earning so much respect that in time Beckwourth was elevated to the position of tribal war leader.

Now, in spite of his reputation as a warrior - the Crow had developed some local mythology about his exploits - and even though he called this the happiest period of his life, Beckwourth realized that the day of trapping in America would soon be ending. Demand for hides and beaver pelts was diminishing rapidly. Besides, the American Fur Trading Company often did business with enemies of the Crow, and the constant talk of war was wearing thin on him.

He again returned to St. Louis in July of 1836, now 37, to find that his father had long since returned to Virginia, where he had passed away a year earlier. Therefore, Beckwourth set about reestablishing his relationship with the American Fur Trading Company and for a short period returned to the Crow tribe. However, it was a time when smallpox was spreading across the American plains, and thousands of Indians were falling victim to a disease to which they had no immunity. Some believe that it was James Beckwourth who brought the disease with him, infecting his former friends; others suggest that his arrival and the outbreak were simply

a coincidence. In any case, by the fall of 1837, he was a man without any family and adrift.

Beckwourth made a connection with General William Gaines, who was assembling a volunteer group of militiamen to travel south to Florida to fight in what would become known as the Seminole War. With nothing else to do, Beckwourth signed up and, on October 26, 1837, boarded a ship to fight a war -something he claimed he was trying to get away from - and fought valiantly for the next 10 months. Returning to St. Louis, he joined yet another group, this time moving west, trying to open up trade with the Cheyennes, Arapaho and Sioux. Those tribes were all former enemies of the Crow, but by this time Beckwourth was fearless in front of his former enemies. William Bent, with a rival fur company, told him, "You are certainly bereft of your senses. The Indians will make sausage-meat of you."

That didn't happen; Beckwourth did enough trade with these tribes that his employees did quite well for a couple of years, before their company failed.

Beckwourth went on down to Taos, New Mexico, in 1842, married and tried to settle down as a shop owner. That didn't last long, so he set off north to try his luck at being a merchant again, and this time 30 or so families settled into his little community. It remains today; you know it as Pueblo, Colorado. Nevertheless, as you can already tell, the man had restless feet. He felt he had to move on, and so he did, all the way to California. It appears that this is where James Beckwourth finally met James Fremont; you see, it was Beckwourth who became the Pathfinder of the West's lead scout.

That's right, it was James Beckwourth who actually discovered many of the most popular trails that took Americans west. And the only way to top that is the fact that in 1845, while on the West Coast, Beckwourth got caught right up in the American settlers' revolt against Mexico's rule in that state.

Then came the U.S. War with Mexico. When it ended, Beckwourth went back home to Pueblo, Colorado, only to find that his wife, thinking he was dead, had remarried. Not a bit angry that she hadn't taken his absence well, he moved on to Santa Fe, where he partnered in a small hotel. Then came word that the local Indians and Mexican rebels had massacred all of the Americans settled around Taos, to the last woman and child. Including all of his former friends and one of his former bosses, William Bent. James Beckwourth, now almost 50 years of age, had one last fight in him. And he was there, front row, to help defeat the unfriendly Indians and participate in the hanging of the rebels on January 19, 1847.

By this point, nothing was holding him anywhere; his wife belonged to another man, and frankly, New Mexico wasn't as pretty as California. So he again headed west - only this time he made a discovery that changed America. Sure, he'd been a scout for James Fremont, helping to open the West Coast, but on this final trip west, just a few miles north of what is now Reno, he found that perfect pass through the Sierra Nevada Mountains, now named Beckwourth Pass. It's so easy to navigate that many settlers from the East quickly chose that route to fame and fortune during the California Gold Rush. It was through Beckwourth Pass that the Western Pacific Railroad lumbered out of the state to join America from coast to coast by rail. In fact, Beckwourth led the very first wagon train through the pass he had discovered.

Not much is known about his life during the 16 years that followed. He published his autobiography, but it had so many fanciful tales in it that he discredited himself. And had he stuck with the truth, his story was good enough as it was. After all, here was a man who as a boy had been apprenticed to become a blacksmith; he'd traveled the frontier as a fur trader, lived with the Crow Indians for over a decade and become their war chief; he'd traveled back across the continent and fought in the Seminole Wars, then helped James Fremont open the West. Beckwourth had fought in the Californian insurrection against Mexico, found the passage through the Sierra Nevadas that truly opened the West and, with the help of friendly Indians, helped avenge the massacre at Taos.

In 1866, at 68 years old, he was called again to fight in the Colorado Indian wars. Only this time James Beckwourth had seen enough war, and he was disgusted by the Colorado militia's sheer brutality in subduing the Arapaho and Cheyenne tribes. So this fight he walked

away from, and he purchased a house near Denver to retire. That didn't last long, either.

Shortly after he returned, a small group of Crow Indians came calling. They told him about the decline of their civilization and of how the Crow people were suffering. They begged him to return to the tribes and bring back his magic, still legendary to them from his stay decades earlier. This time, Beckwourth declined. So they asked if he would come to their camp with them, simply to take part in a farewell banquet. This he agreed to do, and that night in the Crow settlement Beckwourth became violently ill, suffering convulsions. He died the next day.

It was rumored that the Crows had poisoned him, hoping to capture his spirit, so they could hold onto his magic forever.

One historian of the West once wrote of James Beckwourth, "Probably no man ever lived who met more personal adventure involving danger to his life." Ultimately, his explorations helped open the West, and his pass gave us a rail route from sea to sea. His adventures are as stunning as any other well-known frontiersman's, yet you've never heard of James Pierson Beckwourth. Maybe, just maybe, that's because, while this great American explorer and adventurer's father was a white officer in the Revolutionary War, his mother was a slave in his father's household.

Chapter Fourteen
The Attack of the Weather: 1936

Maybe in July of 1936 it was too coincidental for anyone to connect the dots when, on the first day, 10 residents of Detroit died. After all, they appeared to have little in common. One assembly line worker at Dodge Main simply keeled over at his station; a night watchman was found dead that same morning on the other side of town. Dora Brady, 89, and Nathan Derby, 97, were city elders, so nothing about their deaths aroused suspicion. On that one day in Detroit, though, 10 people died from the same cause and nobody noticed.

Before the week was out, 570 would die in Michigan, most of them in Detroit, still more in Ohio - 5,000 nationwide. It was just another cruel prank of the Great Depression, played over one seven-day period. As one person said of that time, it was as if Detroit had been attacked by a plague out of the Middle Ages.

Much is being made of Global Warming, but there was once a time in America when today's weather would seem moderate. This country has never since experienced weather like it endured during the early part of the Great Depression: Years of extreme temperatures and no rain brought on the Dust Bowl that devastated the Midwest. But then, during the winter of 1935 - 36, it appeared that, just maybe, the weather patterns had finally changed.

February of 1936 brought a record snowfall and cold: For 18 straight days in many parts of North Dakota, the temperature never got above zero. In fact, the average temperature that month was minus 11˚. As far south as St. Louis, the temperatures hung around 12˚ for the month; and even further south, the Arkansas River froze at Little Rock, the first time in memory it had done so.

But then the weather reversed itself suddenly. March warmed up so much that the record snowfalls melted, hitting the nation's major rivers so fast that virtually everything flowing flooded. The Ohio River raged out of control, leaving 171 dead from the flooding and almost

half a million homeless.
Then came the tornadoes of April 5, cutting across Tupelo, Mississippi, hitting Alabama before playing out in Georgia; that one storm killed 419 people and still holds the record for a severe tornado system killing the most people in this country. But then, in spite of the wet winter and record cold temperatures, followed by severe flooding, hot winds out of the west and a very dry spring gave us a fourth straight year of Dust Bowl planting conditions.

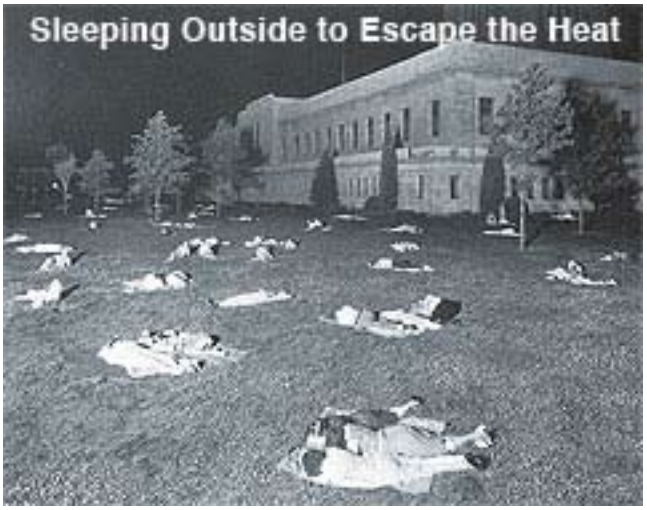
Now, after three years of barely holding on, the Dust Bowl of 1936 ended the way of life of many farmers from Oklahoma to the Dakotas. Whole communities of families packed up, picked up, sold out if they could and drove west to the promised land of California. To this day, there are many counties in those states where the population is still smaller than it was in 1935.

One government official, Rex Tugwell, was quoted as saying that if the situation continued to deteriorate as quickly as it had over the previous two months, "St. Louis will become the capital of the new American Desert." Preachers' sermons drew parallels between America and ancient Middle Eastern civilizations that had vanished after similar climate changes. Climatologists began analyzing what was happening, and many said it would be impossible for the Midwest to ever recover from this weather disaster.
Then came the heat.

It started in the Southwest, but by the Fourth of July it was already 98˚ in some of our northern cities, including Chicago. On July 6, in Steele, North Dakota, the official temperature was 121˚. Just six months earlier, February 15th to be exact, the same town had recorded a high temperature of 60˚ below zero. That swing of 182˚ in 180 days is another record that has never been broken.
The Great Depression had played its cruelest joke. It was bad enough that unemployment in America could easily have been 30 - 40%; but now the planet's climate seemed completely out of control. The heat was so unbearable that the U.S. Health Department started warning folks to add salt to every glass of water to avoid dehydration, to stay out of the direct sun, and to eat lightly. But families that could, to protect themselves in all the small ways possible, had already started living in their basements. It was slightly cooler below ground.

It was during the summer of 1936 that movie theaters, at least those equipped with the new "Air Conditioning" units, starting running ads reading, "It's cool inside." You may not be old enough to remember it, but this is when business establishments first used colorful signs featuring icicles, promising their patrons relief from the sweltering heat.

Back in Detroit, the temperatures crossed the 100˚ mark, causing the city's streets to buckle; some pieces of pavement and concrete were so deformed, they created barriers four feet high. Traffic snarled across the city. And into all of this came 10 deaths from the heat on the first day. Many in Detroit rushed their families to Belle Island to camp out, hoping for the cool of any breeze off the river. And the downtown area became a ghost town, with traffic from neither business nor shoppers - not just because of buckled pavement, but because it was believed too many would die from the heat if the city remained open.



Record high temperatures that summer hit New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, Wisconsin and Indiana. The trials for the Olympics were being held in New York, and many athletes had to be rushed to local hospitals when they collapsed.

Hospitals started running their doctors and nurses on 18-hour shifts to try and deal with the problem. By day three in Detroit, almost 100 people were dying each day strictly from heat prostration and sunstroke. And this does not include those who died of heart attacks brought on by the stress of the heat.

Then, on the seventh day, just after the thermostat hit 104˚ at 2:15 in the afternoon, the temperatures finally started easing back down. By 5:30 the next morning, July 15, 1936, the air was back to 61˚, which is much more typical for a July morning in Michigan.

The Dakotas would take longer to recover; there the intense heat lingered through August - until FDR got there. His arrival in the area coincided with the first rains in months and much cooler temperatures. No politician running for reelection ever timed a campaign trip better.

Many deaths resulted from the tornadoes of spring, the record cold of that winter, and the floods - but more than 5,000 Americans died that summer just from the heat. Why did so many people die from temperatures that today could be considered only slightly above normal? It's speculated that many individuals could not adequately adjust from that winter's extreme cold to the summer's record heat as fast as the weather could. And to this day, no one has been able to explain America's strange and lethal weather from 1932 to 1936.

What is less well known about the summer of 1936 is that many had believed it marked the end of the Great Depression. The New York Times noted that for the first time since the Crash of 1929, the hotel industry across the country was reporting that long-empty rooms had all been filled and many a lit-up "No Vacancy" sign had celebrated the Fourth of July. There was record travel to Canada and other vacation spots. Most corporations were recording their highest profits since 1930, although in most manufacturing areas that fact was not resulting in higher employment.

Maybe economic optimism wasn't warranted in 1936; we do know that things again went backward financially for America from then until the outbreak of the Second World War. And, although nobody mentions it today, those who lived through the summer of 1936 never forgot their experiences. Many believed that the earth's climate had changed forever, and that America could become a modern desert.

Amazingly, 5,000 people died and no one today can explain what happened. But, as quickly as the unbearable heat moved in, it moved on. A long period of cooler temperatures arrived - so long, in fact, that we have forgotten about the tragedies of the winter and summer of 1936. To those who lived through it, it must have felt like both a new Ice Age and Global Warming.

Chapter Fifteen
The Presidential Election of 1912

It is hard to believe, but almost every one of the political issues we still debate today, including which party represents whose interests, was born in the presidential election of 1912. Here's how you remember it from history books: Democrat Woodrow Wilson ran against the incumbent president, Republican William Taft. Some may remember that Teddy Roosevelt ran under the Bull Moose Party banner - though that's not exactly right. And if you're really good at history, you know that Eugene Debs ran on the Socialist Ticket.

That's right, four candidates for President, with four divergent views of what America should be. What a choice for Americans!

All the drama in this particular chain of events can be said to have begun with a nasty telegram during a lengthy safari in Africa.

President Teddy Roosevelt had put up his friend, William Howard Taft, as the Republican candidate for President in 1908. Even though all Taft really wanted was to become a Supreme Court Justice, of course he ran. When Taft won, Teddy Roosevelt took off for an 11-month Af-

rican adventure with his son, Kermit, in what we now know as the Republic of Kenya.
Roosevelt went off to the jungle confident that his friend Taft would dutifully carry out the policies TR had put in place. But in early 1910, while still in Africa, Roosevelt found out that Taft had fired the nation's chief forester; and presently he learned that Taft had all but dismissed his entire environmental policy. To put it mildly, Roosevelt was perturbed.

Of course, just like today there were Republicans and then there were those much farther to the right. That latter group hadn't cared for Roosevelt much; in the days of the huge corporate trusts, Roosevelt had tried to regulate many large industries, particularly those he felt were abusing their size and power and manipulating their stock for their own financial gain.

Roosevelt was also pushing for lower tariffs to improve business conditions. He had asked Congress in 1907 for an 8-hour workday, a graduated income tax and control of campaign contributions. And he was a conservationist and an environmentalist - and none of those positions sat well with the far right wing of the Republican Party. What Roosevelt found out in Africa was that his friend Taft couldn't stand up to the far right as he himself had. It not only sickened him then, but in time it would destroy their friendship.

Now, to be fair, Taft did get the 8-hour workday for federal employees. And he fought a few of the less beloved trusts; that's when Standard Oil was broken up. But he wasn't protecting TR's beloved wild lands, and so Roosevelt started working his way home. He stopped off in Norway to receive the Nobel Prize for his contributions to ending the Russian/Japanese war of 1905. There he made a speech, urging the formation of a world organization to end all wars. Roosevelt would call it the League of Peace.

As the time for the presidential elections drew near, in walked Woodrow Wilson, a Southern Democrat. And in his first interview, Wilson told the New York Sun that he believed in conservative reform - in limited government and the return of States' Rights. But Wilson was hiding a couple of secrets: He was a white supremacist; and he'd been having an affair with a rich widow by the name of Mrs. Peak.

Taft too had a secret that he zealously kept hidden from the voters: He didn't believe in the divinity of Christ.

One having an affair, the other a non-believer; had either situation been made public, it's doubtful that the Democratic and Republican candidates would have gotten even their parties' votes.

Wilson had a few other problems. He was incapable of negotiating for a position, but quite capable of extreme vindictiveness toward anyone who didn't see eye to eye with him. That had cost him the presidency of Princeton; but he still managed to become governor of New Jersey, where he made even more enemies.

He didn't believe in regulating industry, and he was anti-labor - but his campaign rhetoric certainly didn't reflect his real views. Just the opposite, in fact: Wilson said he was a Progressive.

Roosevelt, feeling double-crossed by his friend Taft, started working toward another presidential run. In a speech he gave in Colorado, he called for a new moral awakening. It would involve a graduated income tax, workmen's compensation, the end of child labor, lowering the tariffs, and more control of business by the Interstate Commerce Commission. And Roosevelt had reversed himself on the conquest of the Philippines, demanding that we withdraw our troops immediately; 12 years after the fact, there were still insurgencies to be put down.

That's right, Roosevelt was laying out his vision for the future of America.

Wilson realized that he would have to campaign on Roosevelt's concepts in order to have any chance of getting the nomination of his party. The difference between the two men was that Roosevelt meant what he said; Wilson didn't plan on actually doing any of it.

Eugene Debs had made his name during the Pullman Strike of the early 1890s. Having started life as a solid Democrat but quickly losing faith in both political parties, Debs turned

to Socialism as an answer for the poverty of the masses. But he wasn't really a radical. In fact, while he dedicated his life's work to improving the worker's conditions in this country, he was also considered a gentleman and respected, even by many who didn't agree with his politics. The players were all in place.

Wilson, after many ballots at the Democratic Convention, won their nomination. Taft was a given for the Republicans; Roosevelt was turned away. Debs was making his third run at the Presidency for the Socialists - and this is where everyone gets so confused about Roosevelt. You see, he didn't get angry and run as an independent, calling his group the Bull Moose Party; Roosevelt was asked to be the candidate for the Progressive Party.

Yes, the Progressive Party, with its vision of social reform (which were exactly the changes that would one day take place in this country), was made up of centrists, including a huge number of moderate Republicans. It just happened that one of those moderates was Roosevelt.

Taft publicly called the Progressive Party nothing but "extremists, who would rush reforms into place that would not find any parallel in history, except for the French Revolution." He added that the party's leaders were neurotic or crazy. Roosevelt didn't care for being called either.

Wilson, actually a strong conservative, now changed his image to that of a militant reformer. And, just as sometimes happens today, one clever political operative for Roosevelt read Wilson's 1902 book, The History of the American People, and pointed out that Wilson had nothing but profound contempt for the Farmer's Alliance, Populists, Greenbackers, union members, Italians, Poles, Hungarians and the unemployed.

In fact, every educated writer or individual knew exactly what a bigot Wilson was, but said nothing.

Meanwhile, the Republicans were furious at all of their members who had followed Roosevelt over to the Progressive Party. Taft even said at one Republican meeting that "Any of those activists who have left us, when they finally decide to return to the fold, should be forced to come back crawling on their knees."

There was a moment of decency in this contentious campaign. When John Schrank shot Teddy Roosevelt in Milwaukee, TR's 50-page speech was in his pocket, and that's what kept him from being killed by Schrank's bullet. But, as long as Roosevelt was still convalescing, the other three candidates refused to campaign.

It wouldn't have been the fair or decent thing to do.

And so the election came, and everyone running was claiming as his the position of "reformer for the people."

To this day, most think that Wilson ran away with the election while the Socialist Debs did nothing, and that Roosevelt was finished as a politician because of the weakness of his third political party. None of that is true.

Debs received over 16% of the presidential vote right here in Texas, and he did the same in Nevada. Wilson did receive 6.2 million votes, but it wasn't Taft who came in second: it was Progressive Candidate Roosevelt, with 4.1 million votes. Taft, the incumbent, received only 3.1 million votes. But, to give you some perspective, Woodrow Wilson received 100,000 fewer votes than William Jennings Bryan had gotten in 1908 - and Bryan was considered washed up because of his poor showing.

As stated, many of the issues we still discuss today came about in that election of 1912. Graduated income tax, ending child labor, compensation for the work injured or sick, the environment, regulation of industry (or at least of the worst corporate offenders), racial equality, breaking up the monopolies, the eight-hour workday and the fair distribution of wealth in this country. All of these issues were forced into open public debate by Teddy Roosevelt.

Today most believe that Debs' Socialism didn't play well with the public because he was too radical. That's confusing him with the International Workers of the World; Debs was more

pragmatic than that group. Most believe that America's Progressive Party was something close to Socialism; it wasn't, and it was led by many former moderate Republicans.

Most believe that Wilson was a moderate Democrat; he ran as one, but he was actually a conservative and a born-and-bred bigot. And Taft, once the election was over, was actually glad he had lost. He had always wanted to be a Supreme Court Justice and nothing more, and now he could.

And Teddy Roosevelt wasn't finished making noise yet.

Wilson talked a good game, but his actual deeds in office show he never seriously intended to follow through on his campaign promises. To his credit, however, he had taken Louis Brandeis on as an advisor. Brandeis, who would one day be one of our greatest Supreme Court justices, wore his liberal philosophy on his sleeve; and to some degree his advice to Wilson was followed. And to be fair, in the first few years, Wilson did fight back against special interest groups, and he made visible progress in dismantling Republican protectionism for large corporations. Then again, while president Taft had done the same, and it was also one of the campaign promises of former Republican Roosevelt.

That change, to lower tariffs and encourage new business and industry, was in the air in this country. Any sitting president would have been forced to bring to an end the days of the great American business trusts.

But, in spite of what you may remember learning about Wilson, he was also the greatest military interventionist president in our history: We had troops in Mexico numerous times and throughout the Caribbean. Wilson also re-segregated our government; and he no sooner took office than a recession hit the nation.

By the mid-term elections of 1914, the Republicans, wanting to put an end to the Progressives, started running on the platform promise of a return to economic prosperity - with their guarantee of "A Full Dinner Pail."

But Roosevelt and Debs weren't done with their criticism of the president. When the First World War began in Europe, certain scores still needed settling. When the next presidential election arrived in 1916, Roosevelt knew that the Democratic and Republican Parties had stolen all of his Progressive Party platform planks. It was time for him to rejoin the Republicans, but Roosevelt would campaign hard and forcefully again for his home team only if they would nominate a moderate.

That would be Charles Evans Hughes, former governor of New York and then a sitting Supreme Court Judge. And Roosevelt kept his promise; after the poor 1914 election showing for the Progressives, Roosevelt told them at their campaign convention to throw their weight behind Hughes. And in effect, just like that the Progressives again became Republicans.

The election was close, so close that during the vote count, Wilson thought he had lost his second term. Only when the results arrived the next morning from the Western states did he reclaim the presidency.

One of the key Democratic points to re-elect Wilson had been the slogan, "He kept us out of war!" It was foolish, of course; the United States never had entered a European War, and there'd been plenty of them. Of course, Wilson had wanted to commit us to the Great War, but the public had wanted nothing to do with it. In time it happened anyhow; but, when the call first went out for volunteers, only 70,000 men answered. That's why Washington had to institute the draft.

It's also why Wilson managed to get Congress to pass the Sedition Act of 1918: Now it was illegal even to say anything against Wilson or our entry into World War I. And into this mess Teddy Roosevelt came striding back, squinting in disbelief.

First, Roosevelt rode Wilson hard in public about his earlier failure to come to the aid of our European allies. Additionally, all four Roosevelt boys had gone into the service - Ted and Archie in the Army, Kermit accepting a commission as a captain in the British army and serv-

ing in Iraq. Quentin had joined our new air service and told the press on his induction, "It's rather up to us boys to practice what Father preaches." Quentin Roosevelt would not come home from the war.

But Roosevelt, having argued for America to enter the war with the Allies and proven his family's patriotism with all four of his sons, also blasted Wilson for the Espionage and Sedition Acts. He called them Wilson's blatant censorship of free speech, claiming that these laws were sheer treason to the United States.

Roosevelt then wrote his son Archie, claiming he hoped Wilson would arrest him under the Sedition Act and send him to jail, just so his voice could carry farther. But the one for whom his wish came true was Eugene Debs, Wilson's former nemesis from the Socialist Party. It was June 16, 1918, speaking to a Socialist convention in Canton, Ohio, when Debs said, "The master class has always declared the wars; the subject class has always fought the battles. The master class has had all to gain and nothing to lose, while the subject class has had nothing to gain and all to lose, especially their lives."

There was a government agent in the audience. Thirteen days later, Eugene Debs was arrested for violating the Sedition Act and sent to jail. Wilson finally had him out of the way.

Just 30 days earlier, in Chicago, Teddy Roosevelt had been dining at the Blackstone Hotel, when in walked William Howard Taft. Once one of TR's closest friends, Taft was by then a bitter enemy because of the 1912 presidential elections. Now, everyone in America knew of the bad blood between the two men, including the diners at the Blackstone that night. Taft sized up the room and saw Roosevelt eating alone, stiffened up his courage and walked straight toward his table. Roosevelt looked up, stood, and threw down his napkin and the two men shook hands and hugged each other, their political feud finally over and their original friendship winning out.

The other diners that night, upon seeing this improbable reunion, stood and cheered. Hands clasped, Roosevelt and Taft turned to their audience, smiled and bowed, then sat down together to catch up on their lost six years apart. The Republican Party came back together that night.

Two months later Roosevelt would learn that his son Quentin had been shot down behind enemy lines. German officers, realizing that the soldier killed was the son of a former president, buried him with full military honors. But Teddy Roosevelt's heart was broken. Depression set in and on November 11, 1918, the day the war ended, Roosevelt was admitted to the hospital for a seven-week stay. Two months later he was dead.

With Roosevelt dead and Debs sitting in prison, Wilson's two main political enemies were gone. Taft had never given him any problems, for he'd never wanted to be president anyhow and was glad when he wasn't re-elected. President Warren Harding would finally grant Taft his real wish in life, appointing him Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in 1921. Taft would write four years later, "In my present life, I don't remember that I ever was president."

Harding would also pardon Eugene Debs and free the man from his incarceration.

Wilson himself, man of grudges, lost Congress to the Republicans, then went off to Paris for the peace talks and to create "his" "League of Nations," which he'd stolen from Teddy Roosevelt's idea for a League of Peace. But Wilson, who would never negotiate for what he wanted, failed to persuade Congress to ratify that treaty, even though the Republican majority was only asking for minor changes. (Like today with the UN, their biggest concern was that America's sovereignty stayed intact through the process.)

So, almost every candidate lost his dream of a new America in the 1912 presidential election. Wilson was "for" States' Rights and a less powerful central government while campaigning, but in office did the exact opposite, and Congress denied him his League of Nations. Eugene Debs lost his freedom; Teddy Roosevelt lost his health and standing with the nation - and his son, Quentin. Only William Howard Taft got everything he wanted: Out of the White House, his friendship back with Roosevelt and a seat on the Supreme Court.

The Socialist Party's platform became the far left wing of the Democratic Party; the Progressives became the moderate wing of the Republican Party. Business trusts were finally broken, and the American economy grew.

All this makes one wonder why, all these years later, we're still debating the same points that were debated first in 1912. Maybe it's because we never resolved a one of them well enough the first time.

Chapter Sixteen
On the Cusp of the Last Century: America 1900

Lest we forget, in our grandparents' generation America was moving into the 20th century at a rapid pace. As one Seattle financier stated in December of 1899, "We have entered upon an era of unprecedented prosperity, and expansion seems to be the order of the day." There was a great deal of truth to that statement, unless you didn't happen to be a member of the upper class.

As the last year of the century began, rural America was still the place where the general store was the center of civilization, where the elders sat around discussing the weather or politics. Wives of all ages, meanwhile, spent most of their days from late spring through the autumn's end in stifling kitchens, boiling and preserving vegetables and fruits and storing the jars and root crops in their cellars for the winter - if they were fortunate.

Things were about to change, for in 1900 came the first of the national consumer brands; Chicago's meat-packing industry, led by Armour and Swift, sold their goods across the country. So did Cincinnati's Ivory Soap, which even then was known as "99 and 44/100ths percent pure." Everyone in the nation could sip a Coca-Cola, courtesy of our friends in Atlanta, and the Singer Sewing Machine Company was making 1 million machines a year.

Throughout most of our history up to this point, we had been a debtor nation, requiring loans from more advanced nations to cover our deficits. But in the year 1900 our largest industries got to be so profitable that we no longer needed to borrow from our international neighbors; instead, they started to come to us for loans.

American goods had come to stand for real quality. The Swiss bought our watches. Farmers in Europe were using McCormick's reapers and other machines. Remington typewriters had been adopted by the British army; and our steel and girders gave strength to bridges from England to Russia. Each week 100 merchant ships left the port of San Francisco to carry our goods to China: A veritable parade of sails hauling American goods across the Pacific!

Now, up until that point, European business leaders and politicians thought little of our provincial country. They were disgusted by our ghastly manners and though us arrogant to believe that we would ever be a world contender at anything. However, by 1900, American was producing almost a third of the world's goods, and Kaiser Wilhelm in Germany felt threatened. He started putting out feelers to see if there was a possibility of forming a European Union to counter America's rise.

When he failed to get a consensus, Germany first put numerous tariffs on American products and then went on to subsidize the nation's own industries. Agenor Goluchowski, the Austrian foreign minister, starting crying about the disastrous war of economic competition that America had created. Europeans came to discuss The American Peril on a regular basis.

Stateside, a lady's silk dress retailed for 85¢, while a new Hart Shaffner & Marx suit could be purchased for as little as $10 - about the price of one of Kodak's new cameras. The top-of-the-line bicycle could be yours for just $75, or about the same price as Edison's Concert Master Phonograph.

This was also when famous sports figures first became all the rage. In 1900 America's top jockey earned more than the President of the University of California; golfers' and baseball players' incomes also shot up dramatically. Just before the turn of the century the University of Michigan lured away Langdon Lea, Princeton's exciting head football coach, using the

unheard-of salary of $3,500 a year.

As an article in the Saturday Evening Post said in November of 1900, “Our great country is a land of promise, if not the Promised Land. It is a land flowing with the milk of opportunity and the honey of success.” Yes, this was the time of the great rags-to-riches stories, like that of the man who started out as a typesetter in a Chicago newspaper and ended up becoming Assistant Secretary of the Treasury - the story of Frank Vanderlip. Or that of Assistant U.S. Postmaster Percy Heath, who had once earned just $1.25 a week as a printer’s devil. Or that of Charles Hayes, president of the Southern Pacific, who had launched his career as a mere clerk for the rail line.

It was taken for granted that anyone in this country could start with nothing and become whatever he wanted to be. It was also comforting for men to know they had a longer time in which to become successful, for the average lifespan of a male in 1900 was fully 10 years longer than in his grandfather’s generation - though it was still only 54 years.

As for the likelihood of upward mobility in our society, it wasn’t quite as advertised; a 1910 study showed that, of those considered part of America’s social elite, only 5% had started life poor. Social commentator John Tebbel, one of the few to discuss the concept that any American who worked hard could move up the economic ladder, wrote then that The American Dream was itself “a chimera, without real substance, a delusion so strongly held that no one desired to question it, and so beloved for itself that no one wanted to doubt it.”

Granted, there was a grain of truth in it: If you were a farm laborer earning $20 a month (the equivalent of $440 in today’s money) and you moved to the city and were paid $40 a month for your labor, it was true that you had doubled your earnings. Left out of the discussion was the fact that you didn’t move far up the ladder - you still were poor, because living in the city also cost twice as much.

As the last century came into being, with the promise of a better future and the start of the technology era, the question was asked over and over again: Why, if success were truly available to all, were there so many unsuccessful Americans in this country? The answer had two parts.

Part of it was the fact that corporate leaders at the time relied too much on our federal government to protect their businesses and their overseas investments from foreign competition - by enacting tariffs if possible, but by military force if necessary. This habit of codependency was a byproduct of the Spanish American War ... and maybe of what had just happened in Hawaii.

However, when laws addressed social and cultural issues such as child labor, safety regulation of industry, breaking up the giant financial trusts or taking over private ownership of the nation’s intercity transportation departments, then that was widely considered government interference.

What is most interesting about the year 1900 is that so many of the characteristics of America were the same as they are now. Munsey’s Magazine carried this line in that year: “All the wealth in America will soon be in the hands of a few men.” Our government countered with the argument that the average American family had $3,000 in net worth, or about $66,500 in today’s money.

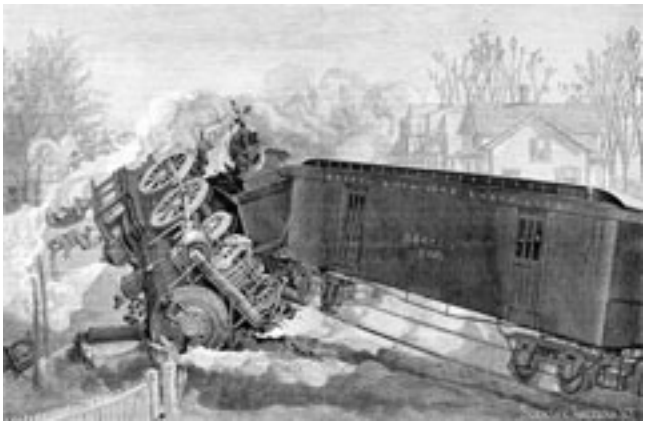
Of course, using averages rarely works. As one writer of the times said, “Does this mean one person is worth fifty million and the other 10,000 have nothing?”

And yes, there were figures showing how much you had to earn to be above the poverty line in this country; back then it was established as $550 annually. Not earning that much in those days were farmers, coal miners, garment workers, packinghouse employees and mill workers - and thousands of other laborers.

Those earning $550 to $800 a month included firemen (who were often paid by private insurance companies to put out fires only in covered buildings), machinists, skilled laborers, office clerks, railroad brakemen and department store salespeople. Teachers in Chicago earned

$900 per year and, as today, a job in government paid around $1,500. (Yes, voters complained about overpaying for government incompetence even back in 1900.)

People were often hurt on the job; the railroad was one sure way to permanent disability, if not death. George Paine, general manager for one of the lines, told Munsey's, "A railroad's [management] must be much like that of an army of slaves to be successful." And as on any battlefield, he said, there would be an acceptable rate of casualties.



At this point in our history Frederick Taylor, head engineer for Midvale Steel, discussed how he would keep wages down: what he wanted, he said, were "machines so simple in their operation that any fool can run them."

There really wasn't much difference between then and now. The world was alive with new technology that hadn't existed just a decade earlier. There was a growing disparity of income and lifestyle between the richest Americans and everyone else. Wages for the average working individual would actually go back down slightly in the first decade of the last century- and their inability to afford the newest technologies or live in the better neighborhoods would inspire many with bitter resentment. This is the reason that within the decade more and more Americans started voting for Socialists for mayors and governors - before balance took hold in this country.

Remember Midvale Steel's Frederick Taylor? He invented Taylorism, the study of time and motion for industry. It was his work that Ford copied for the moving assembly line-only it worked so well for Ford that his "fools" running the equipment became the highest-paid laborers in America. And that, more than anything else, is why the American Century ended up mostly working for almost everyone: "Hey, it's a living."

Today an even smaller percentage of the social elite in America started life poor than in 1900 - and even then the American Dream was considered mythical.

Chapter Seventeen
Blind Tom

It is one of the strangest stories, and certainly one of the most inhumane in American history, but it started when Tom Wiggins was just 3 years of age. Without the benefit of sight, he had wandered into the parlor of General James Bethune, a Columbus, Georgia, attorney and editor of the local paper, the Cornerstone.

While the Bethune family was eating dinner, Tom had managed to seat himself at the family's piano and started playing a difficult tune that he'd heard the Bethune daughters play and sing that day. Moreover, he played them perfectly. Hearing the music and seeing all his family's musicians dining around him, General Bethune went to the piano and found the blind 3- year-old playing it. Astonished, the General decided that his eldest daughter, Mary, should help the young boy develop his musical talents. Mary taught Tom Wiggins the fundamentals of music composition and the boy was on his way.

By some accounts Bethune hired professional musicians to come and play for Tom, who memorized the songs being played after hearing them once and thus built an instant classical repertoire. By the time Tom was 6, he could play from memory almost 100 compositions, the works of Mozart, Chopin, Bach, Beethoven and Verdi. He knew operatic pieces such as La Traviata and could sing in perfectly accented and inflected German, English or French.

In October of 1857, at just 8 years of age, he gave his first public performance at the University of Georgia. The Athens Southern Watchman said it was the most remarkable ever

witnessed in that city, and "Tom would put to the blush many a professor of music."

The next year, General Bethune struck a deal with Perry Oliver of Savannah to take Tom's talents on a national tour. Oliver paid the General $15,000 and agreed that his own profits would come out of any gate receipts. Of course, just like today, the artist himself would receive virtually nothing for his efforts, but it was a wise move on Oliver's part; he netted $50,000 on the then 9-year-old's talents. The tour was tough on the young boy: four shows a day, virtually every day of the year, culminating with a command performance at the White House for President James Buchanan. Again, Tom was hailed as an American genius, the Philadelphia North American called Tom "the greatest pianist of the age."

By the time Oliver's contract with the General expired in 1862, the Civil War had started. So General Bethune used Tom's concerts to help raise money for the Confederacy; that's how he came to write The Battle of Manassas, after listening to the General's brother describe the fighting of that Civil War battle.

However, by May of 1864, even General Bethune realized that the war would soon be over, and his wealth would vanish with the South's defeat. So he quickly made agreements with Tom Wiggins and his parents to ensure that only the General would be the boy's manager and agent after the conflict ended.

The deal was this: Tom would receive $20 a month, food and shelter, while his parents would accept a flat fee of $500 a year and a good home. General Bethune also agreed to give them a small percentage of Tom's earnings, after expenses of course, leaving the General with a mere 98% of the take. Tom's gross earnings would come in at almost $20,000 a year, at a time when most Americans made $300 annually or less. Under the contract, the General kept all but $1,140.

There is one little item I left out of this story so far: Tom Wiggins was black, a slave; and this contract guaranteed that he and his family would remain in slavery after the end of the Civil War. For that "good home" the General promised his parents was in fact their old slave cabin on his property.

And now the General decided to put a new spin on Tom's classical music show. He would be billed as Lunatic Tom and dressed in shabby clothes and, because of his "blindisms," uncontrolled facial expressions common in blind people, as he played the piano, would be considered an idiot.

Suddenly, Tom Wiggins went from being hailed as the American Mozart and a true musical genius to being described as a freak of nature, who impressed only the non-musical in the audience. But this cruel deception only increased the revenues at the gate; freak shows were now in vogue across America.

He toured England in 1866 and Europe in 1867. He was put to a battery of tests by professors and musicians, trying to prove that it was all an act - and all came away convinced that they had truly been in the presence of genius. The audiences, on the other hand, continued to be sold on his "idiot lunatic" status.

But in 1870 Tom Wiggins had turned 21, and his indenture contract with the General was coming to an end. And with slavery already a thing of the past, General Bethune, always the attorney, knew his gravy train would stop too. So he went to court and had the judge declare Tom Wiggins

legally insane - and then had himself declared Tom's legal guardian. In fact, Tom wasn't insane, he just had very low intelligence; yet one noted doctor, who had studied him extensively, had reported in 1866 that, though his vocabulary was 100 words or fewer, Tom had memorized more than 7,000 musical pieces.

And so Tom was on the road again: Canada in 1872, South America in 1875. But in 1885, hearing he'd been struck by a train while left unguarded, Tom's aged mother, Charity Wiggins, had finally had enough. She sued for custody of her son; but in court the 38-year-old man, too mentally deficient to know what was going on and confused about his future, asked to stay in the care of General Bethune.

It mattered little in the end because, on August 16, 1887, Tom Wiggins was removed from the custody of the Bethune family. At that point he had written and published over 100 songs, he had earned three-quarters of a million dollars for the Bethunes - and as a going-away present, they gave him a trunk of clothes and a flute. The court ordered the Bethune family to give him $7,000 in back wages, but they claimed poverty and gave him not a penny.

Finally, Tom Wiggins was on his own in life, still blind, still a musical genius; but, without education and lacking positive interaction with others, he was still lost. Tom would continue on tour for decades, although managers and others would continue to steal his money.

He would be billed as the last slave freed by the Supreme Court.

Tom Wiggins died on June 13, 1908, two weeks after his 59th birthday in Hoboken, New Jersey. Only a handful of people attended his funeral; he had written his own funeral mass but the organist couldn't read it, so she played a more traditional song.

Tom Wiggins, the blind slave child wonder who grew up to be the greatest and highest paid pianist of the 19th century, went to his final resting place to someone else's tune.

Chapter Eighteen
Our 14th State, The Republic of Franklin

There is nothing more inspiring than the birth of our nation in the aftermath of the Revolutionary War. Thirteen states, banding together in order to form a more perfect union - through the trials, the tribulations, the struggle to create this country - all because of the rugged individualism of those who resided in those 13 states, all for one and one for all.

What a great story, and what garbage.

Nothing against those 13 states forming the United States, but how is it that to this day, absolutely no one has been taught about, yes, the Fourteenth State? The black sheep of our American family, the state that was so disgusted with the fledging Union right after the war that its citizens almost signed a treaty with Spain to take themselves and their 29 million acres of land out of the United States. It would be known as the Republic of Franklin, and its governor a man called Nolichucky Jack.

Our 14th state started coming into being around 1780. North Carolina's eastern border was the Atlantic Ocean, and you had to go all the way to the Mississippi River to reach its western boundary.

What had happened was this: During that period hundreds of North Carolina's residents moved west, each hoping to get a large piece of property for farming and homesteading. But money was tight after the Revolutionary War, including both federal and state public funds. Well, by about 1784, those residents out west started complaining to their brethren in North Carolina that they lived in fear of attacks, by both Indians and the bands of outlaws who held up and robbed citizens from time to time.

Back in North Carolina, those who hadn't moved to its frontier decided they just didn't want to take their hard-earned money and pay more taxes to protect those reckless souls who had strayed beyond civilization. As a matter of fact, lest anyone with a public outlet start a

sympathy campaign, word got around quickly that those who had left the safe confines of North Carolina to venture into America's wilderness were nothing more than outlaws and thieves themselves - probably wanted that tax money just to plunder the treasury.

And just like today, when the situation got too tough for the state to handle, North Carolina threw it into the lap of the federal government.

The state's Governor Alexander Martin did just that. He not only turned his state's problem over to the Continental Congress, but Martin managed to get the State Assembly to simply give up that 29 million acres, just to completely wash the State's hands of all responsibility for any citizens there.

Then came Jack Sevier. Descended from a French Huguenot family, raised in Virginia and the hero of the Battle of King's Mountain in the Revolution, Jack Sevier apparently didn't care much for North Carolina dumping responsibility for its citizens on the federal government; and he certainly felt that he could govern as well as anyone. So Sevier put together a group of fellow expatriates to hold a secession congress and, on August 23, 1784, Sevier took the western counties of North Carolina, seceded from the nation and created the Republic of Franklin.

Now, remember that part where Governor Martin didn't want this land if it meant spending tax dollars to protect the citizens, so he gave it up to the feds? Couldn't have bothered him in the least, until Jack Sevier created his own independent country. Suddenly Governor Martin wanted that land back in North Carolina something fierce. Even threatened to raise an army to take it back by force.

Right - but he couldn't raise an army to protect them?

Well, Governor Martin hustled the North Carolina assembly together again, and they passed a resolution reclaiming the land they had so gladly given up a couple of years earlier. Jack Sevier simply responded that the Republic of Franklin was an independent nation and North Carolina's laws just weren't going to be recognized there. Then both threatened again to declare war with each other.

Then it gets really strange. On May 16, 1785, less than a year after creating his own country, Jack Sevier, now known as Nolichucky Jack after the wild river of that name, sent William Cooke to petition the Continental Congress in New York. The Republic of Franklin wanted to be the next state in the Union.

That seemed like a good idea, so they took a vote. Sure enough, seven of the 13 States voted to allow the Republic of Franklin to join the Union. The only problem was, that was two votes shy of what was needed to make it so.

Things were starting to fall apart in Franklin. Without a currency that was respected, every piece of trade was done in barter; Nolichucky Jack's salary as Governor was set at 1,000 deer hides a year.

Governor Martin in North Carolina wasn't going to let Sevier's challenge go unanswered. The Assembly in his state passed the Act of Oblivion, which laid out again their claim on the Republic of Franklin. It also included a new idea they'd had to get their wayward brothers to come back home: an incentive. Yep, North Carolina offered to waive any and all taxes those individuals might owe if they'd just agree to become part of North Carolina again.

Now there was a bidding war, unbeknownst to the Union. The King of Spain was thinking about consolidating what his nation claimed in America, and he loved the idea of the Re-

public of Franklin aligning itself with Spain's claims. In fact, he sent a minister to speak with Nolichucky Jack and the offer on the table, had the governor accepted it, would have made him a very rich man indeed. Governor Jack, integrity intact, turned the Spanish Crown down.

But didn't you know it was going to get better? Now Governor Martin believed the best course of action was to simply act as if the Republic of Franklin still belonged to North Carolina. So he sent state officials into that region to set up shop: Sheriffs, court clerks, land surveyors, the whole nine yards - which only confused things. Competing sheriffs fought one another; no one knew who could legally issue a wedding license or to whom one should pay taxes.
In fact, things got worse because, in all the confusion, no taxes would be paid at all.

William Cooke took matters into his own hands and wrote Benjamin Franklin, asking him to intercede on the Republic of Franklin's behalf. At his advanced age, Ben Franklin had no idea there was a country here named after him. But he replied in a letter dated August 12, 1786, part of which read, "I had never before been acquainted that the name of your new state had any relation to my name, having understood that it was called Frank-Land."
Franklin went on to suggest mediation with Congress and with North Carolina.

And so in November of 1787 our Congress again decided that the Republic of Franklin could become the next state admitted into the Union, but only if nine of the 13 existing States agreed - and North Carolina would have to give up claim to the land.

These conditions were harder than they'd been in the Continental Congress's first ruling, so Governor Nolichucky Jack made contact with the King of Spain. He proceeded to ask for a military grant, so he could wage a proper war with North Carolina.

Before he could get his reply, a group of North Carolina law officers went into the Republic of Franklin, arrested Nolichucky Jack and hauled him back to Carolina to stand trial. His fellow citizens promptly busted him out of the joint and everyone fled westward.

Still, enough is enough, and Governor Jack knew it. So, in February of 1788, he and his fellow representatives turned themselves in to authorities in North Carolina. They were tried and received their punishment: They had to swear allegiance to the State of North Carolina.

Jack and his buddies went home; he would be elected their representative to the North Carolina Assembly. And no sooner had this fight died down than, you guessed it, North Carolina again ceded that land back to the federal government.

This time around the Republic of Franklin was accepted as the newest state of our Union. And that's how, on June 1, 1796, Tennessee's became the 14th star in the nation's flag.

Oh, and the State's first governor? Who else: Nolichucky Jack Sevier.

Next time you hear someone discussing historical nonsense about how happy the original 13 states of the Union were, remember this messy affair.

Chapter Nineteen
Politics Made Dirty Bedfellows -
The Presidential Campaign of 1940

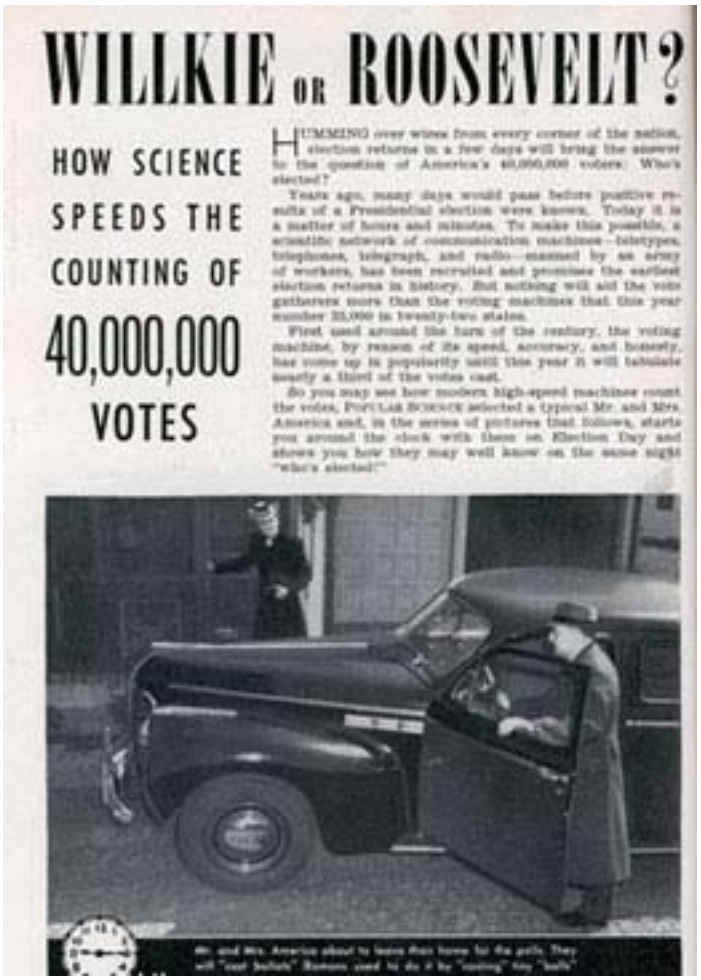
It was an unwritten law that stemmed from George Washington's refusal to run for a third term as president in 1796. No other president had even considered doing so until Franklin D. Roosevelt decided to break that unwritten law in 1940.

It was of course a different time in America. For in spite of the economic improvements in the country, the Great Depression still gripped the millions of Americans unable to find steady work. Additionally, the war in Europe had started in late 1939, but the public was adamant about America's staying out of this conflict; we still remembered our military adventures in the Philippines all too clearly.

In June of 1940 Roosevelt added two heavyweight Republicans to his Cabinet. Henry Stimpson would head the War Department and Frank Knox, who had been the Republican

vice presidential candidate in 1936, would run the Navy. Their extreme competence aside, Roosevelt knew that adding Republicans to his administration would make it harder for that party to criticize his foreign policy.

FDR probably wasn't the only one shocked when the Republicans put up a former Democrat for president that year: Wendell Willkie. A New York utilities executive, Willkie was estranged from his wife Edith and having an affair with Irita Van Doren, book editor at the New York Herald Tribune. Now, one would think that under those circumstances, Willkie would be exposed and never have a chance to win the election; instead, he asked his estranged wife to campaign and live with him during the election process. She agreed to the deal, telling a friend, "Politics makes for strange bedfellows."



WILLKIE OR ROOSEVELT?

HOW SCIENCE SPEEDS THE COUNTING OF 40,000,000 VOTES

HUMMING over wires from every corner of the nation, election returns in a few days will bring the answer to the question of America's 40,000,000 voters: Who's elected?

Years ago, many days would pass before positive results of a Presidential election were known. Today it is a matter of hours and minutes. To make this possible, a scientific network of communication machines—teletypes, telephones, telegraph, and radio—manned by an army of workers, has been recruited and promises the earliest election returns in history. But nothing will aid the vote gatherers more than the voting machines that this year number 35,000 in twenty-two states.

First used around the turn of the century, the voting machine, by reason of its speed, accuracy, and honesty, has come up in popularity until this year it will tabulate nearly a third of the votes cast.

So you may see how modern high-speed machines count the votes, POPULAR SCIENCE selected a typical Mr. and Mrs. America and, in the series of pictures that follows, starts you around the clock with them on Election Day and shows you how they may well know on the same night "who's elected!"

Mr. and Mrs. America about to leave their home for the polls. They will "cast ballots" Russian used to do it by "casting" tiny "balls"

Furthermore, Roosevelt was not a shoo-in for the Democratic nomination. He said he would bow out if 150 delegates to the nominating convention voted against his running, and on the first draft ballot 148 did just that, including Joe Kennedy, Jr.

Roosevelt had other problems. For one thing, he knew there were foreign agents in America and that they wanted him out of office, lest he take us into the war. Hitler's head diplomat, Hans Thomsen, was spreading the Reich's money around to isolationists in Congress, to publishing houses to write books with a pro-German slant, and to ad agencies.

For another, Roosevelt had already been the victim of false statements. One Senator had told the press that in 1939, FDR had told him he planned on entering the war in Europe. For that reason alone, FDR had a tape recording system secretly installed in the White House. He had no notion that it would bring down the Nixon presidency 35 years later; FDR just wanted a permanent record of what was really said in White House meetings so people couldn't lie about him later.

Roosevelt realized that the best way to beat Willkie would be to expose his double life, so he asked a personal aide and friend, Lowell Mellett, to start a whispering campaign about Willkie's affair with Van Doren. Then came the Republicans' move: They had come into pos-

session of some love letters from Henry Wallace, who was running as FDR's vice president, to a fortune teller, Madame Zenah. But Roosevelt's boys had just found the goods he wanted on Willkie's family: His father was a drunk and buried in a pauper's grave. So the Democrats told the Republicans, use your stuff against Wallace and we'll use ours against Willkie.

In the middle of all of this, it appeared that England could fall to Hitler's military. So, without Congressional approval, FDR loaned England 50 destroyers in exchange for long-term leases for new American military bases. Wendell Willkie immediately told the press that FDR's decision to aid England was "the most dictatorial and arbitrary act of any President in history."

By October of 1940 there was a surge in popularity for the Republicans and Willkie, mostly over the charges that FDR was secretly negotiating with the British to get us into the Second World War. Then the powerful and fanatical labor union leader, John L. Lewis, talked on his radio show about the scheming Roosevelt, who would make cannon fodder of his audience's sons. Lewis added, "You who may be about to die in a foreign war, created at the whim of an international meddler, should you salute your Caesar?"

FDR had said he would not campaign, but would simply leave it to the voters if they wanted him to serve a third term. With the attacks being stepped up against him, however, he agreed to give five major campaign speeches.

In that same month Joe Kennedy, then our ambassador to England and a huge fan of Hitler's Third Reich, announced that he was flying home to America to deliver 25 million Catholic voters to Willkie, to throw FDR out of office. Winston Churchill tried to talk Kennedy out of it, but to no avail. FDR wired Kennedy repeatedly to come to the White House for a conversation as soon as his plane landed.

Kennedy was back in New York on October 27. FDR was at the White House having lunch with Sam Rayburn and Lyndon Johnson. And as President Roosevelt spoke with Kennedy that afternoon, LBJ said, he was running his fingers over his neck, suggesting he was going to slit Kennedy's throat. Kennedy and his wife, Rose, came to dinner the next night at the White House, and a deal was made. Kennedy would come out and throw his support for FDR, and the President would support Joe Jr. in 1942 to become Governor of Massachusetts. Kennedy agreed to the deal.

That fall the emotions of the election, the Depression and the war in Europe were draining the public. Roy Howard of the Scripps-Howard news agency was already writing that despite his denials, Roosevelt wanted to take us to war. Howard added that the real threat to America wasn't fascism but communism.

Kennedy kept his word and went on CBS radio to announce his support for the president. The week before the election, FDR said publicly over and over again, "Your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign war." The public would hear LBJ saying almost word for word the same thing about Vietnam during the 1964 election.

Roosevelt won the election and again received Joe Kennedy at the White House to ask him who might be the best choice to replace him as Ambassador to England. Kennedy replied that it didn't matter; "Send a Chinese nigger and the British will talk to him as our representative right now."

The extreme emotionalism of the 1940 election wasn't over just yet. Sure, FDR put a tape recording system into the White House to protect himself, which brought down a later president. But few know that the reason LBJ was so condescending to JFK and Robert Kennedy is that he knew how deeply FDR had hated their father.

Those embarrassing love letters from Vice President Henry Wallace to his fortune-telling paramour were one of the things that later got him dumped and Harry Truman made the Vice President.

But, the story isn't over, because Wendell Willkie was ashamed of his most powerful

statement against the president, when he'd called FDR's decision to aid England "the most dictatorial and arbitrary act of any President in history." Returning to his estranged wife in hopes of becoming president had also bothered him, so Willkie returned to mistress Irita Van Doren right after the election. Van Doren suggested ridding himself of his personal demons by meeting with Roosevelt and offering to help him any way he could. FDR agreed to meet with Willkie, and on finding he was about to travel to England gave him a personal letter to deliver to Churchill. Politics in the old days were like that; once the election was over it seemed everyone could be friends again.

With one exception. Joe Kennedy had lost the son who was to have become Governor of Massachusetts, Joe Jr. An aviator, the young man had died when his plane exploded over the English Channel. A couple of years after the war, Joe Kennedy was attending the races at Hialeah in Florida when he was told that Winston Churchill was in one of the private boxes. Kennedy grudgingly went up to say hello, but he was still angry at FDR's perceived conspiracy with Churchill that had cost him his namesake. By Kennedy's account, Churchill greeted him and admitted that Kennedy had given much during the war. Kennedy snapped back, "Well, after all, what did we accomplish by this war?"

Churchill, a bit stunned at Kennedy's obvious emotion, replied, "Well, at least we have our lives."

Kennedy bluntly stated, "Not all of us!"

There was one underlying current to the 1940 election that no story can tell accurately. For the fact is, FDR believed deeply that sinister forces were underfoot in America and that powerful people were trying to seize the presidency. He honestly believed that either Kennedy or Willkie had it in him to find his way into the White House and dismiss our democracy. Joe Kennedy because he didn't believe in democracy, Willkie as a front man for American Fascists. Remember, just a few year earlier there had been a military threat to overthrow the presidency. Maybe FDR thought that because that coup had been exposed and died, his opponents might well win at the ballot box.

The emotional election of 1940 was the setup for the rise to power of JFK, LBJ and ultimately Nixon. The underhanded campaign tactics of 1940 are with us to this day. And maybe this is just historical coincidence, but for the last 110 years every person who has ever run for the presidency saying he would keep us out of war did the exact opposite once elected: McKinley, Wilson, FDR, LBJ and Bush.

Beware that campaign promise in the future.

Chapter Twenty
Sin and the Cherokee Nation

It is a most unique and stunning historical cycle in America that's there, yet never taught: Why is it that America's most aggressive expansions have been accompanied by a more public manifestation of certain religious beliefs? Pepperdine University professor Richard T. Hughes suggests that this phenomenon is nothing more than obedience to the Bible's Genesis 1:28, which instructs, "Fill the earth and subdue it."

In fact, many of our expansions were rationalized by religious doctrine. One rationalization published in 1829, for why we should not only migrate to what we now know as Texas but also take the land, was printed in a Nashville newspaper, the Republican. It describes the Rio Grande River as having been put there to mark what should be part of America. The editorial reads, in part, "The Rio Grande seems to be marked out for a boundary. On this side of the Rio Grande, the country is seasonable, fertile and in every way desirable to the people of the United States. On the other side, the lands are unproductive, crops cannot be matured without irrigation, and in short, they are entirely calculated for a lazy pastoral, mining people like the Mexicans."

The Tennessee editor who gave readers this disturbing, distorted picture of the region

obviously had never been anywhere near it. Yet just as obviously, his belief that the Rio Grande had been put there for no other reason than to form America's southern endpoint was wholehearted, if misguided from the viewpoint of humanity.

Another belief, that "Whoever can subdue the land is its only rightful owner," was apparently what drove most of the powerful in this country during the 1800s. Furthermore, proclaimed Sen. Thomas Hart Benton, those subjugating and controlling all of the land should be persons of piety - and pallor: "Whites use it, the land, according to the intentions of our Creator."

William Henry Harrison also gave his positions a spiritual spin. From a speech he gave about why reverent white Americans should simply take dominion of the entire continent: "Is one of the fairest portions of the globe to remain in a state of nature, the haunt of a few wretched savages, when it seems destined by the Creator to give support to a large population and to be the seat of civilization, of science and of true religion?"

The famous New York publisher, Horace Greeley, is remembered for saying, "Go west, young man!" Never mentioned is his true passion: the removal of all Native Americans from inside America's borders - wherever those boundaries might end. "Go west, young man!" was the rallying cry of the immigrant movement, but this is from Greeley's full article, as published in 1859: "As I passed over the magnificent bottoms of the Kansas, which form reservations of the Delaware, Pottawattamie, etc., constituting the very best corn lands on earth, and saw their owners sitting round the floors of their lodges in the height of the planting season, and in as good, bright planting weather as sun and soil ever made, I could not help saying, these people must die out, there is no help for them. God has given this earth to those who will subdue and cultivate it, and it is vain to struggle against his righteous decree."

Of course, today one can immediately see the problem with those comments. For who has the right to say that any land was divinely created solely for farming, and who would call the area 100 miles north of the Rio Grande completely different from the area 100 miles south?

Most such arguments for land acquisitions by force with religious overtones had already been made and lost once. Only that time around, Christian missionaries stood up for the rights of the Natives living on land during a period of displacement.

That event came about in the region of North Carolina and Georgia, where the Cherokee tribes lived. Tribal leaders well understood that with each and every year that passed, more and more Europeans were coming to this country. And, seeing how conflicts generally ended between the two groups, the Cherokees decided, "If you can't beat them, join them." After all, to the Cherokees it seemed to be the clash of civilizations that was creating the friction between the two groups - so they simply decided to become more like the whites and reduce the unfamiliarity.

To that end, the Cherokees started building their villages and towns into replicas of local white settlements. Where virtually every other tribe believed that no one had the right to own the land, and it was there for everyone's use, the Cherokees adopted our belief in private ownership of property. Instead of living off the land they became craftsmen and laborers, came up with their own written language, wrote out a Constitution that in many ways mirrored ours, established a formal government that resembled what was being

PROTECTION

CHEROKEE PHŒNIX.

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put together by the former Colonists, published their own newspaper - the Cherokee Phoenix - and welcomed Christian missionaries into their midst.

With the movement in the South toward slavery, a few Cherokees even adopted that practice. One leader, Black Hawk, lamented the fact, saying, "We're becoming like them in ways we will later regret." The point is, the Cherokees did remake themselves to better fit with what they saw the "New World" becoming. But then came the gold rush.

Yes, the rumor was spread that huge amounts of gold could be found on Cherokee property, and soon some 40,000 Americans swarmed onto their tribal lands. Their farms were ransacked, their game was shot, and quickly the Cherokees were facing mass starvation. Nevertheless, they retaliated, not with force, but with a legal response; after all, the 1791 Treaty with the U.S. guaranteed their protection by our federal government.

But President Andrew Jackson had a different idea of "protection." His response to the Cherokees' request was to suggest that they would be better off moving west. Saying, "For the Cherokees, it will perhaps cause, gradually under the protection of the Government and through the influence of good counsels, to cast off their savage habits and become an interesting, civilized and Christian community."

In hindsight that was rather ironic, as the Cherokees had been managing to do just that in their home country of North Carolina and Georgia. Of course, Andrew Jackson was ignoring the 1791 Treaty and encouraging the whites to keep right on going to that land; the State of Georgia even passed laws allowing for confiscation of Cherokee property.

Now, the chief of the Cherokee tribe, a man named John Ross, found friends in three Christian missionaries; they were quite vocal in protesting what was happening to their friends. Georgia State troops arrested them, but they wouldn't quit just yet. It was those three missionaries who filed a legal brief and took it all the way to the United States Supreme Court. Furthermore, Chief Justice John Marshall sided with the Cherokee Nation, saying that Georgia's laws violated the treaties between the two countries. When President Andrew Jackson learned of the Supreme Court decision, he famously said, "John Marshall has made his decision, now let him enforce it."

President Andrew Jackson, whose "Jackass" nickname was the origin of the Democrats' party symbol, then had the Cherokee leaders arrested, drew up new treaties for their removal and negotiated with more malleable members of the tribe. Results: the Indian Removal Act of 1830 - and the Trail of Tears.

America has made use of religion however it came in handy. We've often suggested that our " manifest destiny" had the Almighty's backing - but when the real fight began, it was Christian missionaries who led the Cherokees' defense. Oh, and besides the three missionaries, two other great Americans came to the Cherokees' defense: Daniel Webster and Davy Crockett.

There is one more side note to this time in American history, because the Cherokee was not the only tribe to adopt our ways to no avail. The four others were the Creek, Seminole, Chickasaw and Choctaw; today they are known as the Five Civilized Tribes. Still, the Cherokee had one small difference; once they had adopted our lifestyle, they never had a problem with interracial marriage. Many young Cherokee girls married into the first wave of Scots-Irish families to emigrate and settle in the South. Even today, you will hear many with dark complexions and high cheekbones throughout the South proudly proclaim, "I'm part Cherokee," yet they don't know how that came to be. Hardly anyone claims to be part Apache or part Ute.

When you discuss the Cherokee Trail of Tears as historical fact, it might to nice to add that America's Supreme Court, thanks to three Christian missionaries, sided with the Cherokee. But America's President, a strong Presbyterian Church member since 1838, didn't - and his way is how things turned out.

Chapter Twenty-One
The CIA's War in Indonesia

Today most of us are still wondering: Why did the CIA not get the early warnings right about 9/11, and how did they miss the intelligence so badly on Iraq? Maybe the same way they got the intelligence so wrong on Russia's military during the Cold War, didn't predict the fall of the Soviet Union in the late eighties and, early on, thought that Fidel Castro would probably be pro-American. At the end of his Presidency, Dwight Eisenhower was so disgusted with the CIA's poor showing that he said it had left us with a legacy of ashes.

The reason for creating the CIA was to ensure that another Pearl Harbor never happened. Obviously, that didn't work either.

Once America fought what we considered the Good War - where the whole world, democracies and Communists, joined together as allies against the rise of Fascism during the Great Depression. And, since the final shot of World War II, we have aligned ourselves with Fascists against the Communists. Most probably haven't thought of it that way.

The CIA was always supposed to be just an intelligence group, but from its very early days it not only loved covert operations, it often sold Eisenhower on them as an inexpensive way to keep Communism at bay. Today, we remember the CIA's failed Bay of Pigs invasion in Cuba, but few remember when we tried to overthrow the government of Indonesia. It too was an intelligence disaster of colossal proportions.

Indonesia was similar to Vietnam, suffering under Dutch colonial rule and fighting for its freedom, which it won at the end of 1949. At first, in keeping with our policy at the time of self-determination for former colonies, we supported their new democratically elected leader, Sukarno. But two things happened shortly thereafter that changed our attitude. One was that we found out that Indonesia might have upwards of 20 billion barrels of oil, untapped, ready for exploitation. And then came the Korean War, after which Ho Chi Minh's group seemed likely to run the French out of Vietnam - making it appear that Communism truly was on the move in Asia.

On September 9, 1953, the CIA met with the National Security Council and Vice President Richard Nixon about Indonesia and Sukarno's rule, claiming that his regime was pretty bad and that Communists had infiltrated his government. The CIA's recommendation: it would be better to overthrow Sukarno than to continue to help prop up his corrupt and Communist-influenced government.

But then the following January, Nixon returned from a world tour. Having visited with Sukarno at length, he reported back to the National Security Council that Sukarno had complete control over his people, was completely non-Communist, and was easily swayable into America's camp. Allen Dulles, head of the CIA, and his brother John Dulles, Secretary of State, thought Nixon didn't know what he was talking about. By the following year, the CIA was considering an assassination of President Sukarno.

Keep in mind that in 1955 we were in the depths of the Cold War, so our attitude was that one was either aligned with us or with the Soviets; there were no neutrals in that period. Yet when Sukarno held a conference of 29 countries from Asia, Africa, and the Middle East, every one proclaimed that they were neutral - neither in America's camp nor in Russia's.

Nineteen days later came a Presidential Executive order, NSC 5518, (declassified in 2003); it authorized the CIA to use all feasible covert means, including bribes to voters and politicians, to oust Sukarno from office. The CIA quickly funneled over a million dollars into the next election, but for naught. Sukarno and his party won easily. (Maybe Nixon was right?)

By 1956 Sukarno had traveled to America, where he would quote Thomas Jefferson, then on to Moscow and China - where he quoted Communist doctrine. No one knew what to make of him; but that year the CIA wrote that Indonesia was ripe for Communist takeover.

In 1957 the CIA's Far East Division wrote back to Washington: "Situation Critical, Sukarno a secret communist. Send weapons; rebellious army officers on the island of Sumatra key to future."

In that country's elections in July that year, 6 million voted for the Communist party - but that was distinctly a minority of the 80 million souls living there. Hugh Cumming, our ambassador, said Sukarno was still open to American influence; the CIA stuck by their position that he was moving toward Moscow. On July 9, 1957, CIA's Deputy Director Charles P. Cabel asked for clarification on our position in that country.

Eisenhower sent emissaries across the region to find out where we stood. The report wasn't good; all of our allies over there were on shaky ground. Laos was corrupt, Rhee in South Korea was hated, and Chiang Kai-shek in Taiwan was a dictator, as was Diem in Vietnam.
But Eisenhower's boys were worried about Indonesia, saying it was subversion by ballot - as they put it, "one of the real dangers of democracy."

On August 1, 1957, at yet another meeting of the National Security Council, Allen Dulles said Sukarno had gone beyond the point of no return, and now would play only the Communist game. This time, Nixon dropped his previous disagreements with Dulles' view and supported the CIA. John Foster Dulles at State agreed. The tension was palpable: The United States had been key in creating Indonesia and supportive of its fledging democracy - and if this covert war went bad, it could destroy our power base across that region.

On September 25 Ike ordered the CIA to overthrow President Sukarno by supplying weapons and funds to rebel army leaders throughout the country. After all, if the rebel army officers were against Sukarno, then they must be anti-Communist and, once in power, would easily align with us. Yet on September 28, newspapers in India were reporting that we were going to overthrow Sukarno's government. A covert action blown in three days.
The real problem with all of this? Eisenhower had acted on the intelligence given him by the CIA - and they had the story backwards.

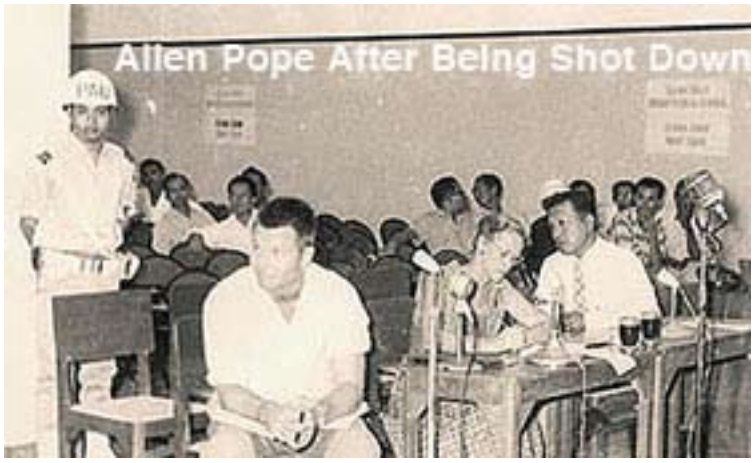
You see, in Indonesia's army, which we were planning to overthrow along with Sukarno, the vast majority of officers had been trained right here in the United States. They were loyal to Sukarno, viciously anti-Communist, and so pro-America that the senior military leaders in Indonesia called themselves the Sons of Eisenhower. That's right, the army rebels we were backing were actually the ones most likely to align with Communists - and we were going to overthrow Sukarno and his military, who loved us so much they adopted Eisenhower's name. Now, how did the CIA miss that?

Clark Air Force Base and Subic Bay in the Philippines became our staging area for the coup. The USS Thomaston set sail with the weapons, now an open secret; when they docked in Sumatra a crowd watched them unload the stuff. The fight was on, but not for long.
Our new ambassador wrote to Washington immediately that General Nasution, head of Sukarno's army, had been trained at Fort Leavenworth, was a "Son of Eisenhower," was a reliable anti-Communist, and so competent that he would quickly crush the uprising and destroy the rebel army. One of Nasution's friends was our military attaché in Djakarta, who hadn't been told about the CIA's military coup against Sukarno; so when Major Benson was asked for our intelligence maps showing where the rebel army was, he gave them to the Indonesian Army chief.

Almost as quickly as it started it was over, and on April 25 Allan Dulles reported to President Eisenhower that the covert operation to overthrow Sukarno had collapsed.
Now, Eisenhower had been very specific: He had ordered that no Americans be involved in the fighting, so we could have plausible deniability if the coup failed. But Allen Dulles had not followed Ike's orders; CIA pilots had been bombing and strafing the outer islands from April 19 on - in fact, they had sunk a British and a Panamanian freighter. But what Dulles had told Ike

and the National Security Council was that although these bombing raids had infuriated the Indonesians, no American pilot was involved.
That story might have held except for Al Pope.

On the morning of May 18, Pope was piloting a B-26 bomber, sinking an Indonesian navy ship, hitting a public market and bombing a local church. Then he targeted a ship transporting 1,000 troops on its way to quell the insurrection. He missed; they didn't. Al Pope was captured, and so were his personal records, his flight records and his membership card for the Clark Air Force Base Officers' Club. Realizing that it could no longer be denied that we were behind the coup, Allan Dulles sent an immediate flash message to all CIA operatives: Stand down. No money, no more weapons, and burn the remaining evidence.



He then wrote a message to Eisenhower that the coup was a non-event, but that now Sukarno was suddenly anti-Communist and talking wonderfully about his friends in Washington. Nothing could have been further from the truth: Richard Bissell, who would rise to higher positions with the CIA, in his oral documentary of the CIA called Indonesia "a complete failure, infuriating the Indonesian public so much against us that the Communists in that country gained power for almost another decade."

But this failure, combined with being lied to by the CIA, changed Eisenhower forever. From that day forward, every time Dulles spoke to him, Ike would say, "Are you trying to start another war?"

Ike then decided to overhaul the CIA, but it never happened. It was this event that played on his mind and, combined with other problems, led Ike to include the now-famous "military-industrial complex" warning in his farewell speech. Because Ike realized that he, the President, had told the CIA exactly what they could do, and they had ignored his orders. And then they had attacked the Sons of Eisenhower - because their intelligence was completely wrong.

Chapter Twenty-two
Overthrowing Foreign Governments, 1893

The year was 1893, and up to that point, America had never participated in a war overseas. Isolationism had been our position, even though many times we could have intervened in European conflicts, or those in South America. This had been the age of the Robber Barons, and this policy best served their interests.

But with the advent of the Financial Panic of that year, a depression really, business leaders started saying that the only way to grow our economy in the future was to create overseas markets for our products.

Since that year, when we first overthrew a foreign government, there have been 13 more attempts to remove leaders we felt were not interested in our vision of trade. But what is darkly amusing is our first armed intervention: We removed a monarch from power because she wanted to give democracy to her people.

They were known as the Sandwich Islands, named by the famed explorer Captain James Cook. It is believed that the inhabitants had arrived somewhere around the birth of Christ, but

when Cook's ships located the island chain in 1778, it was he that was at first treated like a god. But it didn't take long before, owing to the huge cultural differences between themselves and the British sailors, the natives were frankly glad to see Cook's ships sail off into the sunset. In fact, they heaved rocks at the sailors to speed their departure.

A year later, when Cook and his men returned because they had run out of supplies, the natives weren't any happier to see them. So the sailors, near starvation, started taking what they wanted. Then a native chief was killed in a fight and the next thing you know, the locals seized Captain Cook, killed him, cut him up and had him for dinner. Literally.

Cook and his men had their revenge from the grave: A plague spread through the island chain, nearly wiping the native inhabitants out.

Plague or not, the Sandwich Islands were charted; and from that point on they became a stopping-off place for sailors of all nationalities in those waters.

A few decades later, the population had started to rebuild. Knowing what had happened to Captain Cook, New England Presbyterians and Congregationalists believed this group of heathens was ripe for conversion to Christianity. So, heeding a call for missionaries in the Maine Kennebec Journal, 250 Americans sailed to the Sandwich Islands between 1820 and 1850, bent on converting the heathen natives to Christianity.

What they found disgusted them. One missionary wrote, "They are exceedingly ignorant, stupid to all that is lovely, grand and awful in the works of God, low, naked, filthy, vile and sensual, covered with every abomination, stained with blood and black with crime."

Obviously, they had to save these savages from eternal damnation, right?

That turned out to be not as easy as one might think. In fact, within a decade or so, many of the American missionaries lost their own calling for bringing salvation to the masses. More important, they often sent their sons back to the U.S. for their higher education - and when the boys returned, they thought being capitalists might be more rewarding financially than saving souls.

A case in point was the story of Amos Starr Cooke, from Connecticut. He had arrived as a missionary in 1837 and run a very strict religious school for local children, one of whom was destined to become king. However, by 1851, Cooke realized that this modern Garden of Eden might be better used as a plantation for what grew naturally there, sugar cane.

The first obstacle to that ambition was that the natives, like our own Indians, had no concept of land ownership; Cooke simply went to his former student, King Ka-me-ham-eha, and managed to get him to agree to the legal concept of personal land ownership.

Another obstacle was that the prime market for refined sugar was the United States, but the nation had a prohibitive tariff on imported sugar. Now, since so many missionaries and their kids were getting into the plantation business, they needed that sugar tariff dropped. Congress wasn't in the mood to do that. So the planters suggested to Washington that they simply annex the islands, but we didn't yet believe in colonialism and that idea was dropped also. Anyway, by then the Civil War was in full swing, so the idea was forgotten.

Finally, the idea of a reciprocity agreement came up: The U.S. would drop the tariff on imported sugar, and in turn the plantation owners would grant the U.S. Navy landing rights on the big island and access to the large, naturally protected local harbor.

President Ulysses S. Grant liked the idea, and an agreement was made in 1876. By that time, Amos Cooke and his partner, Castle, were the world's largest sugar producers. The first year of that agreement, the U.S. purchased 21 million pounds of sugar from the Sandwich Islands; by 1890 the figure had soared to 225 million pounds. America's sweet tooth was getting sweeter all the time.

Just one problem remained: A sugar plantation is really labor intensive, but none of the locals liked the work. Neither the former missionaries nor their kids cared for that aspect of their newfound wealth - and the natives, still free spirits at heart, detested the backbreaking, boring manual labor. So, just like today, it was time to outsource: The cane couldn't go to the workers, so plantation owners brought in cheap Chinese laborers and a great many Japanese.

Of course, the natives didn't care for this arrangement: Orientals doing manual labor, U.S. Navy sailors living on their land, and plantation owners calling all the shots instead of their king? Almost overnight protests began to run virtually non-stop. They became so violent that the King had to ask the U.S. for protection from his own subjects; graciously we provided 150 Marines as full-time royal bodyguards.

The king, realizing how quickly his reign could end, decided to adopt a new Constitution and allow his subjects to be democratically ruled. That was too big a threat to the planters, so it was withdrawn for another concept, which allowed everyone a say in government - unless you were Chinese or Japanese. Even then, the king's all-white cabinet ran the show.

All good things, they say, must come to an end: In 1890, we passed the McKinley Tariff Act, so sugar from anywhere could come into the U.S. tariff free. The planters lost $5 million in earnings that year alone.

Then the "wise king" suddenly died; and his more independent sister took the throne.

First, when her brother had given us the finest harbor in the islands three years earlier, the future queen had written in her diary that it was "a day of infamy" for her islands. Her cabinet ministers were all white and more powerful than her parliament. Yet, although the queen had attended missionary school, unlike her brother, she kept her own people close - and they respected her greatly.

And now, having been cut out of almost half of their sugar earnings, the plantation owners formed an annexation club, ready to make this distant chain of islands part of the United States. The word was, only white people were smart enough to make this island's economy work. Americans offered the queen a quarter of a million to sell out, but she wouldn't go for it. So, the annexation club conspirators managed to get the Naval Commandant, Felix McCurley, to agree to back them up with military force, if that proved necessary to take over the islands.

Keep in mind that no one in Washington had ever given Cmdr. McCurley permission to help overthrow this government. And certainly, no one in Washington believed anyone had the right to simply turn out the government of a foreign country for personal gain. This situation could have been a big problem: in 1890 there were 40,612 native Hawaiians, 27,391 Chinese and Japanese laborers and about 6,200 white guys on the island -and on January 14, 1893, we handed the queen another Constitution, curbing native power.

She agreed, then reversed herself and said she'd think about it, planning instead to dump that proposed Constitution and give her people real democracy.

Lorrin Thurston, leader of the annexation club, realized that if democracy came, they'd lose their power. He put out a document claiming that the queen was subversive; they should declare her in rebellion, Thurston said, and take over. They formed a new group - the Club for Safety - and appealed to Washington, swearing that their lives were in immediate danger. The plot goes on; it's a messy story, but this time around, Secretary of State James Blaine agreed to land troops from the USS Boston just offshore to protect American lives - lives that weren't in danger. And on January 16, 1893, our boys came ashore.

This overthrow was too easy. The Queen simply gave up rather than get her subjects killed. And the natives had never seen a military formation under arms, so they didn't fight. No one died; we annexed the islands, and that's how Hawaii came into the United States.

The harbor we received in 1887 was Pearl Harbor. The Japanese spies that were there in 1941 were the descendants of those brought to work the sugar plantations 60 years earlier. When Pearl was attacked, FDR used the queen's very words, her own phrase when the Hawaiians lost Pearl to us: "A day that will live in infamy."

Moreover, because that overthrow went so easily, we thought the Philippines would be the same after we got rid of the Spanish. That war lasted for almost 15 years.
In fact, it's never been that easy again.

Oh, and the conspirators who helped overthrow the queen for trying to give democracy to her people? Well, you've bought pineapple from one of the ringleaders: Sanford Dole.
We set out to Christianize a country, became capitalists and got our 50th state, all in just 120 years.

Chapter Twenty-three
Crowded New England

It is one of the most mythic parts of American History, the whole story of the Pilgrims' coming to New England. First, it should always be pointed out that only half of the people on the Mayflower were Puritans. Most don't know that it was a commercial venture; and, oddly enough, most believe the people on the Mayflower were the first to walk down the gangplank and set foot on American soil in that part of our country.

In fact, the hardships faced by the Mayflower's passengers in the first few years here were often the byproduct of the hatred of the English that many Indian tribes felt, left over from earlier expeditions to New England.

Almost a century before the Mayflower landed, in 1524 to be exact, Italian explorer Giovanni de Verrazano landed at Narragansett Bay. He wrote about the Indians he encountered, "This is the finest looking tribe, the handsomest in their costumes that we have found in our voyage."
So far, so good.

But, by 1602 when the British explorer Bartholomew Gosnold landed in the same area, British fishing ships were such a common sight off the New England Coast that Gosnold named the place Cape Cod. And in one of the great historic ironies of all time, he immediately set out to harvest all of the sassafras he could - for at the time, sassafras root was believed to be the most effective treatment for syphilis. So, one explorer lands here to make money by providing a treatment for Europeans afflicted with a sexually transmitted disease; 18 years later Puritans would land in the same place to build their "city on a hill."

Within days of the new settlers' landing 50 members of the local tribe, who came to trade with the Englishmen, visited Gosnold. The British sailors loved the tobacco they were given; the Indians seemed to love the knives, hats and British goods given them by Gosnold's men. All the goods, that is, except the mustard, which they spat out quickly.

According to Gosnold's log, the unnerving part of that visit was the fact that the British couldn't understand one word of what the Indians were saying, but the Indians were incredible mimics of the English language. One native repeated a line verbatim from a British sailor, "Now, now, sire, are you so saucy with my tobacco?"

Still so far so good.

Soon after this, explorer Martin Pring not only set sail for that region of New England, but built a small fort near modern-day Truro. He too harvested sassafras, but apparently the locals didn't like his fort; they set fire to it. Pring got the message and departed with all due haste if little dignity.

In 1605, Samuel Champlain not only visited the Cape Cod region, but in fact made highly detailed maps of the harbors and inlets. However, if there was a turning point it came in 1611, when Edward Harlow landed in New England.

Harlow was a little rougher on the local inhabitants than previous explorers had been. He managed to get into fights with many, killing at least a half dozen in those battles, and then he kidnapped six more and sailed them back to England as some sort of prize. One of those captured was a tall warrior named Epenow, shown off on the streets of London for a few shillings to defray the cost of bringing him there. More clever than most, he picked up on the English language quickly and soon realized that there was nothing more important to the British than gold.

Therefore, one day Epenow casually mentioned that on Martha's Vineyard there was one of the most incredible gold mines on the planet, and only he knew where it was and how to find it. Immediately, a huge expedition set sail back to New England to exploit these riches, with Epenow as the scout for the group. Of course, once those vessels neared land, Epenow simply jumped ship, swam to shore and disappeared, in the New England version of "See ya, sucker!"

Then in 1614 came Captain John Smith, already famous for the Pocahontas story. Smith brought numerous ships into that region for exploration, and one of his commanders, Thomas Hunt, thought it would be a wonderful idea to kidnap as many of the local natives as they could, to sell as slaves in Spain. He loaded up his ship with them and did just that.

Too bad communications didn't travel as quickly in those days as now. The very next year, 1615, a French ship came to the area hoping to trade with the natives. Still slightly upset about Thomas Hunt's kidnapping of their families the year before, they killed all of the Frenchmen but three, and kept them as slaves. One of the surviving Frenchmen, deeply religious, learned enough of the natives' language to lash out at them. Recorded for all time, he screamed that God was "angry with them for their wickedness and would destroy them and give their country to another people." The Indians rolled their eyes at that outburst, but they wouldn't think it was so funny just a few years later.

Then in the spring of 1619, the year before the Mayflower arrived, yet another English explorer, Thomas Demer, was traveling from a larger expedition in Maine south along the coast of New England in an open boat. His passenger was one of the Indians Thomas Hunt had kidnapped five years previously, Squanto. The two men rowed south, shocked to find many Indian plantations silent and deserted, emptied by a plague brought by sailors to which the natives had no immunity. Squanto's village, near modern-day Plymouth, had been home to 2,000 of his tribe, but all were gone. Squanto was left behind to search for the survivors.

When Demer came back to the area just a year later, he found that the Indians now harbored an inveterate malice toward the British. This time the hatred was owed to a British expedition that had arrived in Narragansett Bay a few months earlier. Those sailors had invited many local natives onto their ships, and there shot them down in cold blood and dumped their bodies into the bay.

This time around, everywhere that Demer went his party came under attack. At Martha's Vineyard Epenow, the warrior who had convinced Londoners that he knew where gold was on that island, killed all but Demer and one companion. Badly wounded, they escaped to Jamestown, where Demer died just a few weeks later.

Not all traders who kidnapped Indians for slaves were successful. One such ship carried its ill-gotten cargo to the Caribbean, only to find that no one there was willing to buy Indian warriors. Failing to sell their cargo in Spain or Europe, the kidnappers unceremoniously

dumped them on the western coast of Africa.

However, while the first of many expeditions to New England was successful, by the time of Thomas Demer's last trip things were more than a little unsettled between the locals and the British. And just four months later, after Demer had died, the travelers on the Mayflower landed at Cape Cod, not knowing what was facing them.

Two things saved them. They were not really British anymore, first of all. And so few Indians had survived the plague that they needed the Puritans to balance their power against the more vicious Massachusetts tribe.

It is still taught that the Pilgrims came to New England to escape the religious persecution they were experiencing in England, often without context as to why they might be persecuted by British authorities. But most of the Puritans that sailed on the Mayflower had been living in Holland for years. They did not come to America to escape British persecution; they came to America to escape the fact that in Holland they had little chance of economic success.

The next point is that of the 102 passengers coming to America in July of 1620, only 50 were Puritans. The rest were simply looking for a new opportunity to create a new life for themselves. And third, the entire Mayflower adventure was actually underwritten by 70 London merchants, known as The Merchant Adventurers. They claimed to want to plant religion in the new country, but in fact, under Thomas Weston, were trying to create a new business opportunity for themselves.

You see, the passengers on the Mayflower, including the Puritans, were given the money and ship for passage to America, where they were supposed to become fur traders and the like, shipping goods back to England for the next seven years to pay off their debts and split the profits. Each Mayflower passenger was granted stock worth £10in this London-based trading company. The deal was that the Puritans would work four days for the company, work two for their own survival and have their day of worship off.

But then, just before their planned departure and before they had even chartered the Mayflower, Weston and the Merchant Adventurers' real motives started showing. Now they wanted to change the business deal, demanding that the Puritans work six days a week for the company in the New World - and now Weston wanted to add a fishing charter to their list of chores. Weston also added another condition: Not everyone on this trip could be a Puritan; at least half of the passengers would have to be common laborers.

It's at this point that the Puritans hedged their bets. In Holland they bought a really sea-worthless ship, the Speedwell, which should have been called the Sankwell, and took it to England to fit it out for their passage to America. It took numerous attempts to sail to America, for both boats. The Speedwell so often had to turn back for repairs before it got well underway that the Pilgrims dropped any hope of using it at all. Worse, the false starts put them long past the easy sailing season on the Atlantic. So late did they depart that on first putting out to sea the Mayflower was only averaging 2 miles an hour.

No one had thought to stock rations for an extended trip. And the sailing was miserable in an age when passengers had to live on the second deck, about five feet high, with the stench of the bilge outraging their senses 24 hours a day. Nevertheless, on the morning of November 9, 1620, after 65 days at sea, they came upon Cape Cod.

Here we encounter two problems with taught history vs. reality. The charter issued by the King was not for that part of North America; the Mayflower was supposed to have put them off at the mouth of the Hudson River. Second, they didn't land at Plymouth Rock.

Not that it mattered, because within four months half of those who sailed on the Mayflower would be dead. What truly astonished their leaders was that anyone had survived at all.

First, at anchor in Provincetown Harbor, they immediately took to eating the blue mussels attached to rocks around the bay. This was the travelers' first fresh meat in a very long

time, but if any of them had ever heard of shellfish poisoning, they might not have eaten those mussels even so. Soon after the meal they all came down with diarrhea and took to vomiting.

Once they had recovered from their first American feast, it was time to send Miles Standish out on Cape Cod to explore the region and find a suitable permanent camp. It is interesting to note that those on the Mayflower could have brought along Captain John Smith, of Pocahontas fame; he wanted to come along and knew that region of New England well. But the Puritan leaders turned him down flat, because he knew too much. That's right, the Puritans turned down a respected British adventurer because he was too experienced - they feared that they would be forced to do everything he told them to, which they felt was a dangerous position to be in.

What they did get out of Captain Smith was his map of that region, which neither they nor Miles Standish ever consulted or mentioned.

On November 19, Standish and a group of men rowed to shore to find a place for their settlement; they saw six Indians and a dog walking toward them, but the moment the Indians saw them they took off running the other way. The next day they found the remains of Martin Pring's fort, burned by the Indians, and decided caution would be their best strategy in the future.

This was November in New England, during the time of the Little Ice Age, and temperatures were far colder than they are now. And like it or not, the Pilgrims were facing the prospect of starvation. It was on this second trip that Standish and his men found huge quantities of corn buried in woven baskets. They assumed correctly that the Indians they had seen had buried it for their tribe's survival; in fact, it was also seed corn for the following spring. But they stole it all anyway, promising themselves that in good times they would repay the Indians for the theft. Even today, the place where that corn was found in the winter of 1620 is called Corn Hill.

It would get worse. Over that course of that starving winter, the former passengers of the Mayflower took to looting the homes and the graves of the Indians who had died from the plague a few years back. But, possibly realizing that this was not likely to win any friends among the surviving local natives, possibly out of guilt or maybe to protect themselves, they started leaving trinkets to replace what they had taken.

That wasn't taken well. On another adventure on December 6, Standish and his men had to fight off a small band of Indians, fast realizing that their British muskets couldn't be fired as fast as bows and arrows. Well, it was much ado over nothing, and everyone on both sides escaped with their lives - but Standish did come to the conclusion that they were not going to be able to fight their way to a permanent settlement in the new world. They'd have to figure out a way to get along with their neighbors.

The expedition soon found the area now known as Plymouth, and that's where the Mayflower let off its human cargo after a month's explorations. (And they did not step off the boat onto a rock, by the way.) But to say depression was starting to set in on the travelers would be an understatement. Dorothy Bradford, wife of one of the leaders of the group, committed suicide five days before the landing at Plymouth, rather than go on.

Plymouth was chosen because it had already been cleared by the Indians, which just three years earlier had likely numbered between 100,000 and 200,000 inhabitants; all had either died from the plague or escaped into the interior to avoid that certainty. New homes were started, but so many fell ill that winter that at one point there were only six healthy enough to tend to the sick. During the months of February and March, one or two more died almost every day. No family was spared the loss of a loved one that winter, and most believed they could not hold out until a new supply ship arrived in spring.

When Indian attacks threatened, they would prop the sick up against trees with muskets in their hands; and they had to bury their dead secretly, for fear the Indians would rob those graves as they had robbed the Indians'. Almost 100 years later, a violent thunderstorm in Plymouth created a flood that finally unearthed the unmarked graves of those early settlers.

On Friday, March 16, the able-bodied held a meeting to plan for the protection of their never-to-be-completed settlement. And during the course of that meeting, a lookout spotted an Indian standing at the top of Watson's Hill. Unlike the others sighted, this Indian stood alone. Then he slowly advanced on the settlement without fear or hesitation. The alarm was sent out to the other guards, and yet he still walked toward them. He walked past the unfinished houses and past some of the settlers, looking as if he would walk right into the meeting that was taking place. There he was blocked by two men with muskets, who motioned him to go no further. And at that point the "Indian" smiled, saluted them and cheerfully said, "Welcome, Englishmen."

Then he said, "My name is Somerset." (Samoset)

The Pilgrims finally had their first break in the New World.

Chapter Twenty-four
The Not-So-Gay Eighties and Nineties

No matter how much history I read or how many stories I write about our past, I am always drawn back to the period from 1880 to the dawn of the 20th century. The changes that happened then continue to haunt us today. But it's as if the problems being discussed then are now somehow new and problematical, and therefore require all of our attention to resolve once and forever.

Of course, they couldn't be further from "new." Every last issue that we debate today has been debated before, resolved, forgotten and then brought up in another decade to be debated again - as if, as a country, we had never settled any of our problems in our past.

Possibly the best way to describe this 20-year period is as the age when Americans started to become employees. Consider this: At the time of the Civil War, right at 1 million Americans were hourly wage earners. By the turn of the last century that count would increase to 7 million earning hourly wages, while millions more were salaried employees.

In spite of that progress in societal economics, not quite two in 10 of those wage earners, salaried or hourly, managed to live a middle-class lifestyle. Meaning that over 75% of all working Americans existed below what we now consider the poverty line.

It became the period in which women started entering the workforce in real numbers. Many had been forced to take over factory work during our Civil War, because there hadn't been enough men left at home to keep industries open. In much in the same way, women would later shoulder manufacturing work during the Second World War.

One of the real success stories for female employees came with the advent of the telephone. Originally, young men and boys had been the switchboard operators in cities such as New York; but it was quickly found that women were better suited to the job. They were much more patient, and they could handle 200 - 300 calls per hour, 10 hours a day - all for $7 a week.

It was also a period in which rising Fundamentalist Christian organizations began clamoring for higher standards of virtue for the nation. One of their earliest successes came about with the passage of the Comstock Law of 1873. Enacted to stop obscene materials from being distributed in America, the Comstock Law also put an end to distribution of any information

about contraception. And, while it is impossible to say that the two issues were interrelated, we do know that this Third Great Religious Awakening often bemoaned the fact that the birth rate among those living a middle- or upper-class life was falling rapidly.

For in 1840, there had been 52 new births per year for each 1,000 people; by 1900 that number had fallen to just 33. It was feared that educated Anglo-Saxon Americans would soon be the minority here, as birth rates of immigrants and the lower classes continued to stay much higher. In this particular wave of revivalism during the 1880s, many states passed laws banning condoms, diaphragms and abortions. Before then, there had been no such stigma attached to devices meant to limit the size of one's family.

Then again, the daughters of the middle class began going to college in record numbers, fashioning their lifestyle after the Gibson Girl of the 1890s. More important, those young college-educated girls, if they married, married far later in life - but some statisticians have suggested that in some regions, 50% never married at all, preferring to become career women.

Apparently, these ladies also put up with less nonsense if they did get married; the divorce rate in America went from one in every 21 marriages, in 1880, to one in every 12 marriages in 1900. State legislators panicked and passed new laws that made divorces harder to obtain, then limited the judge's ability to rule in divorce cases, and instituted mandatory waiting periods before one could marry again.

It was the period that gave us the safety bicycle, large outdoor stadiums for sports, the movies, automobiles, and amusement parks, such as Coney Island and others.

It was the day of the neighborhood chain store. F.W. Woolworth expanded nationally, often to complaints that they were driving out the other merchants in towns in which they opened, promising items for a mere 5 or 10 cents. The only difference between today's Wal-Mart and the Woolworth stores from 100 years ago is that the goods sold there had been made by other Americans - who were paid about like a Chinese laborer is today.

For this was the Gilded Age, a period of fundamentalism and conservative politics. Although from time to time the Democrats would manage to control an office or two, for the most part our political system was so bankrupt, Mark Twain wrote, that "If Congress had been present when God said, 'Let there be light,' we'd still be in darkness." British observer James Bryce described the Republican and Democratic parties as being "like two bottles; each bore a label denoting the kind of liquor it contained, but each was empty."

For what it is worth, and for this I'll quote from John Chambers (American in the Progressive Era, the Tyranny of Change), "The Grand Old Party, our Republicans, appealed especially to the evangelical pietistic Protestants, who emphasized personal reformation, inner regeneration and right behavior over ritual and dogma."

This was also a time of great growth in our federal government - even though it was common knowledge that States' Rights were more precious than any Federal government's rules and laws. For Congress would pass the Civil Service System and laws after the assassination of President James Garfield - a man who was rejected for a political appointment killed him. As a result the number of people working for the government went from 53,000 in 1875 to almost a quarter of a million by 1900. This in spite of most politicians' promising to control the size of our government. Some things never change.

After the Civil War, the survivors had promised themselves that war would never take over our country again. Yet their children, at least the ones too young to remember, would fight in the Spanish American War and when we took over Hawaii from its native monarchy. We almost went to war with England in 1895, to protect Venezuela from territorial boundaries that the British wanted to expand out of British Guiana.

Because America had suffered depressions in the 1870s, 1880s and worst of all in the Financial Panic of 1893, we had come to believe that only a strong foreign trade policy could smooth out the constantly fluctuating economy. Our trade overseas grew by leaps and bounds

in every decade in that period. Although it would take 20 years to achieve a reasonable degree of economic stability, protectionism was still the rule of thumb when the going got tough. In the end, though, all that economic growth couldn't stop the Great Depression.

During the 1890s, Congress passed an income tax law; the richest people in America now had to pay a 2% tax on their income, and they screamed over the injustice.

And yet for all of the economic positives, all the technology becoming available, better education for most (particularly women), happening during those two decades, what was happening in our society as a consequence may shock you. Yes, as America became the most industrialized country in the world, on the cusp of a future that no one could yet imagine, crime, poverty, violence, pollution and class distinctions were increasing all over America.

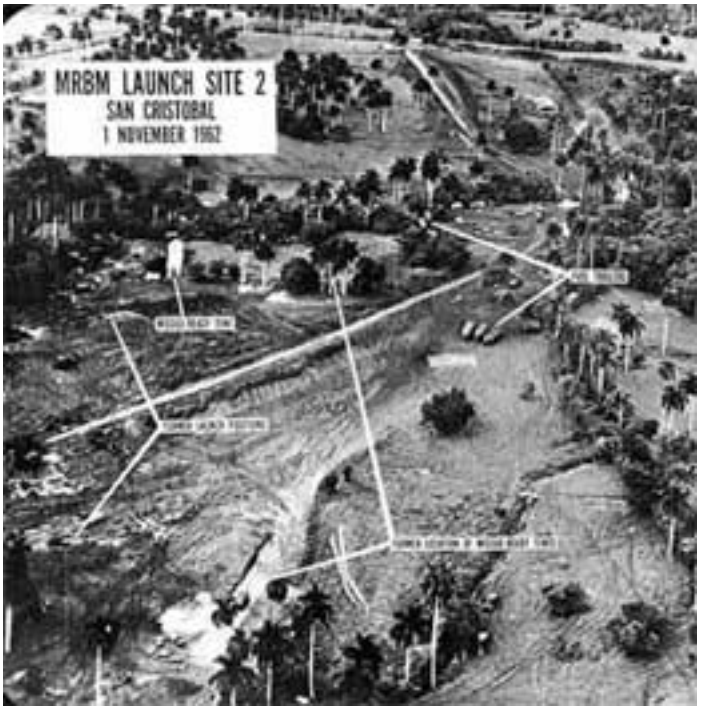
Certainly all the pieces of what we are now were being put into place, but in other areas, we were going backward in every qualitative study. President Rutherford B. Hayes knew the problem; he described it in that period as, "The wrongs and evils of the money-piling tendency of our country, which is changing laws, government and morals and giving all of the power to the rich and bringing back pauperism and its attendant crimes and wretchedness like a flood. "The new tendency," Hayes summed up, "is government of the rich, by the rich, and for the rich."

In 20 years, from 1880 to 1900, our society's main assets and liabilities were put out there for us to see. What is so remarkable is how today, over 100 years later, we are still debating those same issues as if they were new. In fact, from divorce to the position of religion in government, from birth control to foreign trade and modern engineering marvels, we've never come to an agreement since the days when the issues first became noticed. What's broken gets fixed, what's fixed gets broken.

Which ruins the theory of the good old days, or the idea that life in America was sweeter and simpler in the past.

Chapter Twenty-five
World-Stakes Poker: the Cuban Missile Crisis

Today most Americans of a certain age believe they know the whole story of the Cuban Missile Crisis. We don't. But we might want to because, as one historian has written, "It was the most dangerous moment in human history."



At 9:45 a.m. on Friday, October 19, 1962, President Kennedy assembled the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Secretary of State Robert McNamara, and his brother Bobby to go over photographs that one of our U-2 spyplanes had taken four days earlier. What those photographs showed were numerous medium-range ballistic missile sites being constructed on the west end of Cuba.

Today there are a few secrets that none of us knew at the time, not even Kennedy and his advisors: As of that meeting Russia had already managed to assemble some nuclear warheads on a few operational missiles in Cuba, and we thought we were seeing just the start of the missile

sites' construction. Even more ominous, Russian military commanders had already been given authorization to launch those nuclear-armed missiles in case of any military action by the U.S. Finally, our intelligence agencies believed that only 10,000 Russian troops were stationed in Cuba; in fact, the number was closer to 40,000.

The meeting with Kennedy and the joint chiefs did not go well; it appeared that his entire national security staff wanted to take immediate military action against Cuba. General Curtis E. LeMay, who commanded the Strategic Air Command, was even more blunt: he simply recommended, "Fry Cuba." The Joint Chiefs, nodding approval, described how incredibly easy it would be for our military to take Cuba by force.

What they didn't know at the time was what John and Bobby Kennedy were thinking but not saying aloud: they couldn't trust the military's rosy assessments, not after what had happened when James Meredith attempted to enter the University of Mississippi. While this is a story for another day, the U.S. Marshals had been assigned to protect Meredith and ensure his safe entry into that university; but the violent white supremacist mobs that descended on Oxford, Mississippi, literally caged the Marshals. It was feared that they might all be killed. Kennedy finally ordered the Army to get the situation under control, restore order in Oxford, and rescue the besieged U.S. Marshals. Well, the Army unit ordered to Oxford arrived five hours late because they got lost after leaving their post in Memphis. So, while he listened to the Joint Chiefs telling him how fast we could take Cuba, Kennedy was quietly wondering how, if the army couldn't navigate from Memphis to Oxford, invading Cuba could ever go quickly or smoothly.

Kennedy responded to LeMay's suggestion to simply fry all of Cuba by asking him, "What do you think the Russians would do in retaliation?"

The General's reply was again curt: "They'll do nothing."

Kennedy, stunned by this "reality disconnected" answer, challenged LeMay, "Are you trying to tell me that they'll let us bomb their missiles and kill a lot of Russians and then do nothing?"

In response LeMay scornfully compared Kennedy's suggestion of a naval blockade of Cuba to Neville Chamberlain's appeasement at Munich. Kennedy left the meeting with Bob McNamara, but later confided to an aide his biggest fear, that our military would launch a strike on Cuba without his permission. Kennedy didn't know how right he was to be afraid.

In fact, as the crisis stretched on, Kennedy realized that the pressures on him to use the military to resolve it were growing each day. Then, a few days later, October 22, 1962, Tommy Power, General Curtis LeMay's right-hand man and a person whose psychological makeup even LeMay said was not stable, took it upon himself to raise the Strategic Air Command's alert status to DEFCON 2, one step away from Maximum Force Readiness.

Yes: the day after LeMay had taken us to DEFCON 3 and put our whole B-52 fleet and its supporting tankers on airborne alert, Power had ratcheted the tension up yet another big notch. Moreover, unthinkably, Power had sent the DEFCON 2 order in clear, meaning that no decrypting was needed for the entire Russian military establishment to read it immediately. What it was understood to mean was that we were one step away from full nuclear war with the Russians - and yet the White House had not ordered that heightened state of alert.

Remember, now, nobody dreamed that there were already fully operational nuclear armed missiles in Cuba, and no one could have imagined that the Russian commanders in charge of them had already been given authority to launch them on any provocation.

Kennedy assigned McNamara to lead the Navy in person, to make sure that they didn't

accidentally or intentionally start a war while he figured out what to do. Nevertheless, a troop incursion onto Cuban territory did occur during this period, in possibly the most overlooked action of the whole Missile Crisis. In addition to trying to keep the Joint Chiefs of Staff from starting a war, Kennedy ordered CIA Director John McCone to immediately stop any and all covert actions against the island nation. No raids, no nothing. But, upon hearing this new order, Bill Harvey went a little wacko. Head of the CIA's Miami-based anti-Castro Operation JM/Wave, Harvey mobilized his 60-commando anti-Castro team and had them dropped into Cuba to await the military invasion he was sure was coming.

Later, when Kennedy took Harvey's head off for directly disobeying his orders, Harvey lashed back at the President, charging that if Kennedy had taken care of Castro in the Bay of Pigs he wouldn't be in the mess he was. Of course, we know now that Russia was installing those missiles into Cuba as a direct response to the Bay of Pigs invasion.

The crisis lasted for 13 days; both the hardliners in the U.S. and those in Russia were pushing for a final showdown over these missiles.

Curtis LeMay, confronted with results of a study showing that we would win a nuclear war but 30 - 40 million Americans would die, said he considered those acceptable losses to end Communism. One of the proponents of that idea had been a young Henry Kissinger.

What argument Kennedy finally used to convince Khrushchev to end the crisis is generally not known. Of course, back-door communications had been opened almost immediately and many points of negotiation made, but what won Khrushchev over was Kennedy's admission that he feared he was not in control of our military. If the crisis went any further, Kennedy feared that he, the President of the United States, actually might not be able to stop a nuclear war from beginning.

What Kennedy didn't know was that Khrushchev was facing the exact same situation in Russia: he too lived in fear that if the crisis went on much longer, he would be unable to stop his military from taking action. Khrushchev, knowing Russia already had operational nuclear missiles in Cuba and his commanders had the go-ahead to use them if provoked, felt even more pressure.

And so both sides backed down. Today some believe that Kennedy's assassination in Dallas was a direct result of his failure to order military action. We do know from Khrushchev's biography that not instituting a war over the crisis was a primary reason why he fell from power. Hardliners considered both leaders weak for preventing a war that surely would have killed upwards of 100 million of their own citizens.

We did not know about the 40,000 soldiers in Cuba or that they had already armed a number of missiles with nuclear weapons until 2002, when the Russians admitted it at a conference that Robert McNamara attended. Those who were sitting next to him claimed he went white when he heard how close we had come to annihilation in the fall of 1962.

However, Kennedy had one more piece of information that kept him from invading Cuba, and it came from a CIA assessment of what would happen if we did. It is dated April 10, 1962, but

the words sound familiar from today's news; remember, getting rid of Castro was nothing more than a regime change.

Paraphrasing that CIA report: The initial resistance from Castro's forces would melt within a few days of the U.S. invasion. Euphoria would reign as Washington promised to turn over control of the nation as soon as possible to a government representative of the Cuban people. However, that situation would quickly deteriorate; substantial numbers of Castro's forces would survive the assault and would continue guerilla resistance in the interior. Much of the Cuban population would support this resistance, against what they perceived as a U.S. attempt to reimpose imperialism.

Establishment of a pro-U.S. government would be greatly hindered by the persistence of terroristic underground resistance in the cities and guerilla resistance in the country. Pacification of the country, to the extent necessary to permit the development of a credible regime, might be long delayed. As a result, the U.S. military would be forced into a prolonged role as an occupation force, and this would provoke American soldiers to take arbitrary measures against the general population, deepening resentment against the U.S. and further fueling the resistance.

Sound familiar?

Yes, Kennedy had been assured by the pros that an invasion of Cuba would be a disaster, even though we would win the war almost immediately.

It turns out that the CIA did the same type of assessment about going to war in Iraq, and it reads almost word for word like a copy of the CIA's position on invading Cuba from 1962.

Chapter Twenty-six
England Debates Colonial Revolution

It was an unpopular war back home, though the history books never discuss that fact. Even some of the generals involved neither liked the odds nor believed that the war was just. There weren't enough ships, enough supplies, or enough soldiers; and when the patriotic cry went out for more brave volunteers, that didn't happen either.

Of course, these were the issues that faced King George III as he set out to quash the rebellion in the Colonies. That's right, there was a great deal of dissent among the people of England about attacking their brethren here in the New World, and many British officers believed that a land war in America was doomed to failure. That's the real reason why, in the first 90 days of recruitment, only 200 British lads volunteered for military duty, which forced the Crown to deal with German princes and hire the Hessians to fight.

There again, the fact that German soldiers constituted one third of the combatants here only infuriated those colonists who previously had been neutral about independence. At the same time, in England Parliament was furious about the prices the Crown was being charged for the Hessians' service.

Ultimately, the reason that England went to war with the Colonies was that the King got angry at being slighted by our ancestors; his Bedford Cabinet fanned the flames because they loved the idea of a great war.

Nevertheless, even early in the conflict Lord Dartmouth, Secretary for the Colonies, was trying to line up political moderates in England to find a nonviolent settlement to the problem. However, on August 23, 1775, King George III issued "His Majesty's Proclamation for Suppressing Rebellion and Sedition," and it made traitors out of any American who had been involved with the uprising to date. For some reason the king persisted in believing that only a few small groups of insurgents were involved in the battles, even though General Gage had already told his majesty that the anger in the Colonies was far more widespread than had previously been believed.

Back in Philadelphia our Continental Congress, unaware of the Crown's proclamation, issued their Olive Branch Petition, which in effect said that if England would cease military action against civilians over here, we would all become loyal subjects of King and Country once

again and forever. Oh, and all the oppressive laws passed since 1763 had to be repealed.

In reality, we were willing to negotiate a nonviolent settlement, assuming we gained some form of independence under the guidance of the British Crown. But the king ignored the warnings of his generals in America and of moderates in his own country; he believed he had been slighted and he would promptly put down this impertinent insurrection.

Then too, by the time all of the British arrangements were in place in May of 1776, Thomas Paine's Common Sense had been published, and because of it more citizens were showing up with their muskets at their local recruiting centers. Washington had been named Commander in Chief, Ethan Allen had taken Fort Ticonderoga, and General Howe had been forced to remove his troops from Boston; that all sounded insulting to His Majesty as well.

In England the debate over the war was far from finished. Admiral Augustus Keppel, one of the heroes of the Seven Year War (we called it the French and Indian War), refused to take part in this one. The Earl of Effingham resigned from the army, rather than fight in a war with no real justification. Another unnamed officer was quoted in a London newspaper as saying, "This is an unpopular war, and men of ability do not choose to risk their reputations by taking an active part in it." And General Conway appeared before Parliament to state that while a soldier owed unquestionable obedience in foreign war, in the case of a domestic matter the cause must be indubitably just. Therefore, he would never draw his sword for this conflict.

Then the First Earl of Chatham, William Pitt, having heard of our Declaration of Independence, wrote to his doctor that "Unless our beloved England changes her policy, France will take up the cause of the Americans; she is only waiting until England is deeply engaged in ruinous war against herself before joining in battle." But wait, it gets better: The Rockingham Whigs withdrew from Parliament in protest against the king's policy to prosecute this war against the Colonies, and they stayed in exile for more than a year.

Now, since a large number of his army's officers had either refused to serve or, while pursuing the conflict here, repeatedly written warnings to the king of the problems they were facing, and since loud voices in Parliament were crying that the war was unjust, one would think the King might have found that a negotiated settlement which saved face was the way to go. This particular king was stubborn, and apparently, we still had not paid for insulting his majesty. So instead the Crown started paying Indians to perform terrorist raids against us, which only made us madder.

But then every known enemy of England started helping to supply our militias with war materiel, simply to bring England to her knees.

Finally, on November 20, 1777, Lord Chatham had had enough. He rose in the House of Lords to declaim, "I know that the conquest of America is an impossibility. You cannot, I venture to say it, you cannot conquer this nation, for defense of unalienable rights is not rebellion. And if I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I would never lay down my arms - never, never, never."

Over in the House of Commons, Charles Fox had a different reason why England would lose this war: America was just too big. England's armies were spread out too widely and didn't act in concert to finish the job. In any case, events kept moving against the British - General Burgoyne had surrendered at Albany only the month before - but the British didn't know it yet. And when the word made it to Europe, the French immediately recognized our new government, for fear the Brits would realize all was finally lost and would negotiate a deal to bring us back under the Crown.

Ah, the French, always jumping in and messing up a good war. However, in this case, they were right.

Lord North had indeed introduced a set of proposals for a peace settlement to Parliament, and all of our original demands had been met. England would no longer tax us for revenue, would treat our Constitutional Congress as a legitimate governing body, would allow

Americans to be voted into Parliament, would get rid of the Tea Act, the Coercive Acts - in fact, all Acts passed since 1763. However, by this settlement we were still part of the British Empire, and they still controlled all trade. Just a couple of years earlier, we had said we would agree to those terms if the hostilities stopped; but, now that England was willing to cease hostilities, it just wasn't going to happen. France had already recognized us as an independent country, and that was heady stuff.

When the peace delegation got to America, we told them that the only offer on the table was for them to go home in peace.

There were other problems. You may not have heard this, but orders had been given to divert 8,000 British troops out of Philadelphia to the British West Indies, to protect that property from France's new movements in the direction of the New World. Simply because there weren't enough soldiers left to defend it, Philadelphia fell to the American militia.

The British Peace Commission was forced to flee to New York, where they took their case directly to the public. On November 3, 1778, issued a new statement: England had met all of the Colonies' demands, so would we please come home and be good Englishmen again.
Our silence was deafening. After all, most every village in America had been plundered, farms burned, noncombatant loved ones and neighbors killed. Most had come to hate their British cousins and, with nothing left to lose, refused to discuss the matter any further. England had lost us forever.
The war would go on another four years, although it was obvious to all that England would lose that too.

The noted historian, Barbara Tuchman, has called this one of history's greatest marches to folly. After all, Parliament had turned against the war and the British public had resisted it, as had many of the nation's military men. And it all boiled down to the fact that King George the III refused to resign himself to defeat, believing that England would be forever impotent in world affairs if the worst should happen. He lost anyhow, and guess what? Over the next 100 years England still became the strongest empire in the world. Putting down the revolution hadn't mattered at all.

On October 17, 1781, General Cornwallis officially surrendered, four years to the day after General Burgoyne had surrendered at Albany. The American army band played a popular song of the time, "The World Turned Upside Down." And when news of the surrender reached England, Lord North shrieked in Parliament, "O God, it is over!" It was a cry of relief.
Tallying its war costs, England found it had spent right at 100 million pounds to lose the Colonies. This led Lord Barrington to say, "The contest will cost us more than we can ever gain by its success."

And, just so you know, our Revolution was never a black and white issue here at home. Many in America wanted to make peace with the Crown, and it could have happened. And certainly in England there were many voices saying either that England couldn't win or that it wasn't worth the lives and money.

In all of history, no power had ever won a war against its colonies when the colonies demanded their independence. We were the first in modern times to prove that, yet somehow we have never learned that it also applies to us.

Chapter Twenty-seven
Presidents and the Economy

It is a given of American history that during presidential campaigns, the media and the candidates often debate the issues of the day; but, more often than not, who wins the election comes down to one question: How's the economy doing?

Of course, politicians used to be a great deal smarter about that issue. They refused either to take the blame for hard times or to ask the federal government to help the nation into

a recovery. No, instead our elected officials stated that if the American workforce just stayed at it and was patient, in time the economy would recover on its own.

Martin Van Buren is as good an example as any of how presidents used to be about the economy. He took office in good times and said things were great in his inauguration speech - only to have the rug pulled out from under his administration the very next month, when the Panic of 1837 started. That was a major depression that lasted for six years, with rising unemployment, lots of business failures and misery spreading around the country.

But Van Buren blamed the American people for the country's financial troubles, writing, "It is the rapid growth among all classes, especially in our great commercial towns, of luxurious habits, founded too often on merely fancied wealth, and detrimental alike to the industry, the resources, and the morals of our people." Van Buren went on, "The federal government can do little or nothing in the crisis, as all communities are apt to look to government too much. Even in our own country, where its powers and duties are so strictly limited, we are prone to do so, especially at periods of sudden embarrassment and distress."

Van Buren steadfastly refused to go to Congress to seek any type of legislation to help end that six-year depression.

When the Panic of 1873 hit the nation, President Ulysses S. Grant followed Van Buren's lead, leaving the economy to right itself. When Grover Cleveland was faced with an even worse depression in the Financial Panic of 1893, the anti-Cleveland political movement passed around the joke that when one unemployed man started grazing on the grass of the White House to dramatize his plight, Cleveland suggested to the man that the grass was much better in the backyard.

Today most believe that the first president to actively do something to halt our economy's slide into depression was Franklin Delano Roosevelt, but that's not entirely accurate. In fact, it was Herbert Hoover that rang a change on how our government reacts when the economic picture is troubled.

History gets it wrong because historians often write about our past from what presidents say publicly, instead of recording what they do.

It would be accurate to say that at the beginning of the Great Depression, Hoover was giving speeches founded in sunny optimism, like his predecessors, claiming that "Prosperity is just around the corner." Hoover also said that natural processes would soon bring a return to a more normal and growing economy. But isn't that what anyone would expect any president to say at the start of any economic downturn? Of course.

As the Depression deepened, Hoover came up with a plan he called Volunteerism, asking heads of major corporations to go on record as promising to keep their existing wages in place and maintain their current level of employment. Henry Ford was one business owner who actually raised his employees' wages to fulfill his promises to Hoover. (But when that failed, Ford quickly reversed his position and drastically cut wages, blaming his workers for his problems.)

Hoover also asked state and local governments to increase their public works programs to help provide employment.

Of course, while it was important to keep the public thinking positive, volunteerism couldn't possibly have turned back what was happening to our economy. Local governments couldn't bring in enough in taxes to keep public work projects going, and private industry couldn't keep employment or wages constant either.

And that's when Hoover turned to the federal government to help end the Depression, becoming the first president to do so. Hoover forced Washington to come up with funding for public work programs, and he created the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to lend money to railroads, industry and banks to keep things solvent. Now, to be fair, Hoover's plans probably weren't enough to turn the tide and certainly they came late. But that's beside the point: Every other president had done absolutely nothing about economic downturns but blame the citizens of the United States; but Hoover opened the door to the concept of real federal help in

hard times. Like his Reconstruction Finance Corporation, many of Hoover's other programs became the basis for Roosevelt's New Deal, once FDR took office in early 1933.

Hoover historian Carl Dengler wrote years later that Hoover was the transitional figure in the development of the government as an active force in the economy in times of depression. Dengler was right.

It was also Hoover that inserted government into business in an active way, to regulate the highs and lows of business cycles. He believed that if government could smooth out business cycles somewhat, our economy would enjoy steady and healthy long-term growth.

That doesn't mean that Hoover got everything right. Among Hoover's mistakes was allowing restrictive tariffs to hit new highs by signing the Hawley Smoot Tariff Act in 1930. All that did was force foreign governments to retaliate with their own tariffs; American exports declined rapidly, and the Depression deepened. So yes, mistakes were made, but no president makes all the right decisions.

Obviously, his concepts were daring in breaking with the past, but they were also insufficient in execution - too little, too late and poorly executed. People remember Hoover for trying to talk the American public into believing the Depression was simply going to go away, without the federal government's doing anything about it. But that's not exactly accurate.

While the roots of the Great Depression are still debated today, no one, not Hoover or Roosevelt, understood at the time that it had been the success of American industry in the years 1912 to 1929, combined with a stagnant consumer base, that helped tip our economy into collapse.

Here's how that worked. When Ford's moving assembly line appeared everyone copied it almost immediately. And mass production made possible such greater volumes and such lower prices that cheap goods flooded the market during that 17-year period. In fact, industry was so successful that it made far more goods than the American consumer could absorb. And industry's success and subsequent profits helped lead to an overheated rise in stock values.

Most of this surplus could have been absorbed if the size of the market had grown as much as the volume of newly manufactured goods had grown. But, in a national wave of Americanism and nativism, immigration was all but stopped in 1924. So, when the consumer base stopped growing while more and more inexpensive products kept flooding the marketplace, the price of those goods soon started collapsing. Corporate profits were eroded as a result, and along with irresponsible stock purchase schemes in time made the stock market collapse and let depression set in.

Maybe it's time we cut Herbert Hoover at least a little slack. Sure, he made some mistakes and didn't do more of the right things, or do them quickly enough, to get the nation up and running again. And on some levels he seemed deaf and blind to the plight of some Americans. But he did set the stage for Roosevelt's New Deal to work, and that should count for something.

Chapter Twenty-eight
Eisenhower and Desegregation

Rosa Parks, the rise of Martin Luther King, the Supreme Court's ruling on segregation: All of the parts of the modern civil rights movement came into place in America during the 1950s. We think we know all about this subject, but the one person whose part in this story is always left out is the person who happened to be the President of the United States during that turbulent period: Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Maybe it's because Eisenhower, a renowned warrior and leader of warriors, just wanted peace. And in this difficult moment in American history he was torn between his duties as President and the fact that deep down inside, he was a patrician and a man of prejudice.

The year 1954 was not setting up to be a great one for Dwight Eisenhower. He had managed the Korean War to its conclusion, although the hardliners in his own political party and

military were not happy with the truce and stalemate. Russia had the hydrogen bomb, McCarthyism was in full swing, the French were losing the war in Indochina, Stalin had just died and we didn't know who was really in charge in Russia, and it appeared that China was going to take Taiwan, then known as Formosa, by force; China was already shelling its outer islands. Not to mention the recession that had just started. Five times in 1954, the NSA, the Joint Chiefs of Staff and a few in the State Department went to Eisenhower and demanded that he use our nuclear weapons to finish off the Viet Cong, the Chinese or whomever, and show that America was the most powerful country in the world. Five times Eisenhower told his advisors they were nuts to suggest using nuclear weapons.

And right in the middle of all this, U.S. Attorney General Herbert Brownell came to Ike with a warning. Brownell told the president that he needed to prepare for the fact that, because civil rights and desegregation cases were headed for Supreme Court hearings, it was likely that the days of Jim Crow laws - state laws that prohibited blacks from using the same public accommodations as whites - were coming to an end. In fact, Brownell told Ike, the Supreme Court had asked him to file a brief and state the White House's position on ending this practice.

Eisenhower, a firm believer in the separation of powers in our government, immediately concluded that the Supreme Court was looking for support on this issue. Ike told Brownell that, as he understood it, it was the job of the Supreme Court to interpret the law; the job of the executive branch was simply to carry out the court's rulings. He didn't want the White House to file a position brief with the Supreme Court, but finally and reluctantly said Brownell might do so.

Now Eisenhower was tormented. A man of real principle, he was torn between his pragmatism and his belief that as President, he was there to protect all Americans. More important, Eisenhower hated the extreme left and extreme right in America, believing those individuals were the cause of the majority of problems for our society. Nevertheless, when you asked Eisenhower privately about his position on African-Americans, his sympathies lay with the Southern whites - simply because he never knew any different. After all, Ike was 64 years of age, but he didn't even know how to use a modern telephone.

He had been 6 when the Supreme Court ruled in Plessy vs. Ferguson, establishing the Separate but Equal doctrine. There was not one African-American living in his hometown in Kansas, and there had been none at West Point when he attended; he retired from the military before Truman demanded it be desegregated - and even on active duty, most of his postings had been in the South, the Canal Zone or the Philippines, where overt racism was the norm.

In his frequent visits to Augusta, Georgia, where many friends still owned plantations, they would pass along their latest darkie jokes, which Eisenhower then repeated to personal friends back in Washington. But, in spite of his personal beliefs, he still held that the office of the Presidency was the ultimate protector of all Americans. And so, in his State of the Union address that year, he put an end to desegregation in Washington D.C. and said he would use the power of the Presidency to finish a job that Truman had started: desegregating the military.

Still he vacillated and worried about the problems he foresaw coming with the cases our Supreme Court would be hearing in 1954.

The wild card was our new Chief Justice, Earl Warren. Eisenhower liked Warren but, before asking him to accept the position of Chief Justice, had taken counsel from two of his brothers. Edgar, the reactionary of the family, called Warren a seriously dangerous left-winger, while Milton Eisenhower told his brother that all of his friends believed Warren leaned dangerously to the right.

Himself, Eisenhower thought he and Warren shared similar political leanings. Eisenhower described his own actions as always based on his being a fiscal conservative, but admitted that when it came to people, he was a liberal at heart. When Republicans in the Senate tried to derail Earl Warren's appointment to the Supreme Court, a furious Eisenhower wrote, "If the Republicans as a body should try to repudiate Warren, I shall leave the Republican Party and try to organize an intelligent group of independents, however small."

He traveled again to Augusta and came back even more gravely worried about the impending court cases. Ike told Attorney General Brownell that Southerners were discussing closing down their schools should they be forced to integrate, and using state funds for private schooling; should

that happen, the federal government would have to take over all public schooling in America if young African-Americans and poor whites were not to suffer grievously. Brownell assured Ike that the South would find a way to work it out if the Court ruled that segregation was illegal; it would simply take 10 to 12 years for them to come to their senses.

Knowing that the White House brief for the court would be in favor of desegregation, Ike also wanted the Court's final ruling to be fairly moderate in its impact. So he held a little dinner party, to which he invited the Attorney General, Chief Justice Earl Warren and John C. Davis, who was a counsel for the Southern segregationists. During dinner Ike's praise of Davis was effusive, but as the guests were filing out, Ike detained Warren and reminded him that the people of the South were good and decent - they just didn't want "their sweet little daughters having to sit in school next to overgrown Negroes."

On May 17, 1954, the United States Supreme Court handed down its ruling in Brown v. the Board of Education. Privately, Eisenhower told his friends he had hoped that the court would uphold Plessy v. Ferguson - which held that the "separate but equal" provision of public accommodations by state governments was constitutional under the Equal Protection Clause - but was impressed that the court ruling was a clean sweep: nine for ending segregation, none opposed. He made up his mind: he would enforce the ruling.

Still, Ike loved the middle ground. A man who cherished his privacy, he shrank from anything having to do with revealing his own position, especially on issues that he knew were unavoidably emotional. During a press conference 12 days after the Supreme Court's ruling, Ike was asked whether he had any advice for Southerners upset about the Supreme Court decision. He replied, "Not in the slightest." He went on to say, "The Supreme Court has spoken and I am sworn to uphold the constitutional process in the country; and I will obey."

Ike missed the point - not to mention a great opportunity to help a deeply offended segment of America. Ike was so loved in 1954 that, had he said that civil rights were for all Americans and he honestly believed in the Supreme Court's ruling, it would have gone a long way toward calming and helping many upset people accept the ruling. Not all, of course, but many. But Ike would neither condemn the Supreme Court nor endorse the ruling. Just as he believed that his personal prejudices had no place in the office, had he been in favor of it saying so would have felt like unfair pressure. And Ike sincerely believed that fairness and decency were practices fundamental to the office of the President of the United States of America. So he made the one statement that he felt honor bound to make: As President, he would enforce the Supreme Court's ruling.

Privately, he feared that implementing it would require federal enforcement assistance; that sounded like a fight, and Ike was tired of battles and wars. Just nine years earlier the Second World War had come to an end, after upwards of 100 million people had been killed worldwide. Just 14 years earlier the Great Depression had destroyed untold numbers of lives. All Ike wanted was peace and prosperity. Peace in Korea, peace with Russia, peace in America. He was afraid that last wish wasn't going to come true.

It was now up to President Eisenhower to enforce the court's decision that public schools could not be segregated, but Ike was hoping the problem would go away on its own. Privately, he continued to fear that many states would simply close their schools rather than integrate them, then offer white families school vouchers for their kids to attend private schools. Under this scenario, poor whites and all blacks would suffer.

Furthermore, Ike still felt great sympathy for the views of Southern whites on this issue. When he held a press conference on this issue, Ike vacillated: "My devotion to the decisions of the Supreme Court, particularly when they are unanimous, I hope is complete." Ike then added, "But it's not as simple as that." Eisenhower's statement that day was true; it's not as simple as that. Now it was time for the fight.

In February of 1956, after the Supreme Court further ruled that schools should be integrated with "all deliberate speed," four Southern states passed resolutions saying that the Supreme Court's ruling had no effect inside their borders. Then in March, 101 members of the House and Senate from the South signed a Southern Manifesto; it charged that the Supreme Court had overstepped its ju-

dicial boundaries and called for all legal means to overturn the court's decision. On March 9, J. Edgar Hoover presented a 24-page briefing to President Eisenhower, stating that the Communists might infiltrate the civil rights movement in America. However, that paper also laid all the blame for a situation that was quickly spinning out of control on both the NAACP and the White Citizen Councils popping up all across the South.

Of course, 1956 was an election year. Eisenhower knew he would have to lay low on this issue, even though it was rapidly coming to a head in many states. There was a civil rights bill coming up, one Ike was going to back because, in doing research on the need for new civil rights legislation, he had discovered something that truly disturbed his sense of fairness: 900,000 African-Americans lived in Mississippi, but fewer than 7,000 of them were registered to vote.

There was another issue: The 1956 school year was coming up, and there was a tremendous shortage of teachers nationwide, the largest ever. Eisenhower knew that even more Baby Boomers were about to enter school and would already be shortchanged in their education; any battles over federal demands to integrate only worsened the situation. That knowledge helped to convince this president that taking the path of least resistance - enforcing the law - was the right thing to do.

Today, most think they know the story about where the line was finally drawn on school integration: Central High School in Little Rock, Arkansas. But that answer would lose you your bet in a trivia contest; Little Rock only happened because Ike ignored the first contest between a governor and the federal government. And the first real case under States' Rights on this issue happened in Mansfield, Texas.

It wasn't pretty. A court had ordered the Mansfield School District to integrate for the 1956 school year, and as the publication The Nation wrote, "A stuffed figure made up as a cotton head Negro was strung up from the flagpole in the white school yard; across town Negro children were hoisting the Stars and Stripes." And, when the school opened its doors that day, a large and angry white mob prevented the three black children who tried from entering the town's white high school. Fearful of reprisals, Texas Governor Allan Shivers ordered the Texas Rangers to the city - to protect the mob and to make sure those kids could not enter the school. Shivers then told the media, "Tell the federal courts that if they want to come after anyone, to come after me and cite me in this matter."

Edward Morgan of ABC took that threat to Ike and asked him what he planned to do about the situation in Mansfield. Ike replied that if the courts cited Shivers, he would send federal marshals after him. But in fact, because the election was only a couple of months away, Ike did nothing.

That official inaction over the problems in Mansfield is what emboldened Arkansas Governor Faubus to block the entrance to Central High School in Little Rock.

Well, when the photo of 15-year-old Elizabeth Eckford was published in papers across the nation, showing her attempting to enter the high school and being harassed by shouting, sign-waving, angry students and their parents, Ike knew he had to act. At the urging of Little Rock Mayor Woodrow Mann, on September 25, 1957, Ike sent in the 101st Airborne and nationalized the Arkansas Guard. Things would have been grim if he hadn't; the growing mobs already numbered more than 1,000 people.

But Little Rock was not unique. In Clinton, Tennessee, even white families were afraid to send their children to school. They'd been warned that if they gave in to integration, their lives and those of their children would be in grave danger.

So you may remember Ike's moves in Little Rock, forcing the city to back down and admit those nine African-American children to Central High School. But you probably didn't know that Arkansas Governor Faubus took this course of action because he saw that Ike had ignored the situation here in Mansfield. And what most don't know is that at the end of that

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Minded (1) shouts insults as Elizabeth Eckford is turned back by Guardsmen.

200 Troops Turn Back Nine Negro Students

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Sept. 4 (AP)—Grim-faced National Guardsmen, following orders of Gov. Orval Faubus, today forcibly prevented racial desegregation of Little Rock Central High School in defiance of Federal court orders.

The 200 soldiers, armed with rifles and carbines, turned back nine Negro students who tried to enter the 2000-pupil all-white school.

The Negroes were led by a well-dressed white man, who could not immediately be identified.

A crowd of some 300 whites milled in front of the school shouting such phrases as:

"Nigger, go back where you belong."

But they made no attempt to harm the Negroes.

Maj. Gen. Sherman T. Clinger, Arkansas adjutant general, said the Guardsmen, all whites, were acting on the Governor's orders.

"Gov. Faubus has declared Central High all limits to Negroes," Clinger said announced.

Faubus insisted that he was not defying a Federal court integration decree by using the National Guard.

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school year, Arkansas simply shut down its public schools, and it wasn't the only state to do so.

Virginia closed schools in four counties in September of 1958, rather than integrate them. The Commonwealth's General Assembly repealed Virginia's compulsory school attendance laws, so it was up to local communities whether their children would be educated or not. Alabama and Georgia closed many of their public schools rather than deal with the federal government's mandate to integrate. Finally, after more court rulings against these states, Virginia Governor J. Lindsay Almond admitted defeat. By the fall of 1959 the South's public schools, many of which had been closed for over a year, reopened.

Isn't it amazing that when we talk about the desegregation of Southern schools in the fifties, everyone knows about Little Rock - but no one talks about Mansfield. And certainly no one realizes how many school systems simply shut down rather than conform to the Supreme Court's ruling.

There's more. Eisenhower's Civil Rights Bill was being watered down by the House, forcing those whose right to vote had been stripped from them to take the matter into civil court - with the jury to be picked by a local judge. Ike knew that meant all-white juries, and therefore no black who petitioned for his or her voting rights could ever win a case. And the Senator that

called Ike and told him that his Civil Rights Bill as submitted would never see the light of day was Lyndon Johnson. LBJ said that day, "The Senate is going to fight on the civil rights issue; tempers are flaring already and will be worse."

Ironically, just seven years later it would be Johnson who would get passed the first real Civil Rights Act in America in almost 100 years. Then again, if you want to talk about irony, it was also Lyndon Johnson who rebuked Ike publicly during the incident in Little Rock. LBJ was filmed proclaiming to the media, "There should be no troops from either side patrolling our school campuses."

Ike's Attorney General had been right all along. For right after the Supreme Court's ruling on Brown v. the Board of Education, talking about the emotions and passions that were sure to start flying, he told Ike not to worry; there would be problems, but in 10 or 12 years everyone would adjust to the new reality of a truly equal nation for all Americans. Brownell didn't miss it by much: By 1966, most schools in America were integrated - 12 years after the Supreme Court ruling.

Why is history so silent on the remaining years of the fifties and the continuing turmoil from integration? Believe it or not, it's largely thanks to the Russians. The old adage says that if you truly want to unite a society, give them an outside threat that they can't ignore. With the launching of Sputnik, across the country the fear was raised that if Russia could put a satellite in orbit, it would not be long before they could send nuclear weapons by missile. Suddenly the media dropped the integration problem, focusing instead on the need for backyard bomb shelters and the like.

In the middle of all of this, Eisenhower had a small stroke. No doubt it was caused in part by his extreme frustration with all of the crises he been forced to deal with while trying to keep his promise of "peace, progress and prosperity."

It's strange to think today how much we discuss the fifties and the race problems in America, yet manage to leave Eisenhower out of the discussion completely. Had he acted sooner on the Mansfield, Texas, problem, Little Rock might not have happened, but at least we know why Ike wasn't more forceful: He honestly believed that if he had been, it might have started a second Civil War. His greatest fear, that some states would close their schools rather than integrate, did come to pass in some areas. But, looking back from 50 years later, maybe his low-key approach was perfect for the situation.

Ike often helped JFK and LBJ during times of real crisis, including Vietnam and the Cuban Missile situation. But no president called Ike in the sixties to help with the problems of desegregating America.

Chapter Twenty-nine
The Last "Gentlemanly" Presidential Campaign: 1948

He was the accidental president. The last president in American history that hadn't attended college, he may yet have been one of the best read; even his advisors were astonished at his knowledge of the world and history.

He didn't even enter the national stage until he was 50 years old, after failing as a farmer, a miner, an oil promoter and a merchant. Possibly because he was so used to negative pressure, he was unusually well suited to politics. But, after just a couple of years in the Senate, he was drafted into the Vice Presidency - and when President Franklin Delano Roosevelt died three months into his fourth term, Harry Truman became President of the United States. Truman was a simple man in an increasingly complex world. He loved to tell others his philosophy about a man's integrity, saying, "Only three things can ruin a man: power, money and women. I never wanted power, never had any money, and the only woman in my life is up at the house right now."

Truman was plain spoken, maybe too simplistic at times, quite a turnabout from the refined diction to which Americans had become accustomed over FDR's 13 years in office. His language could be crude about minorities; he often privately referred to African Americans as

"niggers" - and yet Truman would do more than any other previous president to set civil rights in motion and would begin to redress many civil wrongs. He referred to New York as "Kike Town" - and yet Truman, more than any other person, was responsible for the creation of modern Israel.

And, at the 1946 mid-term elections shortly after he inherited the Presidency, the American public returned Congress to the Republicans' control for the first time since 1932. Truman, a Democrat, had only two years to prove to us that he was worthy of being elected into the office he had attained by default.

1948 would be every bit as tough a year for a presidential election as this one is, for both parties were split as to loyalties. The Democrats had Northern liberal members opposed to their conservative Southern wing, who still believed Jim Crow laws were right and proper. The Republicans of the Midwest were weary of our new involvements in Europe and of our ever-growing alliance with England; the heartland of America had been the most vocal against our entering the Second World War, and from the start had suspected that Roosevelt had tricked the nation into entering that conflict. The Midwest Republicans were also extremely distrustful of the Eastern arm of the Republican Party; those politically minded preppies had attended elite schools, had even bought into parts of FDR's New Deal, and frequently pushed for more international alliances. No, the Midwestern Republicans wanted America to go back to the days before the New Deal, before unionism - and have America taking care of Americans, first and only.

The Northern Democrats wanted to level the playing field in American society, and the Southern Wing could not figure out why. Regardless, Southern Democrats didn't want to deal with Northern Democrats on that, or with any Republican on anything.

And just as the 1948 elections were coming up, the threat of international Communism on the move and threatening our way of life probably frightened our parents more than the threat of international terrorism scares us.

There was a problem for the Republicans: Truman was an honest, straightforward man who spoke his mind. And more often than not he refused to take short-term political gains for the Democrats, instead making the harder choice to do what was right for the country in the long term. It would be hard to tar his image.

And there was a problem for the Democrats: Thomas Dewey was equally good and morally incorruptible - which, for hardline Democratic campaigners and advisors, was just as bad. The reform-minded governor of New York, beloved by the Eastern arm of the Republican Party and every bit as decent a man as Truman, Dewey had first come to fame as a crime-busting DA. Then he had proven himself a more than capable governor of New York, successfully dealing with all of that state's feuding political splinter groups. If Dewey had a failing, it's that he was considered a bit cold and distant. One contemporary said he was like an icicle in February; another said Dewey strutted while sitting down. Dewey didn't like going to funerals or wakes, and that didn't set well with the Irish-dominated political scene in New York. And Dewey voiced his disapproval when Congress did or said something foolish - whether it was the Democrats or even his own Republicans. In that trait, he and Truman were quite alike.

Dewey's strengths were that he had a vision, a purpose, and strong integrity, and that his background was untainted. "An honest cop with an honest cop's mind" was how one friend described him. So straightforward was Dewey that when someone asked him for his autograph he dated it, so the person could not claim a longer relationship than existed between the two. And once nominated, Dewey wouldn't yield to pressure from his own political party; he refused to use the threat of Communism or to say that only the Republican Party had the strength to fight the Red Menace because he didn't believe that was true. In fact, he didn't believe that the American Communist Party should be outlawed; not only was that unconstitutional in his view, but as he said, "You can't kill an idea with a gun." Truman felt the same way about American Communism, believing like Dewey that it was no real threat at all: he said the American public

just had “too much sense to buy into that sow’s ear.”

Dewey was also told to back off his personal belief in civil liberties, but again he refused. He told his handlers, “If I’m going to lose this race, I’m going to lose on something I believe in.”

The point is, there wasn’t really much difference between Truman and Dewey: both were honorable men of strong integrity, both had common sense and both believed that America was about to change for the better - unless the radicals in either man’s party became a mainstream voice.

Today we may find this hard to believe, but Dewey refused to attack Truman; Dewey believed that it was wrong to disparage the Presidency simply to win an election. Granted, that was an easy position to take; Dewey was leading the race by a substantial margin, so large that George Gallup told the Republicans to quit wasting money on his polls, because they showed the same thing over and over again: Dewey was going to take the election easily.

Then Truman, the underdog, made his move, and as you might expect it wasn’t a direct attack on Dewey. Instead, that summer Truman pulled Congress back into session and fed it legislation that would show the public the real difference between Dewey’s new Republicanism and his own administration. That wasn’t quite fair, either: the legislation that Truman introduced forced public debate, which highlighted how completely the most conservative wing of the Republican Party was against many moves that most Americans favored. Thomas Dewey was simply painted as just as conservative as the rest of his party.

Contrary to our mythic history, by the time the presidential election arrived, most thought the tide had turned in Truman’s favor. Even legendary Republican Senator Robert Taft had told the New York Times that Dewey wasn’t likely to be elected - and he did so weeks before the November balloting.

Only the Chicago Tribune gave in to wishful thinking: that paper’s front-page banner headline declared a Dewey victory after the election. Then again, Col. Robert McCormick’s paper was solidly Republican, and so were his stories.

Near the end of his term as an elected President, Harry Truman’s approval rating had fallen to its low of 35%. Only Richard Nixon at the height of Watergate and George W. Bush would receive a lower public approval rating. As the years went by, however, the American public started realizing what a great president Truman had been. Those short-term partisan political gains he had turned down in favor of the country’s long-term benefit suddenly started making sense to everyone. His honesty and forthrightness have certainly been missed during the period of political deception that has followed the election of 1948.

As for Thomas Dewey, his early political career makes it seem likely that he would have made a great president. Yes, in some of the toughest times ever in American history, the public was given the choice of two exceptional candidates for the presidency, but as always, only one can win.

But Dewey had the last laugh. Nine months after he lost that election, in July of 1949, he walked into the offices of the President of Columbia University and asked Dwight Eisenhower to consider running for President in 1952.

We know what Dewey said that day to Ike, for Eisenhower wrote it down in his diary: “We must look for someone of great popularity, who has not frittered away his political assets by taking positive stands against national planning, etc. This man must lead us back to safe

channels and paths." Dewey had finally thrown off the political yoke of the Eastern Republicans and become a Midwestern Republican, and because of that meeting, Dwight Eisenhower won where Thomas Dewey could not.

Chapter Thirty
Filipino Insurgency

Vice President Dick Cheney was once quoted as saying that the insurgency in Iraq was "in its last throes." Just a couple of weeks later, Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld was appearing in front of Congress with a different perspective, even distancing himself from Cheney's words, saying, "This insurgency could conceivably go on for four, eight, 10, 12, 15 years." So, are the insurgent attacks nearly over, or do we face 12 or 15 more years of war?

Well, America has been here before, promising a regime change in a foreign country, promising to install a democratic government in its place. That war too was "over" almost as soon as it began, and success declared - prematurely. We brought back an exiled political leader we assumed would stand with American interests, only to have him turn against us. The administration really hadn't planned for the possibility of winning the war quickly. Further, it had believed that the citizens of the liberated country would throw flowers at our troops. Instead, an insurgency began that lasted for almost 15 years.

The national media has it wrong: Iraq is not like Vietnam, nor does it take the high moral ground of World War II. Nor is it anything like Korea. What it is is a virtual replay of the Filipino Insurrection, roughly a hundred years ago.

Our conquest of the Philippines was a byproduct of the war with Spain in the late 1890s, and the actual war was over before it started.

Admiral George Dewey slipped into Manila Harbor on April 30, 1898, with a fleet of only nine ships. Sitting calmly in his easy chair and stroking his lucky rabbit's foot, Dewey serenely watched the Spanish lob hundreds of shells at his ships - all of which missed their marks. Dewey refused to return fire while he surveyed his targets; then, at 5:45 the next morning, May 1, he gave his now famous command: "You may fire when ready, Gridley."

Seven hours later, the Spanish fleet had been sunk. No American ship was hit and only one of our sailors had perished - not from enemy action, but from heat prostration. That was it.

Overnight, Dewey became a national hero. Cities held parades in his honor; there were Dewey neckties, Dewey blouses for the ladies, Dewey sailor caps, Dewey cuff links, even Dewey chewing gum. Congress voted to make him a rear admiral and then, stunned by the public acclamation, promoted him to a full admiralty. There were campaigns to run Dewey for President. In our first major conflict, thousands of miles from the American coastline, it seemed we had won a war on the first day.

That elation would vanish within four years. After all, our stated purpose in running the Spanish out of the Philippines had been to save those people from tyranny; once the tyrant had been deposed our boys would return home and we'd chalk up a victory for freedom and the home team. But it didn't work out that way; there were those in power who honestly believed in "America's Manifest Destiny," a phrase coined in 1845 to promote the concept of admitting Texas to the United States. Now, it seemed, "Manifest Destiny" didn't mean just that white Anglo-Saxon Americans should, obviously, control all of the land from coast to coast. Now it appeared that our westward migration hadn't ended at the Pacific.

Very soon after Dewey's lightning win, another major Evangelical Movement began in this country. The movement had always existed, but now its members' voices represented a

new and more powerful vision of our political future. Josiah Strong, head of the American Evangelical Alliance, spoke about our victory in the Philippines:

"The Anglo Saxon is divinely commissioned to be his brother's keeper. The Anglo Saxon race would impress its institutions upon mankind, and spread its liberty over the earth."

Rudyard Kipling, the British poet of Imperialism, had been exiled from England owing to financial reversals in the 1890s; he was living in Vermont, where he penned his Jungle Book series. Witnessing the American success in the Philippines, he returned to England in 1899 and wrote one of his most famous poems. It's about our conquest of the Philippines, and you know the name of that poem: "The White Man's Burden."

Take up the White Man's burden -
The savage wars of peace -
Fill full the mouth of Famine
And bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest
The end for others sought,
Watch sloth and heathen Folly
Bring all your hopes to nought.

With the Spaniards suing for peace, what to do with the Philippines? The idealists believed we had fulfilled our destiny by setting free an oppressed people in a foreign land. The pragmatists worried things might not be as finished as they appeared. Our business leaders were starting to believe that new possibilities might now open for commercial trade with the Orient. And President McKinley was overcome by the quick success; he had laid no plans for the aftermath of war and had no clue what to do next. In the end, what we did would be based on a book by Capt. Alfred Thayer Mahan, U.S.N. It is his textbook that we follow to this day.

When Mahan was born in 1840 at West Point, his father taught engineering at the Academy. Mahan went on to enlist during the Civil War, fought bravely and was quickly forgotten, as so many heroes of that war would be. But in 1884 Mahan accepted an invitation to teach naval history at the Naval War College at Newport, Rhode Island. And six years later he published The Influence of Sea Power in History, still taught today and considered one of the most brilliant works ever to tackle political, economic, and geographic history. In it, Mahan concluded that the truly great empires of history had all had the most advanced naval fleets of their time because this was the only way to control the trade lanes: Whoever owned the sea trade ended up becoming the most prosperous nation in the world.

That book would have many famous and powerful readers, among them the Kaiser in Germany, political leaders in England, and Teddy Roosevelt. It was Capt. Mahan's book that led to the great navies' being created by every superpower of that period, including us. It was understood that whoever had the strongest navy and ports overseas would be the master of world trade. Furthermore, in the Philippines Commander Dewey proved Mahan's theory, maybe too well; with the Philippines as a base for our western Pacific operations, America could control trade with Asia.

As it does today, the Republican Party, even then known as the party of business, controlled America. The more ironic connection is that William McKinley had been elected with the help of the first modern political operative, Mark Hanna, the Karl Rove of his day. And in many ways McKinley often seemed out of place in the Oval Office; when he was told that we had taken the Philippines, someone had to show him on a globe where they were. And for the party of business, McKinley chose as his Secretary of War Richard Alger, cousin of the very real Horatio Alger, Jr.

The news having broken here of our victory, McKinley was asked whether he intended to subdue and hold all of the Spanish territory in the islands, or would he be satisfied simply to hold Manila? Suddenly the President realized he had never actually planned what to do next. He ordered Gen. Wesley Merritt to lead a 5,000-man military expedition to the Philippines just in case, to deal with any eventuality.

Merritt quickly discovered that he had a problem: We had no maps of that region, at least none that were accurate. We knew nothing of the health conditions or what diseases our boys might pick up there. We didn't even know if the terrain could support our heavy artillery, or whether the cavalry's horses and mules could survive in that climate. We'd never fought a war overseas before, and we weren't prepared or equipped to do so - especially in such a foreign place.

Gen. Merritt had another problem. Maj. Gen. Nelson Appleton Miles, Indian fighter, the man who had led the campaign to capture Geronimo and had engineered the surrender of the Nez Perce tribes, was now Army Chief of Staff. Miles disagreed with Dewey's assessment that a mere 5,000 soldiers could secure the Philippines, insisting the President send three times that number. But there too was a problem, in that our military didn't have enough men to spare to send a large contingent to the islands; we would have to count on a volunteer army. Miles also said that even 15,000 men could not do more than hold Manila; many more, he insisted, would still be needed to subdue all the Philippine Islands. Merritt disagreed with his commanding officer completely. He was also furious that, instead of Army regulars, he was going to have to make do with Guard units.

Then Merritt, already in trouble for speaking his mind publicly on what he would need to fight in the Philippines, made his most significant prophecy about what lay ahead. He predicted that beating the Spanish was hardly the worst of their worries: "With the intense hatred born of race and religion, it seems more than probable that we will have the so-called insurgents to fight, as well as the Spanish."

A race war with religious overtones - insurgents fighting our volunteer Guard units because we didn't have enough regular Army soldiers? And our men with insufficient equipment to go to war overseas? One excellent Army general was already in trouble for telling his superiors and Congress that they were vastly underestimating the needs of our military for the conflict to come. Then our generals' warnings were publicly dismissed with idealism: The Filipinos would treat our military as liberators, not conquerors!

This entire venture was stymied from the get-go because what President McKinley had created was an exercise in supply and logistics, a military mission without an objective. Oh, and there was a slight accident: We brought home the future leader of the insurgency, believing he would be on our side.

It was understandable that the American public had mostly been in favor of ending Spain's rule both in Cuba and in the western Pacific. After all, for two years the nation's papers had supplied regular stories of Spain's tyrannical rule. But now Spain was a vanquished foe; most Americans felt we had no reason to become a colonial power ourselves, and we should simply turn Cuba and the Philippines over to their new leaders. Most of our Congressmen agreed; not caring for the idea of our keeping these new possessions, Congress passed the Teller Amendment. That law forbade our government from annexing Cuba - and most understood that it could be interpreted to include the Philippines.

Meanwhile, sitting in Hong Kong was Emilio Aguinaldo, the former leader of the Filipino resistance against Spain. The insurgent leader had been offered $400,000 pesos by the Spanish administration to simply leave the Philippines in late 1897, and he had taken the offer - and used most of the

money to buy arms for his return.

But, when American naval forces ended the Spanish rule in his homeland, Aguinaldo felt that further conflict would not be needed; he was among many who believed that our version of democracy would serve his homeland well. The only question was whether or not the rest of the Spanish military in the islands would put up any resistance; Aguinaldo wired Commander Dewey that he and his insurgent army would be willing to help the Americans. Dewey wired him, "Come immediately," and Aguinaldo returned home on May 19, 1898.

There were a few battles against the Spanish troops, but for the most part Spain wanted nothing less than to continue the conflict. And so less than a month after coming home, Emilio Aguinaldo read his declaration of Filipino independence, under the protection of the mighty and humane United States of America.

Predictably, the war was a little confused. Back in Washington, the political tide was turning; Teddy Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge were leading the call to keep the Philippines for ourselves. Maj. Gen. Wesley Merritt, in charge of the operations in the Philippines, finally had to wire Washington and ask exactly what his mission was: Should he fight the apparent insurgency that was forming, or side with the new Filipino leaders? Neither our Secretary of War nor President McKinley had an answer for him.

But one was being formulated; we had ordered the cruiser Charleston to stop off and seize Guam on the way to the Philippines. And there was still fighting going on in the outskirts of Manila, enough that we lost 10 men on the night of July 31, 1898, to Spanish fire.

Then more pressure was applied: First Japanese naval ships and then an entire flotilla of German cruisers came snooping around. Both the Japanese and the Germans thought the Philippines would make a wonderful new base for their operations in the Western Pacific.

Unhappy with this new situation, Commander Dewey took it on himself to see which way the wind was blowing with the locals. He dispatched Paymaster W.B. Wilcox and Cadet L.R. Sargent to survey the main island of Luzon and interview the Filipinos to see how they viewed their future. It took two months, but the men found that most Filipinos held Emilio Aguinaldo in high regard and wanted their freedom from Spain, but hoped they could become a protectorate of the United States - meaning that we would keep other nations from trying to acquire the Islands.

Dewey sent his report to the Naval Office, but General Francis Greene had already gotten McKinley's ear and told him the exact opposite - that Aguinaldo was nothing more than a minor despot, whom most Filipinos despised. It was time to campaign for the 1898 elections. And by the end of his swing through the Midwest, McKinley finally had a plan: He would keep the Philippines in their entirety.

American troops entered Manila in large numbers in August of 1898. At first, it was a good thing; they quickly reestablished a police force in the city, got the schools up and running again, and fixed the roads and water system. Most nights the Army Band played in the city's central park; in fact, they played the popular song, "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" so often, the Filipinos came to believe that was our national anthem.

We set up medical clinics and vaccinated the children. Nevertheless, by the end of that year it had become obvious to Emilio Aguinaldo and his followers that we had no intention either of leaving or of granting his country complete independence. In January of 1899, Aguinaldo ordered his commanders to start hiding away foodstuffs and arms across Luzon for the coming battles.

It was nightfall on February 4, 1899, and American troops were flooding into the Philippines; General Otis had moved the Nebraska Volunteer Regiment into the disputed Santa Mesa suburb of Manila. No one knew what to expect, but our soldiers palpably feared that the situation could soon go bad.

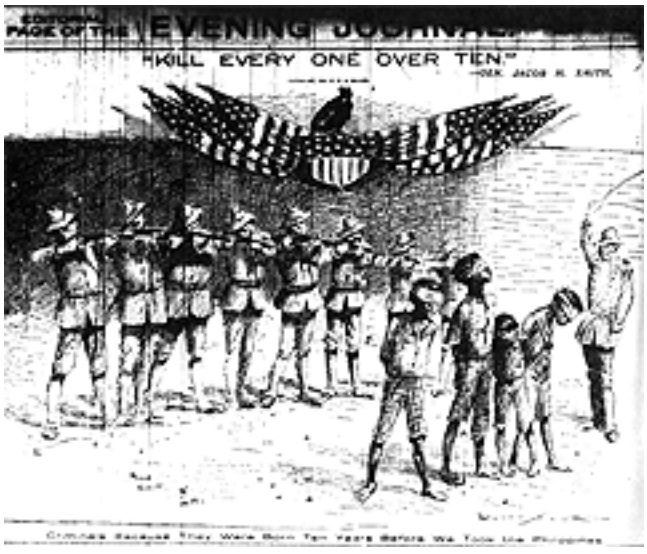
Pvt. Willie Grayson, a 23-year-old former inn worker from Beatrice, Nebraska, had vol-

unteered for the army to escape the monotony of his life in the Midwest. Chosen for guard duty that night, he was patrolling the bridge at the San Juan River, probably marveling at how hot and humid it was there in February. A novice, Grayson was standing without light in the shadows when he heard a low whistle in the distance. Tensing up, he cocked his Springfield rifle; summoning all his courage, he called out "Halt!" to the four figures outlined in the darkness. Giggling drunk and obviously making fun of Grayson, the four Filipinos simply yelled back "Alto!" every time Grayson gave the order to halt. Grayson fired, killing one Filipino; his partner dropped another, and then they ran back to their lines, screaming, "Line up, fellows, the niggers are in here all through these lines!" Within minutes, the war had started full scale. General Robert Hughes wired Washington, "The thing is on."

Willie Grayson had started a war, one that would take another 13 years to win. In short order we would have 75,000 men under arms, three-quarters of the American army, in the Philippines, and it was not destined to be a shining moment in our history. Somewhere between 200,000 and 450,000 Filipinos were killed over the next three years, most of them noncombatant civilians.

Stories from the war zone filtered back into the American press, as did many of our troops' letters home, but this only seemed to alienate the public more from the idea of an overseas war. Americans had heartily agreed to support the war with Spain - to set people free. Now it seemed like we were subjugating those countries' populations, and the stories they read about the process were identical to the ones they had read about Spanish atrocities. One Gen. Jacob H. Smith, furious at snipers on one particular island, ordered that everyone over 10 years old be killed; when that news reached home, the public outcry rose to a roar.
A letter home from one Captain Matthew Batson was widely circulated; he wrote, "We come as a Christian people, and bear ourselves as barbarians." Batson had just annihilated an entire town because one of his friends had been killed there in an ambush.

As early as the summer of 1899, six months into the war, the Pittsburgh Post sent a reporter to San Francisco to interview the first 600 Pennsylvania volunteers to return home. Fully 62% of the officers and 93% of the enlisted men denounced the entire venture - although they added that we should stay the course until the Filipinos were taught a lesson. Meanwhile, other pro-Empire newspapers, such as the San Francisco Argonaut, reminded their readers that the Philippines were rich in resources and the only thing holding us back from them were the Filipinos. The Argonaut then suggested genocide as the only proper course of action for us to acquire the wealth of the Philippines.



Realizing that the worst side of war was being exposed in the American press, General Otis came up with the idea of "winning the hearts and minds" of the Filipino people. Where he

could, he set up new schools run by soldiers and met with the richest businessmen and professionals on the island, convincing them that their future lay in siding with the American claims to their homeland. Of course, even during the Spanish rule, many of the more educated Filipinos had become quite wealthy; given a choice of losing that wealth or keeping their principles for total independence, they didn't take too long to come on board. Besides, when they did switch sides, we promised them that they could run the Philippines under our guidance and protection; so it wasn't a bad deal.

And they had help. One enlisted man, shamed by his actions in war, volunteered to become a teacher and stayed six years in the islands, claiming they were the best six years of his life. He wasn't the only one to stay.

By the end of 1899 a new government was in place, the Filipino upper class had rejected Emilio Aguinaldo as their potential leader, and the war went on. Victory was declared in 1902, but insurgent attacks continued until 1913. Whole villages and one of the smaller islands were completely wiped out. Ultimately, hundreds of thousands were killed.

This may well have been the most detested war in American history. As proof of that, virtually no one knows the story of the Filipino Insurrection. Yet we still use language that our soldiers brought home from that conflict: "the boondocks" comes from the Filipino word for deep jungle, bundoc. "Running amok" is how our soldiers described the waves of Muslim fighters on the southern islands. The Army Colt .45 was adopted during this campaign, because it was the only sidearm with sufficient knockdown power at close range. However, don't be misled: The American public turned so violently against this war that it was the primary reason that no one wanted us to enter the First World War. The memories of the Philippines were still too fresh in people's minds.

I received a letter after this story, telling me how our actions in the Philippines set up a great democracy there and how the Filipinos loved us. But that's not true; the Philippines only received their full independence from us in 1947, but every leader voted into office since then came from one of the island's wealthiest families. It has never been a democracy but is an oligarchy, with elections that are often crooked. In fact, Ferdinand Marcos became president just 19 years after the Philippines declared independence, and he instituted martial law there. In the mid-eighties, Corazon Aquino won the presidency, and she too came from a wealthy family; if the Filipinos loved us so much, why then were we asked to leave shortly after that?

In June of 1964 my family's tour of duty in the Philippines ended. We left a city of Nipa huts and rice farmers, carabao owners and penniless merchants. Our first stop was in Tokyo, which just 19 years earlier had been burnt to the ground during the final days of World War II. In less than two decades Tokyo had been entirely rebuilt, with all new roads, buildings, and quite modern. Quite a contrast from the Philippines - after 62 years of being one of our key allies in the Pacific, the country was just as poor as it had been the day we ran the Spanish off. The object lesson was there for all to see: When the victor is feeling responsible, it's better to be a vanquished foe of America than to be an ally that we once set free.

Chapter Thirty-one
The Free State of Jones

It is one of the most debated stories of the old South. The facts are historical record, but there is a huge group in Mississippi that simply dismisses the events as old myths that refuse to die. But the fact of the matter is that, during the Civil War, one county in Mississippi, led by a man named Newton Knight, took that county out of the Confederacy. And for the better part of two years the Confederate Army tried to take it back; not only could they not do it, but they lost their commander by assassination in the attempt. I'm referring to the Free State of Jones.

The story doesn't really start with the Civil War; it has its beginnings with the pre-Revolution Regulator Movement, which started in the 1760s primarily in Western North Carolina

- home to the Knight family. For those who don't know the story of America's Regulator Movement, it was one of the original class struggles in America.

At the time there were people in this country who stood for the British Crown. In fact, contrary to most retellings of history, that was the majority of Americans; then we had those who wished to break away from England, and finally there were those who thought any form of government too authoritarian. This was also the time of the Great Awakening, a period in American history when a strong evangelical revivalist mood, picked up by the working masses, made them feel exceptional and imparted the sense that each man was his own individual, answerable only to God.

Well, in this period the Regulators, as they came to be known, fervently believed that they were being kept poor by merchants, attorneys and politicians, who were getting rich off of their hard labor. Surprisingly, one of the tenets of the Great Awakening was that the poor could achieve moral superiority and build a true and decent republican community - but only if they as individuals became morally incorruptible and refused luxuries in life, including slave owning. Of course, if you are too poor to keep a slave, your only consolation is the feeling that not owning a human being makes you morally superior to anyone who does.

There were many battles between the Regulators and the established government, ending with the Battle of Alamance on May 16, 1771. Some of the ringleaders were hanged; others left the area, including some members of the Knight family. Others stayed in that region of North Carolina, some even becoming slave owners. Maybe they could now afford not to be morally superior.

By the time of the Civil War some Knight descendants, including Newton, were living in the Piney Woods region of Mississippi, in either Jasper or Jones County. Interestingly, on the eve of the Civil War, the entire population of Jones County was only about 500 individuals, including slaves, for Jones County had fewer slaves than any other county in Mississippi. Moreover, to his credit, Newton Knight was just a bit different than others. Oh sure, there were a great many mulatto children in the South - fathers who were white, mothers who were slaves - but as long as it wasn't flaunted, it was just everyone's little secret.

Not Newton Knight. No, he openly lived with Rachel Knight, who was bi-racial herself, and raised her children as his own. To this day, in that part of Mississippi, Knight is more hated for that fact than for what he was about to do next.

Just before the Civil War, the South took to voting to find out who wanted to leave the United States and set up their own nation. The grandchildren of former Tories, Revolutionaries and anarchists, living in Jones County, Mississippi, decided they would rather stay part of the United States. In fact, they ordered their delegate, Mr. J.D. Powell, to vote to stay part of the Union at the January 1861 Mississippi Secession Convention. However, Powell went to Jackson and voted to secede.

Now, the story does get just a bit squirrelly here; many say that Newt Knight refused to go into the Confederate Army, some say he only went when he was drafted, and others say he volunteered twice. What we do know is that about a year after the war started Newt Knight was an army hospital orderly, one who was about to go AWOL. And Newt did just that, simply because he and many of his fellow soldiers became infuriated with the "Twenty Slave Law."

This Confederate Law stated that if you owned 20 slaves or more, you were exempt from having to serve in the military. In fact, those angry Southern men, who had to serve in the military because they were just dirt-poor farmers without slaves, started saying, "It's a rich man's war and a poor man's battle."

Knight decided he wanted neither and left his post on November 29, 1862. He was captured and court martialed, and his rank was reduced to private - and he was ordered to rejoin the Confederate Army at Vicksburg. Not surprisingly, he never showed up for his new posting. Instead he took off for Jones County. And before the year was out, Knight had managed to put together a little convention in Ellisville, Mississippi, at which they passed an ordinance seced-

ing from both the Confederacy and the State of Mississippi. After all, if the South could leave the Union, Jones County ought to be able to leave the South.

The ordinance read, "Whereas the State of Mississippi has seen fit to withdraw from the Federal Union for reasons which appear justifiable, and whereas we, the citizens of Jones, claim the same right, thinking our grievances are sufficient by reason of an unjust law passed by the Congress of the Confederate States, forcing us to go to distant parts. Resolved, that we sever the union heretofore existing between Jones County and the State of Mississippi, and proclaim our independence."

Well, what few slaves there had been in Jones County were slaves no more. Newton Knight named himself commander of the Jones County Irregulars, about 125 deserters from the army; and they holed up in the land around Leaf Spring.

Needless to say, the Confederate government didn't need individual counties seceding; for the next year and a half, parts of the Confederate Army were assigned to go into the Free State of Jones and capture Knight and his men. They couldn't do it. Meanwhile, Newt and his boys did some raiding of their own, just to get supplies to keep them going.

Try as it might, the Confederacy just couldn't get Jones County back in line. Exasperated, they finally sent Major Amos McLemore - a man who knew the backwoods and swamps of Jones County as well as Newt Knight did - to end this nonsense. Newt recognized that he now had a real threat to his reign; McLemore took up residence in the Deason home in Ellisville, and in September of 1864 Newt Knight simply walked into that house and shot him dead.

Well, the war finally ended as all wars do. And for a short time, the families left in Jones County changed its name to Davis County, for Jefferson Davis, trying to dissociate themselves from their actions during the Civil War. However, then they changed the name back to Jones.

In 1943, James Street published his novel, Tap Roots; his main character, Sam Dabney, was loosely based on the life of Newton Knight. The book was made into a movie of the same name in 1948, starring Van Heflin.

But Ethel Knight, one of Newt's descendants, could not stand the idea of her ancestor's being tarred and feathered in print with such obscene comments as "anti-Confederate and anti-slavery." She published her own book, Echo of the Black Horn, in 1951, and it contained lines such as, "The Knights were of the old aristocracy, bringing in slaves and finery from an older civilization."

Ethel, as you may imagine, was a racist who believed in the supremacy of the white race and idealized the South of her dreams. Of course, easy-to-find historical records disprove her book. Oh, and so does that of another Knight descendant, who was in the news in 1948.

His name was Davis Knight, and he was a great-grandson of Rachel and Newt. Remember, Rachel had been bi-racial. And in 1948, Davis married a white woman. In 1948 in the South, anti-miscegenation laws made it illegal for a black man to marry a white woman. The problem was, Davis Knight looked like a white guy; the jury decided that he was only 1/32 black, so white he was. So much for Ethel's story of the Knights' fine civilized white heritage.

A few angry men captured somebody named Knight right after the war; it wasn't Newt, but the mob didn't find that out until they'd already strung him up.

The Deason House, where Newt killed McLemore, still stands in Ellisville; the Deason family gave it to the Daughters of the American Revolution in 1991. They say that McLemore's bloodstains still are visible on the wood floor. If true, that's about the only reminder of the one county in Mississippi that refused to be part of the South during the Civil War, becoming the Free State of Jones.

And the best irony of all? Today in Jones County, they seem to approve of people like Newt Knight, thinking him a man who stood up to unreasonable authority while extolling the

virtues of the old South. The contradiction of what they are saying is lost on them.

Chapter Thirty-two
Flirting with Disaster: Mid-wifing Israel

Less than a decade earlier America had been dealing with the last throes of the Great Depression. Now, with the Second World War behind us, 1948 would be the year we first saw tail fins on Cadillacs, the bikini, the word game Scrabble(tm) and chlorophyll-laced chewing gum. It was also the year that Harry Truman had two big problems. One was what the Soviet Union was doing in the opening days of the Cold War, and the other was and still is one of the most complicated and emotional issues faced in any president's term: which side to take in the debate over the creation of the Jewish State of Israel.

Right around the time when world public opinion began to veer toward the displaced Jews of Europe in 1945, four-term President Franklin D. Roosevelt personally promised King ibn Saud, supreme monarch of Saudi Arabia, that he would not support giving the Jews a homeland of their own in the Middle East. King Saud agreed that what Hitler had done to millions of the Jewish faith was reprehensible, and delicately suggested that as reparation it might be better to give them the best parts of Germany in which to build their country. But within 30 days of that meeting FDR was dead - and our new President, Harry Truman, bore tremendous personal sympathy for the survivng European Jews. In fact, as far back as 1943, Truman had promised Zionist leaders in Chicago that he would personally fight for a Jewish homeland for whomever survived the war.

Then too, the cause of creating a modern Israel in the Middle East had two effective champions in the White House. One was White House Counsel Clark Clifford, the other David Niles, himself a Jew. Niles was also a special White House assistant on minority matters, and frankly, looking toward the 1948 election, he believed that support for a Jewish homeland would be good business. Most Americans, shocked by the events of the Holocaust, believed that a homeland for the world's Jews was in order.

However, there were dissenters in the group, led by Secretary of Defense James Forrestal. He reminded Truman that creating a Jewish homeland could hurt our new relations with the Saudis - and in the event of another major war, having access to their oil supplies would make the critical difference for our military. Remember, this was 1948; our own Joint Chiefs of Staff said the same thing, worrying that in an oil-starved war our troops could be left defenseless.

While Harry Truman certainly wanted to retain our strong 3-year-old tie with the Arabs, he also felt a strong desire to act humanely toward the wronged and displaced; this character trait led Truman to desegregate our military in that same period. Nevertheless, he knew there would be problems with helping to create Israel. For one thing, there were already 600,000 people of the Jewish faith living in the contested area, while many who wanted to fight for the right to have their own country had had no voice and no recourse but in terrorist organizations, whose goal was to end the British mandate in that region. Truman was advised and agreed that if he backed the creation of Israel, there was a high probability that American troops would have to go to the Middle East to protect Israelis from numerically superior Arab forces - and he did not like that option, either.

What made him maddest, though, was the constant pushing, nudging, nagging, by some Jewish leaders to act and act decisively. In 1947 alone the White House received more than 100,000 letters and telegrams demanding that he act, which frustrated him so much that he told a friend he had set fire to a tall stack of those letters. He hadn't, of course, but to one Zionist group he wrote, "What I am trying to do is make the whole world safe for the Jews. Therefore, I don't feel like going to war in Palestine."

He was more to the point with Eleanor Roosevelt, whom he had appointed a delegate to the United Nations. He wrote to her, "The action of some of our United States Zionists will

eventually prejudice everyone against what they are trying to get done. I fear very much that they are like all underdogs. When they get on top they are just as intolerant and as cruel as the people were to them when they were underneath."

Remember, these are the words of a man who strongly believed in creating Israel - he just didn't know how to do it without creating more problems than it solved. Additionally, Truman's sympathies lay with the displaced European Jews - not the hard-line American Zionists, who already had a homeland here. When Rabbi Abba Silver came to the White House to demand that the President take immediate action, he ended up pounding on Truman's desk and screaming at him. Later that day, sounding a bit like Mel Gibson on an all-night bender, Truman told an aide, "Jesus Christ couldn't please them when He was here on earth, so how could anyone expect I would have any luck?"

Truman's heart told him that he should help the Jews create a new homeland in the Middle East. Yet he worried that if he did, it would cause untold problems with our Arab friends. He worried about whether the Jews could live in peace with their Palestinian neighbors and certainly about whether American troops would have to go to the Middle East to protect both eternally warring sides. His Defense Secretary and the Joint Chiefs, along with George C. Marshall, his Secretary of State, begged him not to acquiesce to the plan. Marshall was concerned that the issue and the hatreds would never go away. And our military worried that, without Saudi oil backing up our threats of war, we could lose face and fights in the future.

But one thing bothered Truman more than anything else. He hated to be pushed around, and the American Zionist organizations were frustrating him beyond belief. In fact, it seemed as if he was now digging in his heels on coming up with an answer, just because they infuriated him so much; and they would not shut up and let him think.

Forty governors and half of Congress signed petitions demanding positive action on Truman's part. David Niles became so emotional over Truman's vacillating that he threatened to quit. Our new CIA gave Truman a report saying that the proposed partition would never work, while Secretary of State George Marshall told the UN that the United States was now playing with fire, but with nothing to put it out.

Thankfully, there was one man who made a difference to Harry Truman. His name was Eddie Jacobson, and Truman loved him. Truman saw Eddie as a credit to the Jewish faith, felt he was a loyal and patriotic American, and trusted him absolutely. And for his part, while he was not a Zionist, Jacobson did believe that the American Zionist organizations, no matter how hard they pushed others, were in fact just trying to help the survivors of the Holocaust. That was their primary goal, even if their approach put people off. Jacobson had never asked any favors of Harry Truman in their decades-long friendship, but now he did request time with the President. Truman heard him out; later he would write of that meeting with Jacobson that it did more than anything else to convince him that the creation of Israel was the right thing to do.

On November 29, 1947, the United Nations voted to partition the Palestinian area for a new Jewish homeland. Truman told his close personal friends that he had personally swung the votes necessary for it to happen. England, noting that responsibility for the area would become a UN matter on May 14, 1948, started making plans to withdraw its 50,000 troops from the area. The Arabs promised war; our military told Truman that 100,000 of our troops would have to be sent to the area.

In spite of the UN vote that he had helped make happen, the pressure on Truman continued from Zionist groups. They demanded that he do something about the Arabs, demanded he force the British to quit being pro-Arab, demanded he fire anyone in government that had ever shown a pro-Arab position. Harry Truman was still a President under fire from all sides.

Of course, it had been Truman himself who had helped get the votes necessary for the UN to partition Palestine into Arab and Jewish territories. And he had forced the British to allow another 100,000 European Jews to emigrate to that region.

Far more troublesome was what the United States should do now that this action had

been set in motion. Harry Truman, like most civilized individuals, felt a deep sympathy for the surviving Jews of Hitler's Holocaust. Still, the world is political; Truman, then with a 36% approval rating, knew there was enormous dissension in his own government over both the creation of Israel and whether the U.S. should recognize it.

His Secretary of State was solidly against it. As the former head of our military, Marshall knew that from that point on, the Middle East with its oil should be the primary point of interest for our country. After all, without Middle Eastern oil we could never fight - or even threaten - another major war. Washington knew long before 1948 that our oil-based society would strongly depend on our being the nation closest to the Arabs who owned the crude, and helping Israel would undoubtedly anger said Arabs.

Then too, Truman worried that, having been the world's underdogs for thousands of years, the Jews might be inclined to become their neighbors' aggressors, given the chance. Our newly formed CIA gave assessments that Israel would be in for a lifetime of war with its Arab neighbors. With an election coming up, Truman felt our position on Israel had no decent alternatives and no one good solution.

Nevertheless, the previous December he had promised Chaim Weizmann, the British Zionist leader, his support. Meetings were held at the White House in the spring of 1948, with political leaders and the State Department, which frustrated Truman so much that he ended one such meeting by saying, "Oh, hell, I'm leaving." But, through it all, Eddie Jacobson remained one of his closest personal friends; they spoke privately about helping the Jews create a modern homeland more than once.

On February 20, 1948, Chaim Weizmann returned from England, intent on seeing Truman one more time about our recognizing this new country. But Truman was so fed up with not getting a consensus and so tired of being badgered to do more that he refused the meeting. After all, he'd already done enough to make this Jewish homeland a reality - past that, it created more problems than could be solved.

The president of the Jewish service organization, B'nai B'rith, called Eddie Jacobson in Missouri and asked him to intervene with the President. Jacobson wrote to him, but Truman replied that the situation was not solvable as presently set up. Jacobson caught a train to Washington and showed up unannounced. Truman's secretary told him, "He'll see you, but under no circumstances bring up Palestine!"

Of course, Jacobson did - and Truman blew up on his old friend. He was tired of talking about Jews, Arabs, the British or the entire Middle East. It was a matter for the United Nations, not the office of the President. Truman also vented about the way a couple of the Zionist leaders had spoken to him, and the memory only made him madder. Jacobson later said of that meeting that at that moment, "My dear friend the President came as close to becoming an anti-Semite as I'd ever seen."

Then he noticed a small bronze bust of Andrew Jackson on Truman's desk. Knowing Jackson was one of Truman's heroes, he said, "Harry, all your life you have had a hero. I've had one too - I am talking about Chaim Weizmann. Now you refuse to see him, just because you are insulted by some of our American Jewish leaders, even though you know that Weizmann had nothing to do with these insults. It doesn't sound like you, Harry. I thought you could take this stuff they dish out."

Truman spun his chair and looked out at the garden for what seemed like a century, according to Jacobson. He then turned around and said, "You win, you baldheaded son of a bitch, I will see him."

Jacobson went to the bar across the street and knocked back two doubles.

And on Thursday, March 18, 1948, Chaim Weizmann - who would become the first President of the State of Israel - came to the White House after hours, so no one would know. He and Truman talked for almost an hour; Truman discussed his concerns about violence in the region, but said again that the U.S. would support the partition.

The problem was that Truman didn't tell anyone else in government that his conscience had

forced him to agree to recognize the Jewish homeland. So, the very next day, our representative to the UN, Warren Austin, told the General Assembly, "To give all sides in the Palestinian controversy time to cool down, the U.S. recommends abandoning the partition plan and now calls for a temporary UN trusteeship."

Suddenly it appeared that we had forsworn ourselves. And now Truman had real problems: the American Jewish Congress felt betrayed. Congress was furious at having been upstaged. And his friend Eddie Jacobson was fielding phone calls all day long from reporters asking how he felt about his buddy being a traitor to the Jewish people. But Jacobson had no way of knowing what Truman had said to Weizmann the day before - and Harry Truman didn't know what had happened until Saturday, when he read it in the newspaper.

Secretary of State George Marshall, on the West Coast, told reporters, "It is the wisest choice." Eleanor Roosevelt wrote a letter of resignation from her UN posting; her two sons called Dwight Eisenhower to see if he would run for President for the Democratic Party. Truman refused to accept her resignation, but there was nothing he could do about her sons.

On May 12, two days before the British mandate for Palestine was to expire, Truman held another meeting. In this one, White House Counsel Clark Clifford gave a moving and impassioned speech about the humanity of mankind creating a home for the world's remaining Jews. Clark urged that we recognize their new statehood the next day.

His color and his anger rose steadily as George C. Marshall listened to Clark's eloquent appeal. After all, it was his troops that had liberated the Nazis' death camps, and he was not without humanity. But America had already made promises to the Arab nations - and their oil was key to America's future survival.

Another State Department official said it would be wrong to recognize this new state, when no boundaries had even been drawn. Marshall then said that if the President recognized this Jewish state, he would not vote for Truman in the upcoming elections. That brought the meeting to a halt.

The next day Marshall told the President privately that if he recognized this Jewish state, Marshall would not say anything publicly. And with that, America became the first country to recognize what would become Israel that very day.

Our delegation at the UN was stunned; they had been told nothing, and Dean Rusk was sent to keep them all from quitting en masse.

That's the story of how Truman was the force behind the creation of Israel.

It's not as open ended as you might think. Truman still refused to allow American arms to flow to the Israelis during the subsequent war. And he fought for negotiations and compromises between the Jews and the Arabs, to which Israel refused to submit.

George Marshall never again spoke to Clark Clifford for the rest of his life.

Many people take credit for the creation of the state of Israel, and many were responsible. But one has to wonder whether any of this would have come to pass if Eddie Jacobson had not used his influence on the President. There is every possibility that without Jacobson - and in spite of his deep belief in creating a Jewish homeland - Truman might have buckled to political pressure. But Eddie Jacobson was Harry Truman's former business partner in that Kansas City haberdashery that had gone bankrupt. It was a man who sold hats, unsuccessfully, who convinced the President and changed the face of the geopolitical map.

Everyone's optimistic predictions for Israel had come true - the humanity and the promise. But everyone who issued stern warnings that year had also been right about the violence and the anger. Nevertheless, history played out exactly as everyone had both hoped and feared it would in the 1948 White House discussions.

When Isaac Herzog, Israel's chief rabbi, later visited Truman he said, "God put you in your mother's womb so you would be the instrument to bring the rebirth of Israel after two thousand years."

Even David Niles thought this was a little over the top, but then he looked at Truman and saw tears running down his cheeks. It was exactly what Truman hoped had happened.

Chapter Thirty-three
James Meredith and Ole Miss

It's hard to believe, but most don't really even know the recent history of America. Sure, some can kind of recall an incident in late 1962, where James Meredith, a black U.S. Air Force veteran, tried to enroll at Ole Miss in Oxford, Mississippi, and there were problems with his trying to attend that school. But the story is much more than that. It is almost theater of the absurd, because the whole thing was a setup in which two people were killed and 48 soldiers and 30 U.S. Marshals were wounded by gunfire.

Now, how did you forget that? And why do people think they remember John Kennedy as being a huge champion of civil rights, when he wasn't?

One person who knew that for a fact was a black USAF veteran, James Meredith. He listened to Kennedy's inauguration speech and realized JFK hadn't really said much about civil rights. So he hatched a plan to test the new president's support for civil rights; he would try to enroll in and attend the then all-white University of Mississippi, fondly called Ole Miss.

Most of Kennedy's closest friends, advisors and family never pressed him on civil rights. After all, Kennedy had barely won the Presidency in 1960; he wasn't about to endanger his possible second term by losing even more support in the South, which he knew would happen if he supported civil rights for African Americans. In fact, the only family member to keep talking to Kennedy about it was his brother-in-law, Sargent Shriver, and he got nowhere.

To be fair, the Kennedys did make moves to protect the Freedom Riders in 1961, but not much protection resulted. The Kennedys also sent 50 U.S. Marshals to protect the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., when he went to speak at the First Baptist Church in Montgomery. But in both cases, the Kennedys feared real violence, the kind that can start civil wars. And even King himself called Bobby Kennedy to observe that the Kennedys weren't doing enough for black Americans. Then came the summer of 1962, with our Supreme Court ruling that Ole Miss had to admit James Meredith, who'd been fighting that legal battle since JFK had been elected.

Meredith's story was unique. He was the grandson of a slave, but there was a whitey in the woodpile in his family: Meredith's great grandfather was very white; in fact, he was a white supremacist, and one of the justices on the Mississippi Supreme Court.

It was a Thursday, September 20, 1962, when James Meredith tried to enroll at Old Miss. There standing in his way was Mississippi Governor Ross Barnett, backed by a crowd yelling, "Go home, nigger!"

Bobby Kennedy, then U.S. Attorney General, got Governor Barnett on the phone. The governor complained to RFK that his state was getting kicked around on this issue. He told Bobby that he, as the Attorney General, needed to vacate the Supreme Court's decision that Ole Miss must admit Meredith. Kennedy reminded him that Mississippi

was still part of the United States, and so the Supreme Court decision would stand. Barnett replied that he wasn't sure whether Mississippi was still part of America or not. Kennedy then told Barnett that Meredith would arrive for classes the next day, urging, "Why don't you try it for six months or so and see how it goes?"

It would take until the next Wednesday before James Meredith would show up to enroll, this time accompanied by U.S. Marshal Jim McShane. Mississippi State Troopers blocked their way. This is where the story gets silly.

Bobby Kennedy got Barnett on the phone again that night and negotiated. If the Governor would agree to allow Meredith to register, then the President would stage a federal show of force, which would enable the governor to say that he had been forced to give in, thereby preserving the peace in Oxford.

Barnett asked if one of the U.S. Marshals might pull his gun and point it at the governor's head for effect. That way the media could take a photo and it would have a stronger effect with the voters. Kennedy countered, "What if one man just draws his gun, while the others have their hands on their holsters?" That was acceptable - except that night, as the U.S. Marshals were on the way back to Ole Miss with Meredith, Governor Barnett got cold feet and called the deal off.

The Kennedys decided it was time to use the military, but the shenanigans weren't over yet. John Kennedy stayed in the White House that weekend, prepared to federalize the Mississippi National Guard. Governor Barnett called JFK directly; and this time President Kennedy turned on the White House tape-recording system to record their conversation.

Barnett repeated to President Kennedy the political problems he faced if he allowed Meredith into Ole Miss. Kennedy said the Supreme Court had ruled, and nothing else mattered.

Getting nowhere with the president, Barnett later called Bobby and said that if they could go back to the original plan, the absurd exaggeration of faux force, this time he would follow through - though Bobby should make sure there were no bullets in the gun. Sorry, Bobby said, that deal was off the table; the governor agreed to protect Meredith with 200 State Troopers.

Ah, but in Jackson that Saturday night, as the Ole Miss Rebels took the field against Kentucky, there under the bright lights were hundreds of students waving Confederate "Southern Cross" battle flags, calling for the governor's head. Worried that he was becoming a pariah with his citizens, he backed out of the deal yet again, instead delivering a short speech at halftime to thunderous applause and cheers: "I love Mississippi. I love her people. I love our customs."

This time JFK did federalize the Mississippi National Guard. Knowing the President was serious, Barnett again called Bobby Kennedy, begging him to at least put on a show of force in which he would be confronted by armed troops before backing down and allowing Meredith in. Again, Bobby Kennedy said that that offer was off the table - but, he told Barnett, his phone call with the President had been recorded. If Barnett broke his word this time, John Kennedy would go on national TV and let everyone hear Barnett begging for a phony showdown. Moreover, they expected Barnett to go on TV in Mississippi and tell his citizens that Meredith was going to attend Ole Miss. At 9:30 p.m. Sunday, Washington time, Barnett went on TV and did just that, but he also double-crossed the Kennedys by removing the State Troopers guarding Meredith.

By 10 p.m. the rioting had already started, led in part by Dallas' own retired General

Edwin Walker. John F. Kennedy went on TV and told the nation that he had had no choice: the Supreme Court had ruled, and he was bound as President to enforce that ruling. Barnett called back again, telling the Kennedys that the Oxford resistance was quickly becoming an armed insurrection.

It was worse than that, so John Kennedy called in the Army; but they got lost on the short trip from Memphis to Oxford and didn't arrive until 2:30 Monday morning. Some 30,000 troops took over the town; four times the size of the city's population. Two people had been killed, 30 U.S. Marshals had bullet wounds, and 48 soldiers had been injured, as had some 65 civilians. Governor Barnett ordered the state flags to be flown at half staff - not for the dead and wounded, but because James Meredith had successfully enrolled at Ole Miss. Meredith graduated less than a year later with a degree in history and later got a law degree from Columbia.
But, like all stories from the Backside of American History, this one isn't over just yet.

Two weeks later, the CIA rushed to the White House carrying photographic evidence that Russia was putting nuclear-armed missiles in Cuba. Bobby Kennedy was at the meeting and the first thing he said was, "Can they hit Oxford, Mississippi?"

What most don't know is that John Kennedy ruled out a military invasion of Cuba because of the mess in getting our troops to Oxford: "They always talk about their abilities, but they couldn't even invade a state in America on time."

The Kennedys had Gen. Edwin Walker arrested for conspiracy and insurrection and then humiliated him by forcing him to undergo psychiatric testing. He would later be shot at by Lee Harvey Oswald and was finally discredited completely when he was arrested in Dallas twice for public lewdness, once even trying to grope an undercover police officer in a public bathroom. Kennedy, some believe, was killed by Oswald in the fall of 1963 in Dallas.
Meredith went on to get a number of degrees, but he quit the civil rights movement in the late sixties after becoming a stockbroker. He also became a Republican and for a number of years served as domestic advisor to Senator Jesse Helms. Really. He tried numerous times to get elected to Congress, but those attempts failed.

In 2002, on the 40th anniversary of the desegregation of Ole Miss, Meredith, then 69, owned a small used car operation in Jackson, Mississippi. He had this to say about the fall of 1962 in Oxford: "It was an embarrassment for me to be there, and for somebody to celebrate it today, oh my God." Then he trashed the Civil Rights movement, saying, "Nothing could be more insulting to me than the concept of Civil Rights. It means perpetual second-class citizenship for me and my kind."

Considering the foolishness and proposed theatrics that accompanied his attending Ole Miss, maybe he's right. But it's a shame he feels that way, because two died and many were wounded in the fight to get James Meredith the same rights as any other first-class American citizen.

Chapter Thirty-four
Jay's Treaty and Our Present Form of Government

George Washington, in his second term as president of the United States, had less than 18 months in office when he found that the American public's love and admiration for the hero of our Revolution had turned to hate and disgust at his presidency. Some were calling for Washington to be impeached, and political cartoons showed a bound Washington being led to the gallows. Rumors that British secret agents had bribed him were published across the colonies, while even in his home state of Virginia, former members of his Continental Army would raise their glasses and toast, "A speedy death to General Washington!"
Washington refused to take a third term as president because everything you dislike about the media and our political system today also existed in his time. Moreover, all of the public's expressed hatred toward Washington stemmed from his refusal to lead America into a war in 1795 that he knew we could not win.

A setup to dishonor Washington was already in place; the media had long reported on his "extravagances" as president.

In 1790, when our government moved from New York to Philadelphia, Washington leased a four-storey home from Robert Morris for the sum of $3,000 annually, or about $60,000 a year in today's money. Washington called it the best house in the city, but then made the mistake of saying that while its stables were good, it would only hold 12 horses. For the average American struggling to get by and feeding one horse or none, that seemed a bit excessive.
Washington and his wife Martha kept eight of their slaves as servants in Philadelphia, but even as early as 1795 Pennsylvania law automatically freed any slave held in that state for more than six months. The President wisely rotated his servants back to Mount Vernon every five months, so as not to lose his human property.

Then, in August of 1795 there arose another cry across the fledgling nation to end Washington's presidency-over a secret treaty with England, one that Washington felt would keep America both prosperous and at peace.

The crisis that Washington faced was simple: In the spring of 1794, the British were rearming Indians and bribing them to attack migrating Americans, who were making their way to the lands we now know as Ohio and Michigan. England was also breaking the treaty that ended our Revolution by not vacating their forts in the Northwest and Western Appalachian regions; and, since England was at war with France, the English took to seizing U.S.-flagged merchant ships trading with the French West Indies.

Former Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson, who had resigned the year before over clashes with Treasury Secretary Alexander Hamilton, gave his advice to Washington. Jefferson hated the British with the same passion he had felt during the Revolution, and he wanted America to act immediately and retaliate for the British wrongdoings. But Hamilton warned Washington that in spite of the public's furor over these events, the nation had neither a military nor a pocketbook sufficient to win any new war with England. Hamilton's advice was to find peace now and build up the nation, so that when war could no longer be avoided, then we could act from strength.

Washington agreed, but knew that he couldn't make Hamilton our negotiator with the British, if only because that move would inflame the Jeffersonians even more. Instead, Washington sent Chief Justice John Jay of New York, an arrogant aristocrat, to find peace with England. Jay left New York harbor in May of 1794, promising that he would "secure the blessings of peace for the nation."

Shortly after Jay had departed, the British reclaimed one of their forts near Detroit. Now, with their treasury suffering, the British took the position that the problems with America were nothing more than a little quarrel that could be easily patched up. And, come spring of

1795, Washington heard rumors that Jay and the British had come up with a new treaty - but it wasn't in Washington's hands. Jay had sent two copies of that treaty to Washington, but the British ship carrying the documents had been captured by the French Navy. So a second set of copies was forwarded to the President and arrived that spring. The night they got here, Washington read the terms of Jay's Treaty of Amity, Commerce and Navigation and knew he was in real trouble.

Washington saw three main problems with the treaty Jay had negotiated. One was Article 12: In it the British conceded that we could trade in the West Indies - but not using large merchant ships; and we could not "enter into any export from those islands, goods natural to that region." That clause put an artificial limit on international trade that would not stand with American businessmen, whether they grew cotton and tobacco or not.

Additionally, Jay's treaty would allow the British to pursue their lucrative fur trade in America - and it provided that no British-held American assets could be seized.

But the biggest problem, as Washington saw it, was that if he signed the treaty then the public, already howling for revenge and compensation from the British, would turn against him even more.

Washington ordered all aspects of the treaty kept secret and, as per the Constitution, he sent it to the Senate for advice and consent - again, imposing absolute secrecy on this part of the process. So 24 Senators met in private on June 8, 1795, to go over the treaty's provisions - but one Senator didn't care for the treaty or Washington's secrecy. He leaked a copy to Ben Bache, grandson of Ben Franklin, enemy of George Washington and publisher of the Philadelphia Aurora. As Washington had feared, all hell broke lose when the public saw the treaty's terms. So, on Independence Day of 1795, mobs in Philadelphia burned printed copies of the treaty and an effigy of John Jay just for effect. Thomas Jefferson shouted, "Acquiescence under insult is not the way to escape war!"

Alexander Hamilton reviewed the treaty and told the President that, except for Article 12, it contained nothing we couldn't live with. The public disagreed and, when Hamilton rose to defend the treaty at New York City Hall, the crowd literally pelted him with rocks. In Boston, insurgents sent fire to a British merchant ship. Then, just to add to this comedy of errors, the British issued a new provisional order to capture and embargo any American ship sailing for France with grain.

America was just about on fire. Yes, citizens were frustrated and angry that the nation wouldn't avenge these British wrongs, but maybe they were even angrier because the secrecy involved in this treaty was ruining their dream of a free and open government.

Then Yellow Fever broke out in Philadelphia; Washington took his family to Mount Vernon, lest they contract the disease. For a week he rode his lands and contemplated Jay's Treaty with England, again realizing that Article 12 should be dismissed out of hand. But, after just seven days in the country, fully aware of how dangerous Philadelphia would be until the epidemic had passed, Washington resolved to return to the capital because this issue was spinning out of control.

As he packed his bags, a letter arrived from his Secretary of War, Timothy Pickering: "Return with all possible speed, I pray you decide no important political measure."

Washington had no idea what the message meant, but he was about to face the largest crisis of not only his presidency, but possibly of the nation: It seemed his own Secretary of State, Edmund Randolph, was a traitor to his country. George Washington knew well that any revelation that one of his senior cabinet members had sold out to a foreign country could end more than just his presidency; it could end our whole experiment with democracy.

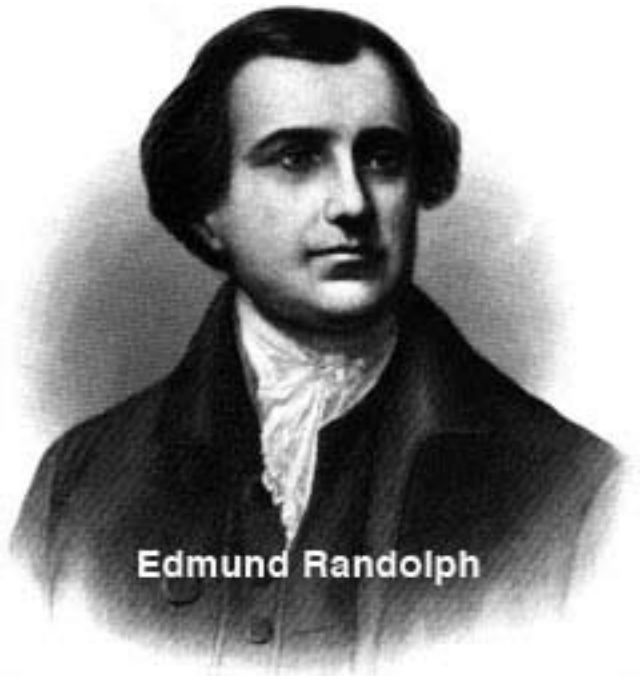
Maybe it had been Washington's own fault, after all. Both Hamilton and Jefferson had left the administration; and, while Washington never really missed their constant fighting over

issues and kicking each other behind their backs, he often lamented the fact that his office had lost two great political minds and first-class individuals. And it was true; our new Secretary of State, Edmund Randolph, was no Thomas Jefferson, but he came from a long family line of prestige in Virginia. His father had been the Royal Attorney General, and he himself was Jefferson's third cousin; he'd joined Washington's staff during the war, then afterward became Attorney General of Virginia himself. He had been elected governor of the state in 1787.

In fact, it was Jefferson himself who had recommended that Randolph replace him at State; but he'd also warned Washington to make it only temporary, because Randolph's poor financial position might lead him astray.

The charge of Randolph's treason came about because of documents from the French Foreign Minister, seized on the French battleship Jean Bart. The documents revealed that Secretary of State Edmond Randolph not only had given state secrets to the French, but also had taken bribes to tilt American policy toward the French and away from the British.

Washington realized that he could likely survive the public's anger over the secrecy he had imposed on Jay's Treaty with England - even though the public wanted war. But, if it were publicized that his own Secretary of State was a traitor, he knew how unlikely it was that either his administration or our new government would survive the ensuing storm.



The President marshaled and carefully contemplated the facts as he knew them. Now, it is only fair to point out that 200 years later, no one can say with any certainty that Randolph had sold out his country to the French; but, given his recent complaints that he couldn't afford to entertain or to use his carriages, Washington knew Randolph's finances were precarious. In the end, it boiled down to Washington's belief that a long trial for treason would ignite the nation against its government. So he made two key decisions: He would sign the Treaty with England but demand that Article 12 be stricken; then, as soon as that treaty was on its way, he would fire Edmund Randolph. It sounded easy - but things would get much worse.

On August 18, 1795, Washington signed Jay's Treaty. Next day he called Randolph into his office and confronted him with the French Minister's dispatches, asking his Secretary of State to explain himself. Edmund begged for time to respond and Washington granted it; but the writing was on the wall, and the next day Randolph resigned. Knowing that his and his family's reputation was about to be ruined, Randolph traveled to Newport, Rhode Island, where the French Foreign Minister was about to set sail for home. Randolph had promised to write a letter denouncing the documents in question as forgeries, but sailed for France without doing so.

Instead he wrote a 103-page book, titled Vindication, to scotch the rumors about his resignation and try to destroy Washington's reputation. This attempt at spin backfired, for even though Americans weren't happy with Washington's secrecy or the outcome of Jay's Treaty, in a contest of character between Washington and Randolph the public felt Washington was the more honorable. There was a trial, and Randolph was found guilty and ordered to pay the government $50,000. He didn't have it; his family covered his debt, and he spent the rest of his life in near poverty.

Washington should have been home free. He'd fired Randolph before anyone had even suspected that he might be a traitor, showing that his administration would not tolerate any treasonous action against America. But, though he'd signed Jay's Treaty, that problem wouldn't go away until early 1796, when Britain agreed to delete Article 12 and signed the treaty, at the same time dropping their provisional order to seize American ships at sea.

That's when the public realized that maybe war wasn't such a good idea.

However, Thomas Jefferson's Republicans in the House of Represen-tatives had another idea: They refused to fund the $90,000 needed to put the treaty into action. John Adams realized we had a real Constitutional Crisis on our hands, telling his wife that if the treaty weren't funded, it certainly meant war - not just with England, but a Civil War here in the States between the North and the France-loving South.

On March 2, 1796, Republican Congressman Edward Livingston demanded that President Washington turn over all documents involved in creating Jay's Treaty. The House had debated that issue for two weeks, before voting to force Washington to disclose all of the secrets involved. On March 30, Washington reminded the House that the Constitution gave the Senate the right to review treaties - but he refused to turn over any of his or John Jay's documents to the House. "If you want them, then you will have to impeach me." Impeachment started to look like a real possibility.

It's funny, when you think about it: Presidential secrecy over a treaty, where the only intent was to keep America out of war and continue forward with our prosperity. My, how things have changed. For a month this situation festered; no one knew how it would end, but it didn't look good for Washington, Congress or America.

That is until April 28, 1796, when Federalist Congressman Fisher Ames stood up to speak on the floor of the House.

Ames had been absent from Congress during most of the battles over Washington and Jay's Treaty, for he had contracted a severe infection. He was confined to his bed in Dedham, Massachusetts, and his doctors had told his family he didn't have long to live. However, he heard the news that the nation might well come undone, that Washington might be impeached; and should these things happen, Ames knew that America would be plunged into possibly two wars, neither of which it could win. Fisher Ames, as close to death as one can be and survive, got out of bed, traveled to Philadelphia and took the floor of the House to speak. His colleagues gasped when they saw his emaciated, wasted condition.

Over the next ninety minutes, without notes, Fisher Ames gave one of the most powerful speeches in American history. One Congressman would later write, "Ames threw a spell over one's senses, rendering them insensible to everything but himself."

Ames admitted that many found Jay's Treaty fatally bad; but, as he said, "A treaty is the promise of a nation; shall we be the first to break our faith?"

He admitted that if the British continued to arm the natives, our frontiersmen would always remain vulnerable. From his speech:

"The wounds yet unhealed, are to be torn open again. In the daytime, your path through the woods will be ambushed. The darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father? The blood of your sons shall fatten your cornfields. You are a mother? The war whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle. While one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. I listen for the yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture. Once our people deemed war nearly impossible, now like a rainbow on the edge of a cloud, this treaty promises sunshine. If we reject it, the vivid colors will grow pale, it will be a baleful meteor portending tempest and war."

Barely standing because of his infection, now pasty white and sweating profusely, Ames continued,

"Those who see me will believe that the reduced state of my health has unfitted me, for some exertion of body or mind. But, when I come to the moment of deciding the vote, I start back with dread from the edge of the pit into which we are plunging. But if this treaty passes, we will be free to trade the Atlantic, protected by the British Navy and able to settle our own West unmolested."

Fisher Ames then collapsed into his chair. Those who were there remembered few faces that weren't streaming with tears. The House decided to fund the treaty, 50 to 49. War with England was avoided.

This event changed our history because it crystallized Washington's decision not to run or serve for a third term; as he told John Jay, he didn't feel capable of withstanding another four years of such hatred.

Frightened that these two scandals had forever tainted the Presidency, Washington gave his farewell address to a local paper, instead of to Congress. The battle over Jay's Treaty also ended Washington's dreams of a government by national consensus, not by political parties and not by partisanship - just America, for Americans.

When the House took a vote to praise Washington's leadership as he left office, Andrew Jackson voted "No."

Still, the words of Fisher Ames resonated with a public that was now glad to have peace and prosperity and back in love with Washington. For two years he had been the most hated man in America; but, on the day he was to leave Philadelphia, he walked first to a hotel to attend a reception for the newly elected President, John Adams. As he walked up the steps of the hotel, he heard a voice behind him, and turned to see that a crowd had gathered to see Washington for the last time.

Suddenly they broke into roars of approval and applause so loud it was thunderous. As the size of the crowd quickly grew, shouting their approval of Washington and his contributions to our country, the old general stood there, speechless, with tears running down his now famous face.

Chapter Thirty-five
John Adams and War with France

George Washington's second term of office as president was marked by public outcry over the secrecy involved in dealing with England, because Washington's administration knew that America was not strong enough to go to war and win. Therefore, Washington chose peace with England, signing Jay's Treaty.

Then came John Adams' turn as president, but because Washington had made peace with England, it appeared that that meant we would go to war with France in the late 1790s. After all, France's revolutionary government, known as the Directoire or Directory, considered our formalizing friendship with England a hostile act, so they ordered French privateers to seize U.S. ships. On the Atlantic and in the Caribbean goods were stolen, sailors beaten and tortured.

American publishers aligned with the Federalists were agitating the public toward war - but, like Washington, they knew we were not strong enough to win. As anti-French fever rose and calls were made for the raising of an army, Adams predicted that having a large standing military would draw us into unnecessary wars, or have us going overseas to look for enemies to slay. As his friend, Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts, put it, having a large standing army was much like a man in a constant state of sexual arousal, "providing an excellent assurance of domestic tranquility, but a dangerous temptation to foreign adventure."
Adams did send envoys to France to negotiate a treaty with the French and stop the war fever, but the Directory in Paris refused to meet with them.

On May 16, 1797, Adams met with Congress to discuss our half war with France; the house and Senate voted to build 12 new frigates, but the ultra Federalists started calling for an army of 15,000. Adams sent a second group of envoys to France - but what he didn't know was that Thomas Jefferson, who loved the French, warned his friends there simply to drag out any negotiations with this group. Adams, said Jefferson, would be a one-term president; and once he was elected, better terms could be made between the two countries.
You probably don't remember what happened next, but you remember how America changed as a result. On March 4th, 1798, Secretary of State Timothy Pickering ran into the presidential mansion, with news that our second group of envoys had not been heard from in six months, wondering if the French had guillotined them.

Well, it turns out they had met with Charles Talleyrand, France's foreign minister (and its future first Prime Minister), and he had made certain demands. Talleyrand wanted Adams to apologize for insulting France and wanted our government not only to make France a huge loan, but to pay him personally $50,000 in cash. When that was found out here, it gave us the phrase, "Millions for defense, but not one penny for tribute!"

Adams was furious when he heard this. He dashed off a speech demanding a war resolution from Congress; but once he had written it, he wisely decided not to submit the request. Instead, he asked Congress to pay for arming our merchant ships. House Republicans demanded to see the secret papers concerning the negotiations with Talleyrand. Unlike Washington, who had refused a similar request, Adams gave Congress the papers; but he warned them that the material was so inflammatory that, if its content leaked out, war fever would overtake the nation. The House Republicans agreed; but the Republicans in the Senate didn't - and they published 50,000 copies of those presidential documents.

Thomas Jefferson immediately blamed the Federalists for trying to start a war. A term he created then is still used to describe that type of individual, for Jefferson called these Federalists "war hawks." Not to be outdone, Adams was forced to admit that the new French Republic was treacherous and known for its Reign of Terror against France's own people. Right then, John Adams created the word, "terrorism."

Seeing which way the wind was blowing, Adams started appearing in public in his dress commander's uniform, an officer's sword dangling at his side. Congress voted for a Provisional Army of 20,000 and created our Department of the Navy; new property taxes were passed to pay for all of this. Then Congress passed the Alien and Sedition Acts, to stop the press from printing anything considered traitorous; citizens could be deported under the Sedition Act guidelines, but the Alien Act was primarily used to deport new immigrants, who often voted for Republicans. Now, Congress allowed President Adams to appoint the new commander of this Provisional Army, and in July of 1798 Adams chose-George Washington.

Washington said he would accept the commission, but only if the French actually invaded America. Adams sent his recommendation to Congress, which agreed Washington was still our man. For his part, not happy with Adams, Washington said Alexander Hamilton would head up the army until the French invaded, and then Washington would take over. When Adams, who loathed Hamilton, refused, Washington responded that if Hamilton didn't get the job, he personally would resign.

It gets better; Adams seriously believed that Hamilton might use our new army to overthrow his Presidency.
Here's the kicker: In spite of the public's demands for action against France, President Adams knew there would be no French invasion of America. He knew that creating the army and navy was simply wasting money and even wrote about it, "There is no more prospect of seeing a French army here than there is in Heaven."

Adams had only gone along with this foolish and expensive charade because of the public outcry; he was afraid he wouldn't be reelected if he didn't.

Elbridge Gerry told the president that France didn't want war, just a new treaty. Adams was also informed that the British, in spite of signing Jay's Treaty, were plundering more U.S. ships than the French were. In October of 1798, a Quaker doctor named George Logan met with President Adams and told him he had personally met with Talleyrand; France, Logan assured Adams, wanted peace. When Congress found out about that conversation they passed the Logan Law, forbidding private citizens without official sanction from meeting with foreign authorities. Yes, that's the law that Speaker of the House Nancy Pelosi was threatened with after flying to the Middle East.

Now Adams found out why the French wanted peace and an end to the threat of war. His information came from one of our envoys to The Hague, William Vans Murray: France was afraid that its holdings in America were threatened, and was pushing us to fully align ourselves with England again. When Adams' youngest son, Thomas, returned from Europe in January of 1799, he too told his father it would be best to find a way to negotiate with the French.

Adams asked Congress for permission to send yet another delegation to France, but the Federalists demanded that two of their loyal partisans be included in the group. Secretary of State Pickering told those two ultra-Federalists to make the terms of negotiations so hard that the French would refuse them.

President Adams was starting to lose it. Worried about his fellow citizens' attacking him for not going to war, he started arming his servants. He often lost his temper and treated his guests badly, and he offered at one point to resign and let Jefferson become president.
Even Washington chimed in, realizing this was the same stuff he'd put up with when we had demanded war with England just a few years earlier. The former president wrote that it was "anxious and painful" to watch his "cherished country moving by hasty strides to some awful crisis."

Washington passed away the next month; free of that mythic presence, Adams started dumping officials who wished him no good. But now the American public started having second thoughts about going to war. After all, taxes had gone up tremendously to pay for a standing army and Department of the Navy. They were never happy with any infringement on their civil liberties, such as the Alien and Sedition Acts, and they were fast turning on the Federalists for claiming to be the party of the wise, the rich and the good.

Even Alexander Hamilton, one of the most brilliant egotists of our early years, wrote that this issue had forever turned American politics into a struggle between the rich and the poor.

Adams decided that even if it cost him the presidency, he'd had enough of the charades. France wasn't going to invade, and he knew they wanted peace as badly as he did. So he fired Timothy Pickering because the Secretary of State was working against him; Pickering refused to leave, but got sacked nonetheless. That same day John Adams disbanded our Provisional Army.

Now he could only hope for a new peace treaty before the election - the only chance he had to earn a second term.

But things had changed in France, too. Napoleon Bonaparte had come to power and

a new treaty was quickly drawn up in September of 1800. France would not compensate us for what they had stolen, but would quit attacking our merchant ships. Word got back to the States two months later - but not in time to win Adams a re-election.
Twice within a quarter-century of the birth of our nation, war threatened and was avoided.
But from the two-and-a-half-year period that the public was demanding war with France, which you have likely never heard about, America still feels the repercussions today. That's how emotional things were.

Jefferson gave us the term "war hawk," and John Adams added "terrorism" to our vocabulary. The Logan Act was passed and is still in effect today; the Alien and Sedition Acts were passed, and variations have been used in most wars to stifle dissent.

We got our Department of the Navy, and some advice: President Adams warned that a large standing military would forever ensure that we went looking abroad for monsters to slay. Our political parties, realizing that the public mood had changed from pro-war to anti-taxes to pay for war, started claiming to represent the interests of either the poor or the rich. And that caused Alexander Hamilton to write that those two interests would be America's political battleground for all time.

That's right: All of the issues we debate today came about from our quasi-war with France from 1797 to 1800 - a war that was never going to happen.

One last bit: Adams' friend, Elbridge Gerry, later became governor of Massachusetts, and while in office he redistricted his state to ensure that his party would always be in control. Because an opponent remarked that the result looked like Gerry had drawn a salamander, such redistricting with purpose aforethought became known as Gerrymandering - another term from the period that's still with us today.

Chapter Thirty-six
Leasing Prisoners

Mississippi was admitted to the Union in 1817, and in short order gained the reputation for being the state that had the worst violence among its population. Extremism might be a better way to put it. When we think of frontier justice, gunfights in the streets and mob violence, we tend to think of the Old West; but no other state came close to Mississippi's record for such actions or for hatred.

Here are the reports from one Jackson newspaper, covering one month's worth of reporting: A bloody affair in Port Gibson, murder in Jefferson County, another in Vicksburg, homicide in Newton, a fatal difficulty in Sunflower County, Negro shot dead, multiple assassination attempts, the ambush of a sheriff, and a domestic fight in which a young son shot his father to death.
And that's just the news out of Jackson.

The national press took to calling Mississippi "The Lynching State;" citizens unhappy with their court system simply took matters into their own hands like this: Death sentences were given to those who committed murder. Fine, but the death penalty also awaited convicted arsonists and people who stole Negroes. Further, the death sentence was also given for crimes such as burglary and forgery. Petty theft got you lashings on a bare back or being branded on your face with the letter T.

There was little if any flexibility in the sentencing, either. Forge someone's name, get death. And if you managed to be acquitted, which didn't happen often, your neighbors simply stoned you to death outside the courthouse or strung you up.

Finally, the Mississippi legislature decided enough was enough; the state's reputation was so bad nationwide that something had to be done. Additionally, juries got to the point they wouldn't convict anyone for a minor crime, feeling the death penalty was too severe.

So, in 1835 Mississippi changed its laws for punishment and built a new prison, Walls. It was modeled after New York's Auburn penitentiary, which was considered a world-class model for prisons. Of course that didn't stop the murders in the streets by men who felt another had stained their honor. Nor did it stop most of the lynchings. However, it should be noted that the majority of these cases were whites against whites; at the time, blacks were slaves and for the most part were punished only by their masters, not by the legal system.

All went well until the Civil War, when the Union Army burned down Walls Penitentiary in 1863. And after the war, Mississippi didn't have the money to build another. It was that situation that started a half-century of the worst criminal activity in America: Mississippi started a war on those who "ran afoul of the law."

It was called the Mississippi Plan, although other states in the South soon adopted it. And it stemmed from the fact that the courts were still working, but there wasn't any place to lock criminals up. Moreover, hatred of the newly freed blacks quickly replaced old hatreds whites had felt for each other.

Edmund Richardson, born in North Carolina in 1818, had made a million dollars in Mississippi cotton by the start of the Civil War. But when it was over he was broke, so Richardson cut a deal with the state: He would take charge of a group of prisoners for a fee. They would be forced to work his cotton fields, and he would pay for their food and lodging and promise proper care of them. Mississippi agreed and paid Richardson $18,000 to take their prisoners off their hands.

That's right, Richardson was paid by the state to take "criminals," and for that he received almost-free labor for his plantation.

Control of Mississippi's prisoners passed among other individuals. At one point Nathan Bedford Forrest, the man who created the Ku Klux Klan, was in charge. But the effect was the same; as one author put it, "It was worse than slavery." Why? Because under slavery, the owner needed his slaves alive. Under the new system of prisoner leasing, if someone died from disease, malnutrition, physical abuse or overwork, the state simply sent another replacement.

Put another way: Not one person who received a 10-year sentence for any crime lived to see the day he was paroled. Not one. Which brings up the next point: Most of these people weren't even criminals.

Mississippi had passed a couple of laws that guaranteed it prisoners to lease: One was the Vagrancy Act and the other became known as the Pig Law.

The Vagrancy Act said that on the first day of the year, a person had to prove they had gainful employment. If they couldn't, they were considered vagrant and sentenced to nine months - which meant they would be leased out during the cotton-growing season. The Pig Law said if you stole an animal to eat, the fine could be up to $75. If you needed to steal to keep from starving to death, you sure didn't have $75 - so again, out to the plantation.

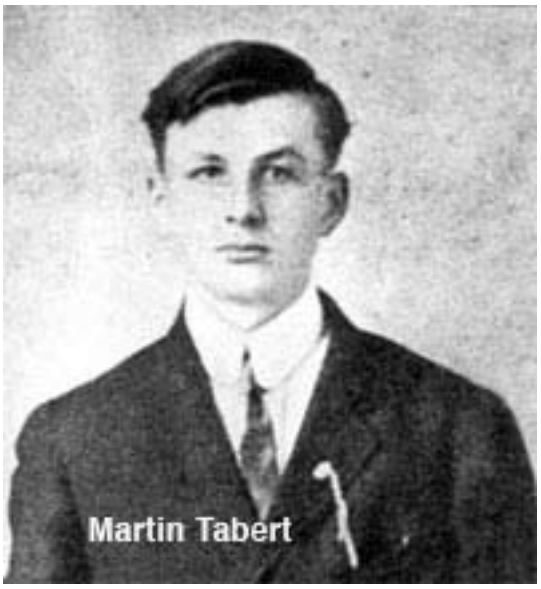
Of course, this situation was exciting to all of industry. Soon other states copied Mississippi, and railroads and other backbreaking, labor-intensive industries soon found that leasing criminals was the best way to get cheap labor. So what if the person in question had been arrested for simply not having a job, then denied an attorney and convicted? The average amount a company had to pay the state for one of these convicted workers was just $1.10 a month!

And every year, 16% of those people died. When newspapers in Mississippi started writing about this cruel and unusual punishment, two editors in Jackson whose editorials called for it to end were shot dead. Prisoner leasing built the Texas sugar industry, along with some of our railroads; in fact, it built the Florida railroads too. And it was because of the Florida situation that this practice came to an end.

In Florida, when a company needed workers, the foreman would call on the local sheriff and

give him his employment needs. In turn the sheriff of the county would quickly arrest the number of people needed on vagrancy charges. Convictions were automatic.

Martin Tabert was one that was convicted.
Only 22, the young man from North Dakota had left the family farm to find his way in the world. And that had led him to Florida, during a roundup of vagrants to fill some jobs at the Putnam Lumber Camp. Two months later, Tabert's parents in North Dakota received this letter:


Martin Tabert

"Martin Tabert died in our camp on February 1st, of malarial fever and other complications. This company has all convicts from Leon County and is the reason he came here.

"For your information, the boy was given a Christian burial in a cemetery near here and had a minister officiate. We regret that the boy was so unfortunate and please accept our sympathy in your bereavement."

The Taberts simply thought their boy had gotten in trouble and died. They did nothing. But two other wrongfully accused men from that camp escaped and told the truth of the matter, and it made front-page news across America.

Martin Tabert a young strapping boy perfect for the lumber camp had been arrested for vagrancy just passing through Leon County and sentenced to 90 days. He was put to work in a swamp, shoveling mud 15 hours a day; when he could take it no longer and protested his innocence, he was flogged with a 7-lb. strap. Walter Higginbotham, the whipping boss, liked to drag his strap through mud and let it dry to worsen the lacerations. Martin Tabert had been beaten to death and buried at some unknown location in the swamp.

WAS DEATH OF TABERT DUE TO WHIPPING BY CONVICT CAMP GUARD?

Grand Jury Convened in Madison County Instructed By Judge Hocker to Thoroughly Investigate and Report Its Findings—State Attorney Kelly Assisted By North Dakota Officials in Presenting the Evidence Secured—Jury Will Begin Its Probe Wednesday.

Now, before you think we're talking about the South in the 1800s, know that Martin Tabert was falsely arrested, convicted without a trial and killed in that Florida swamp in 1921. When the real story of his false arrest and demise at the hands of local law enforcement became widely known, the American public was incensed.

It ended the days of prisoner leasing, a period designed to keep slavery alive. No one knows how many innocent people were forced into hard labor; most were black, and no one knows how many were killed, because either no one knew or no one cared to keep records - but it was in the tens of thousands.

Remember, no one survived a 10-year sentence in Mississippi.

Although most of the prisoners convicted and leased out were black, it was the death of a young white man from North Dakota that ended possibly the lowest point in American history for stealing people's freedom. And in the 20th century, at that.
Thanks, Mississippi.

Ed's Note
After we broadcast this story, I found the original reporting from the Panama City New Herald. Dated June of 1921, it reads;

Martin Tabert's Brutal Death Leads to End of Convict Lease System

"(Tabert) was ordered to pay $25 or spend three months at hard labor. Tabert immediately wired his family who sent the $25 plus an additional $25 so he could return home. But through mishandling, the Leon County court never received the money.

Although prisoners sentenced to a year or more of labor were usually sent to the convict camps, a guard whisked Tabert away to the tiny community of Clara in Dixie County, 60 miles south of Tallahassee. He was assigned to the foreign-run Putnam Lumber Co.

At this camp, Tabert labored in the swamps cutting and clearing timber. He soon suffered from fevers, headaches and oozing sores. When he could no longer remain in the woods, Walter Higginbotham, the whipping boss, propped him up on his swollen feet and flogged him about 50 times with a 5-foot leather strap because Tabert failed to do his day's work.

Tabert begged for mercy, but he was so weak he could hardly talk. While he lay in his bunk unconscious, the company doctor examined him and left quinine, for what he diagnosed as "pernicious malaria." But Tabert died a little after 8 p.m. that night.

The Panama City Pilot detailed his story and death on Feb. 2, 1922, headlining the article as "Florida's disgrace." Tabert's family brought the death of their son to the attention of those in charge in Tallahassee. Newspapers all over the country covered the story. Higginbotham was tried for first-degree murder, but acquitted.

As a result of Tabert's death, Governor Cary Hardee signed bills which forbid the flogging of prisoners and outlawed the convict leasing system in Florida. The leasing system was not completely abolished until 1923.

Chapter Thirty-seven
The Rock Star and Lionel Trains

Suvalk, near the border of Russia and Poland, was a village whose inhabitants found it hard to survive; in one day alone, several Kantrowitz ancestors died of cholera, and so the family decided to leave, hoping to find a better future.

In London they opened a cap manufacturing business, but quickly found that the damp and cold climate of southern England did not agree with them. So from there it was on to New York for most of the Kantrowitzes. One arm of the family gave birth to nine children, of which the next to last, born in 1877, was christened Joshua. History and Christmas would best remember him by his middle name.

Young Joshua loved learning how things worked. He broke open the head of one of his sister's favorite dolls so he could see what made its eyes move. He was often truant from school, but because his family believed in education, they put him in the Peter Cooper Institute, and there the boy learned the basics of electricity. It was at that school that young Joshua invented the world's first electric doorbell; but his instructor told him, "Nothing will replace the knuckles for announcing one's arrival." As a result, young Joshua failed to apply for a patent.

He did exceptionally well at the Institute, then went to numerous colleges, but none really held his interest. So he became a tradesman at Henner and Anderson, an early manufacturer of dry cell batteries. Then on to the Acme Lamp Company, and in his spare time, he designed and patented a device for igniting photographic flash powder. That system worked so well that the U.S. Navy came calling and gave young Joshua an order for 24,000 foolproof mine detonators. Joshua was only 22 years of age when he filled that order; and in a day and time when explosive material was not tightly controlled, he had enough fulminate of mercury in his shop to blow up most of lower Manhattan. Of course, in those days, no one thought anything of it; so, because he was cautious, he survived filling the Navy's order to go on to bigger and better things.

Those things included starting his own company, using his middle name even though, by that time, Joshua had changed his last name of Cohen to the less Jewish-looking Cowen. His first invention for his new company was an electric fan, but fall had just arrived in New England, and his fans found little demand. Now, without a government contract and with no hope of selling even one electric fan, he went walking around New York.

He came across a toy store whose display window contained one of the more common Christ-

mas gifts for boys, a hand-carved wooden train set. It reminded Joshua of his first train set, one he had carved himself at seven. He remembered that he had even given his train a tiny steam engine for propulsion, although it had not worked very well.
The memory gave Joshua an idea, and he approached the storeowner with it: the store's window display would receive more attention from passersby, he believed, if it featured movement. Joshua planned to try putting the small motor from one of his electric fans into a toy train and operating it by electrical power. The storeowner agreed to let him try it and Joshua quickly built the train; and, although he had made it for display, not for sale, once placed in the window it was the first toy sold. The owner ordered more. And that was the start of the Lionel Train Company.

It may be hard to imagine today, but there once was a time in America when, more than anything else, a young boy hoped to receive an electric train set for Christmas. Most of that excitement they owed to the success of Joshua Lionel Cowen. What most people don't remember is why this was the must-have gift. The best Lionel trains were far beyond the financial reach of most parents, yet in spite of that, by 1921, Lionel trains were running in one million homes in America. Their story is marked by incredible success and tragic failure.

Changes came quickly at Lionel Co. Four years after starting his company, in 1904, Cowen hired Mario Caruso to operate his factory, and during the Great War Lionel filled orders for our navy for compasses, binnacles, and signal and navigation equipment. But it was the 1920s in which Lionel really came alive. That t was the company's Golden Age; its trains became even more elaborate and detailed - the passenger cars now had removable roofs. And then accessories were added, so young boys and their fathers could create entire cities and countrysides for their trains to run in. By 1928 the top-of-the-line Lionel train set cost one third of what it took to buy a new Model T. It was because of that exclusivity, expense and incredible detail that every young boy dreamed of owning a Lionel train set.
Then came the Great Depression.

By 1931 Lionel was losing $200,000 a year and the company was soon put into equity receivership, although Joshua Cowen did not lose control of his firm. Coming to the rescue was Walt Disney, who licensed Mickey and Minnie Mouse to Lionel to use on a $1 wind-up handcar with a small circular track. The price was right and in late 1934, Lionel sold 253,000 of these toys - and lost another 100,000 sales because they couldn't be built quickly enough. Because the toy was everywhere, it refocused the public's attention on Lionel and the company was saved. Just in time: In 1937 Lionel created its most enduring model, the famous steam locomotive, The Hudson. Price: $75, or what a new base Frigidaire cost that year.

During the Second World War, Lionel again produced goods for the military, but after that conflict ended it was back to trains. Now these O (for Original) scale trains had pellets that created realistic smoke and accessories that loaded milk and cattle onto the trains. By 1953 Lionel was America's largest toy company, employing 2,000 people and grossing $33 million. That year also marked the high point in the financial history of the company.

Why? Because something new, smaller and cheaper was on the horizon: HO (Half-Original) scale trains and electric racecars. Within a few years Lionel's business was cut in half. By 1958 its losses were almost $200,000 and the company was $1.2 million in the red. Joshua Cowen, now in his 80s, did the unthinkable: he sold all of his stock to his grandnephew, though his son was still running the company. And so the person who took control of Lionel Trains was Roy Cohn, the sinister and corrupt attorney best known as the legal advisor to Senator Joe McCarthy. Cohn completely destroyed what was left of Lionel, losing another $13.3 million by the time he was forced to resign five years later.

For the next decade, there was a fight for control of Lionel Trains. Finally, the rights to manufacture them using the Lionel name passed to a toy division of General Mills. The trains enjoyed a brief resurgence during the seventies, but in 1983 General Mills moved production to Mexico to save costs. That was a disaster, so the company came back to Michigan two years

later. (That may have been the first and only case of outsourced Mexican production coming back to America.) However, the Lionel Co. was still technically defunct - that is, until millionaire Michigan real estate investor Richard Kughn bought the company in 1986, determined to resurrect its storied past.
He didn't know it, but all he needed was help from one of the legends of rock and roll, a man who started collecting trains so he could spend quality time with his severely disabled son.

He received his first toy set when he was just a five-year-old boy living in Canada - not a Lionel system, but the much cheaper Marx electric train. Set up in his family's basement, which was prone to flooding, the train forced our future rock legend to learn quickly about the problems of uncontrolled electricity.

Decades later his own son, Ben, was born with severe cerebral palsy. While not on the road touring, the musician often walked the floor all night holding his son, trying to ease the child's pain. And during those late-night walks he started envisioning a super train system that he hoped he and his son could play with together one day. He had been successful in the sixties in music, maybe even more so in the seventies - and soon he became one of the great collectors of classic Lionel train sets.

He built a whole room of natural landscapes for the trains to operate in, using only real materials found on his northern California spread. By the early eighties he had one of the finest collections of classic Lionel trains in the world, but there was still a problem. As Ben grew, it was apparent that his disability was so severe that he could not even hold a simple electric controller to run that train system with his father. Instead of simply giving up, his famous father, a musician loved by an entire generation, decided to invent a control system that even his disabled son could use. It would be a paddle system; Ben could lean his head against it to move the trains forward, or move again to stop them. The controller was wireless, and so in time Ben could operate the entire antique Lionel train set almost by himself. The rocker also created devices that made realistic sounds for his son's system.

Finally, after years and years of trying to create something in which he and his disabled son could relate and together find a simple pleasure, he had succeeded. In fact, the rock star's new system for controlling Lionel Trains was so impressive that in 1992, Richard Kughn formed a new company with him to improve Lionel Trains even more; it would be called Liontech. However, in 1995, after owning Lionel Trains for almost a decade, Kughn decided it was time to sell; Marvin Davis, former head of Gulf and Western, purchased 75% of the company, but our rocker bought 20%.

Today Lionel Trains still exists, and although their catalog of trains is unbelievably impressive, on Christmas Day these days a boy is more likely to be hoping for a PlayStation or Wii game system than for an electric train set. The company continues to be plagued by financial problems and nasty lawsuits by competitors. But it is still an American classic toy, still capable of bringing smiles to the faces of older men everywhere as they reminisce about the Christmas, half a century or more ago, when they received their first Lionel train set.

Today the rock star and his son still play with their train set together. And you can buy that musician's invention for controlling trains; just look up TrainMaster on the Internet.
Oh, and what was the name of the rock and roll star? The man who never gave up on his disabled son, who created a new way to control Lionel trains, and who may be as responsible as anyone that this American classic still exists is Neil Young. He just wanted to bring Christmas to his son every day.

Chapter Thirty-eight
Southern Mothers in the Civil War

A touching letter, written to Virginia Governor John Letcher during the summer of 1863, read, in part: "I am a poor boy, the oldest of four children and I am only 15 years old. My father is in General Lee's army, my mother is in prison, and we are left to ourselves, dependent on my labor to support us. Four little children appeal to you for clemency and ask you for their sake and for their father's sake who is fighting for the country. My little sisters are 10, 7 and 2 years old. I sell newspapers to feed us. Do good, governor, and four little hearts will rise up and call you blessed. - Andrew Duke, Richmond, Virginia"

Andrew's mother had been imprisoned for taking part in a riot in Richmond, Virginia, on April 1, 1963. While the history of our Civil War has been told many times, the focus has always been on the battles, the gallantry of those who fought, and the horrendous losses our armies suffered in that conflict. But the war had many other victims, especially in the South. Suddenly those who hadn't gone to fight had to find ways for their families to survive the hardships that the war had brought. Much of this problem stemmed from the fact that families were much bigger in those days. When one of the few landowners was drafted into the conflict, his wife was forced either to take on all the responsibilities or to find employment, so that she could earn enough to pay for what the family needed.

Furthermore, when the conflict first started the South had no choice but to do what it called impressments - taking goods the Confederate Army needed from their original owners. Maybe it was a family's horses or mules, maybe their foodstuffs for winter. But, while these supplies were crucial if the Confederacy and its army were to survive, taking them from the families left behind made a bad situation worse. And many women in the South moved into open revolt against what was happening.

The first small rebellion took place in New Orleans, in July of 1861, just 90 days after the war had begun. It had started when, around the first of July that year, no fewer than 10,000 members of soldiers' families marched on the Major's office, demanding financial aid to buy food and pay their rent. Shortly thereafter, soldiers' wives marched on the Army depot in Barrow County, Georgia; and the next month 20 women, shouting, "Salt or blood!" did the same thing at the depot in Greensville, Alabama.

During the second winter of the war, in February of 1863, a band of renegade women in Bladen County, North Carolina, sent their governor a veiled threat. It read, in part, "The time has come that we the common people has to have bread or blood, and we are bound both men and women to have it or die in the attempt." Shortly thereafter, the supply depot in Bladenboro was robbed of six sacks of corn and one of rice.

Yes, fear and anger were growing across the South. By spring more and more women had grown desperate to keep their families alive; women took to carrying axes and storming depots most everywhere. In March that year, 50 women broke into the depot in Salisbury, North Carolina; when the agent tried to stop them, he quickly decided that his life was more valuable. The women made off with hundreds of pounds of goods. Two weeks later, it happened in Guildford County.

In April it was Mobile, Alabama's turn for public dissent. Dozens of women marched through town carrying their axes and signs that read "Bread or Blood," "Bread and Peace." In Atlanta, 12 women robbed a store on White Hall Street of 200 pounds of bacon. It had been selling for a dollar a pound - far more than anyone but plantation owners could afford to pay at the time. One Augusta, Georgia, newspaper editorialized that the women of the South were turning into Amazonian warriors, although that article also pointed out that rarely did any violence take place during these robberies and protests.

The problem was the plantation owners. Exempt from duty in the Confederate Army, still growing cotton because the price had jumped 1200% - and still shipping that cotton to

the textile mills in New England, with Lincoln's approval - they didn't need or want to grow foodstuffs for the population or the army, and so they didn't. At the height of the spring riots in 1863, therefore, the Confederate Congress passed a resolution urging planters to switch crops, to help ease the suffering of the people. But it carried no force of law and was roundly ignored - a fact which would lead the Atlanta newspapers to voice the editorial opinion that "Most wealthy folks continue to carry their patriotism in their pocket book."

Of course, there was another opinion or two to the story. John Davis of Miller County in North Carolina, writing on how women continued to steal his sheep's wool, dismissed out of hand the suggestion that these women were driven to theft because of their circumstances. Instead he postulated that they were not needy at all - that it was their nature to steal, and they were acting just as they always had.

The pace of events was about to pick up.

In the spring of 1864 women broke into numerous stores in Savannah: A.F. Mira on Whitaker Street, John Gilliland on Congress, W & R McIntire's place on Saint Julian and the Stroups' store on Bryan. Mr. McIntire, who understood where this was going, offered the women sugar and rice if they just wouldn't trash the place. The other shopkeepers didn't do much to appease the women, with predictable results. The ringleaders were identified and arrested by Sheriff Cole, but by that point popular sympathy was with the women and their situation, so none were prosecuted.

However, the women were getting bolder. They hit a blockade runner's ship in Wilmington, North Carolina, and stripped it bare. And Texas wasn't immune, either: Crowds marched on the Confederate commander's home in Galveston, and there were small riots in Waco. Up the road in Sherman, on one day 125 armed women took what they wanted from the city's merchants.

Even though the public knew what was driving the desperate women to these extremes, the press continued to print other perspectives on the issue. In Georgia, one editor wrote that the rioters were "little more than loafers, vagrants and loose women, using the pretext of the war to justify their theft." The Richmond Examiner said these women weren't even Southerners, but "prostitutes, professional thieves, Irish and Yankee hogs, gallows birds from all lands but our own."

Some weren't fooled; one editor for the Athens, Georgia, Southern Watchman wrote that the blame lay with self-interested moneymen, the planters and speculators, who cared more for profit than patriotism. He added, "In the name of our beloved country, in the name of outraged humanity, in the name of that religion they profess or reverence, in the name of the God they pretend to fear, we call upon these men to change their policy before it shall be too late." Didn't do any good. No one listened, and the riots kept right on happening.

At that point the war was nearly over. The worst of the riots had already happened - in the Confederate capital of Richmond, in April of 1863. The women had little chance of employment; their husbands were off to war, and food prices and rents were inflating by the day - and yet a couple of days earlier the Richmond city council had refused even a small increase in aid for the city's poorest families.

And so, on April 2nd, a hundred or so women met at the Oregon Hill Baptist Church to talk about how they and their families could possibly survive the war. One fiery speaker, March Jackson, rose and told how the Confederate forces had taken their stock and food through impressments. Then she summed up by saying that if local merchants would not sell their goods at prices average people could afford, it was the women's duty to take it for free - and by force, if necessary. The next day hundreds of women assembled at Capital Square and headed out toward the business district. By the time they got there the crowd had grown to over a thousand women, who smashed down doors to business establishments, took what they needed,

and threatened to kill merchants who got in their way.

Needless to say, Governor Letcher panicked. He ordered Richmond's Home Guard to assemble and shoot the women if they refused to disband. To their credit, the Home Guard refused that order. So, fire hoses were turned on the women instead, but that didn't work. Finally, Jefferson Davis himself showed up, threw what money he had on him at the women, and ordered them to disperse, or he would have them shot. Most of the women fled, but a few were caught, including Mary Duke.

And it was Mary Duke's 15-year-old son who had written the letter to Governor Letcher, pleading for his mother's release from prison, as he had become the sole support of his three young sisters. It was Andrew who wrote, "Four little children appeal to you clemency and ask you for their sake and their father's sake, who is fighting for the country." And he finished it with the line, "Do good, Governor, and four little hearts will rise up and call you blessed."

The day after the Richmond riots, local papers and telegraph offices were ordered not to print or transmit one word of what had taken place the day before. The Richmond Dispatch obediently carried a front-page story on the private sufferings of those living in the North.

As for young Andrew Duke? Governor Letcher quietly pardoned Mary Duke after she'd spent three months in jail. He sent her home on July 1, 1863.

Chapter Thirty-nine
Oil Facts

We recently read with interest about the newest multibillion-dollar oil pipeline: It will transport oil from the Caucasus Region, including the formerly Russian-controlled Baku Oilfields, through several countries, eventually delivering that oil to a Turkish port for shipment to Europe. That Caucasus oil will satisfy much of Europe's demand for oil that the Middle East now supplies.

The Baku Oilfields play a huge part in Russian history. They also prove that the world's thirst for oil over the last 120 years has often been the cause of serious political problems.

Count Sergei Witte was the Czar's finance minister from 1892 to 1903. And unlike most of his counterparts in the Czar's Cabinet, Witte was among the few intelligent individuals attempting to steer the Russian economy in the right direction. About the only problem he encountered was the fact that the Russian government was riddled with corrupt individuals, who were not only prejudiced against outsiders but almost completely incompetent as a group. Heading the list of those in the running for Most Incompetent Person In Russia was the Czar. In 1903, the Minister of the Interior admitted to Witte that Czar Nicholas' reign had already become one of the biggest failures in Russian history - and this was before he lost Russia's navy in a war with Japan.

Still, Russia did have one strong source of revenue: the Baku Oilfields. And that region topped the list for Russia's most poorly run enterprise. Witte wanted to improve the workers' lot there, but hardliners in the Czar's inner circle would hear nothing of it, for fear that improving the laborers' lives there would spread across Russia and reduce the substantial rate of return on their own personal businesses. Well, things were about to spread out of that region and engulf Russia, all right. Because workers at Baku, as at other oil towns near the Caspian Sea, were often sent there without their families, forced to work 14-hour days, seven days a week and for most weeks of the year, they put in two more hours of compulsory labor in order

to keep the oil flowing.
Baku became the place where the Soviet Revolution was born.

Under the Tatar quarter of the city was a huge cellar that stretched almost an entire city block, called the Nina. And here is where a huge printing operation published the revolutionary newspaper, the Iskra, which was the outlet for Vladimir Lenin's ideas for his country. When Baku oil was distributed across Russia, Lenin's paper went along with it, helping to inflame the peasants against the Czar's rule.

Then in 1901 came a leader of the oil peasant worker class; he called himself Koba, which is Turkish for "indomitable." It would be Koba who led the first workers' strike in the oilfields in 1903, which led to the first general strike across Russia. So, with his empire coming apart at the seams, the Czar did what many other leaders have done to re-unite the different classes in his country: he started a war. This one, with Japan, ended in total defeat and marked the beginning of the end of the reign of Czars. Koba was arrested for his part in the strike, and later changed his name to Joseph Stalin. You know the rest of his history from there.

Throughout the 1800s, Russia and England were involved in what history has named The Great Game - that century's version of the Cold War. By the turn of the last century, The Great Game had centered on one country: Persia. Lord Curzon, the British viceroy in India, said of this region, "Persia is one of the pieces on a chessboard upon which is being played out a game for the domination of the world."

The reason was simple: oil had been bubbling out of the ground for centuries, although its early use was often just to seal the wood for boats. But in 1889, famed newsman Julius de Reuter negotiated a concession for oil exploration with Persian officials; he didn't find much, but by the 1890s geologists in France had become interested in his research and believed that Persia held great potential for oil discoveries. Russian officials had suspected it a decade earlier, and that's why in 1885, Russia had - yes, invaded Afghanistan. The British took the invasion to mean that Russia was moving on Afghanistan first, then would go on to invade the Middle East, which the Brits believed would upset their dominance of the region. But in fact, even at that early date, the Russian navy simply wanted to control the Persian Gulf.

Of course, 94 years later Russia again invaded Afghanistan, which we took as their first move on the Persian Gulf Region; only we declared our intent to control the area with our military before they got there. Just to cut the Russians off like the British did 120 years ago. The British did a reasonable job of blocking Russian ambition; on May 28, 1901, the British minister to Persia, Sir Arthur Hardinge, managed to tie up the oil concessions in Persia by signing an agreement with Shah Muzaffar al-Din.

In retaliation, Russia tried to build an oil pipeline from the Baku Oilfields to the Persian Gulf, to ship Russian oil overseas easily. But there was a real problem in Persia, now known as Iran: Sir Arthur would write about the problems between the Shia and Sunnis in that area that the Shia Mullahs and Ayatollahs were fairly radical in their conservative brand of Islam, fighting the Shah's political decisions and openly showing a hatred of Sunnis, Christians and Jews. Another British oil company's representative would write, "The Persian Mullahs in the North are exciting the population as much as they can against the immigration of foreigners, so the real fight is now between the Shah and the Mullahs for the control of public affairs." Well, now you know this battle started in 1901, with the Iranian Shia Mullahs winning control of the country some 78 years later. Still, you get the drift; today's events are either a virtual replay of events from 100 years ago, or the continuation of a 100-year war that actually has never ended.

Don't like the price of gas today, or the cost of your electricity? The last full winter of the First World War, 1917 to 1918, was one of the most brutal on record in Europe. Because of the war's demand for oil, and because the number of cars on American roads doubled between 1916 and 1918, oil and gas started getting scarce here in America. That's why our government started calling for "Gasless Sundays" and allowed only emergency vehicles to fill up on the Sab-

bath. President Woodrow Wilson told the nation that he was now walking to church instead of driving.

The winter was so severe that in January of 1918 our government ordered all factories east of the Mississippi to close for one week, to free up supplies of oil and coal for England: the Brits were in worse shape than we were, owing to the war. Inmates died of frostbite in their prisons, the wealthy had no way to heat their homes, orphanages ran out of heating fuel completely and the British government was forced to close all factories on Mondays. All hell broke loose, and as a result gasoline prices soared in our country.

But, as bad as England had it, Germany has never had its own homegrown oil patch. So, after the fall of Czar Nicholas in 1917 during the First World War, German General Ludendorff was ordered to seize the Russian oil fields at Baku. Ludendorff coordinated the attack using the Turkish military of the Ottoman Empire; Germany's primary contribution was to cut a deal with the new Bolshevik government to "try and constrain" the Turks once they reached Baku - the Germans only wanted the oil from the region. Well, the British beat them to Baku, stayed a month, and left; and the Turkish army came marching in. That started the bloodbath, because the Bolsheviks in Baku weren't about to give a drop of oil to either Germany or the Turks. A bloodbath commenced in March of 1918, and the local Muslim population decided to start killing every Armenian they could find in the region. A bloodbath over oil, but too late to save Germany in that war.

Later, 10 days after the Armistice was signed, in London at the Lancaster House a meeting of the Inter-Allied Petroleum Conference convened. Here Lord Curzon delivered his often-quoted line, "The Allies floated to victory on a wave of oil." He never mentioned that many British citizens had died from the cold during the previous winter for lack of said oil. However, the French minister of petroleum, Berenger, was persuasive when he said, "As oil has been the blood of war, so it will be the blood of peace. At this hour, at the beginning of the peace, our civilian population, our industries, our commerce and our farmers are all calling for more oil, always more oil, for more gasoline, always more gasoline." Then the French minister yelled, in English, "More oil, ever more oil!"

You've seen the movie, Patton, but have you ever wondered why in the world the Germans were fighting in North Africa? Why did we decide to fight them there when simply entering Europe and moving toward Berlin could have won the war? Oil.

At the time of the North African campaign, oil hadn't been discovered there. It would be another 15 years before Libya and Algeria's oilfields were discovered. But General Rommel headed the southern part of the German oil campaign, known as Operation Blau. Now, you've probably heard of Operation Barbarosa, which was the primary German invasion of Russia, but Operation Blau was the secondary invasion designed to capture, you guessed it, the Baku Oilfields in Russia. General Rommel was to hold the British Forces in North Africa, while protecting the failing Italian Army, thereby blocking Allied Movement through the Middle East that could stop the German Northern Army moving toward Baku. Additionally, Rommel's full orders included moving through the Middle East with the final objective of taking control of the Baku oil fields from the south. That's why the British cut off his route in North Africa and Patton's army finished it off.

So, Communism in Russia stemmed from their oil fields; Russia invades Afghanistan in 1885 to stop the Europeans from controlling the Middle East; conservative Mullahs in Iran fight outsiders and the Shah in 1901; and in both the First and Second World War the first and last battles fought were to stop the belligerents from grabbing the oil in this region. And today you hear that all of these problems are brand new, never happened before in history.
In fact, absolutely nothing has changed, with one exception. At least today when we complain about the price of gas and oil, we don't freeze to death in the winter for lack of it.

Chapter Forty
The New York Draft Riots

Captain Charles E. Jenkins, Provost Marshall for the Ninth Congressional District, stood up in front of the crowd of New Yorkers on July 11, a Saturday morning, read his instructions from the President of the United States to the gathered crowd, and instructed his assistant to reach into a barrel and draw out a name. The name drawn was that of William Jones, of 46th Street near 10th Ave.

Jones, who was in the crowd, took it in stride; he had been the first New Yorker drafted into the Union Army that July morning in 1863. Thirty-six hours later, the New York Draft Riots would start. Before they ended in bloody conflict, more than 1,000 people would be killed. And the Union Army's diversion from Gettysburg to quell the uprising probably extended the Civil War.

New York already had its problems before the start of the first draft in American history. The population stood over 800,000, many living in dire poverty in the Five Points district, mostly the newly arrived Irish. In fact, tens of thousands of immigrant children walked the streets barefoot, winter and summer, to steal to survive or just join in on acts of violence against those deemed to be their oppressors.

In the year before, 1862, crime in New York had been so bad that fully 80,000 individuals, 10% of the population, had been arrested. And New Yorkers prided themselves on their independence. Their police force in the 1840s had smart new police uniforms, looking like Britain's Bobbies - which was an affront to the newly arrived Irish. After numerous attacks, the police would wear nothing more than ordinary clothes and a copper star for identification. And from that we get the term, "copper" or "cop," still in use today.

Charles Dickens toured the Five Points area in that period and called the New York slums far worse than Whitechapel, the Seven Dials or any of London's other notorious rookeries.

Finally, making matters worse was the fact that the citizens of New York were for the most part opposed to the Civil War. They believed that Southern states had every right to secede from the Union.

With the war going badly, the administration desperately needed to conscript, or draft, new recruits for the Union Army. So in March of 1863, the Enrollment and Conscription Act was ramrodded through Congress.

As they would the Vietnam conflict a century later, many Americans refused to participate in the Civil War, believing it totally unjust. Inflaming those passions, the Enrollment and Conscription Act allowed anyone who had been drafted to pay $300 and substitute another man in his place. Which meant the Irish poor of New York would be forced to fight, while the rich men's sons up on Broadway could simply buy their way out of the fray.

The other problem was that Lincoln had already produced his Emancipation Proclamation. Suddenly even those fighting to save the Union now

felt they were dying for the black man - and that wasn't something many of them were willing to sacrifice their lives for.

The names for draft were drawn that Saturday morning without much protest, but the Irish of the Five Points then spent the weekend drinking heavily, complaining of their lot in life, their third-class citizenship, and being forcibly turned into cannon fodder for the Union Army.

Forget those who were drafted; even volunteers at the time were taken off to war in leg irons, for fear they would change their minds and desert before the first battle.

That first weekend, the gangs of New York attacked black men they found in the open. By dawn on Monday, thousands would take to the streets in the largest riot ever in New York. The gangs had many names, the Plug Uglies, the Shirt Tails, the Roach Guards, the Dead Rabbits and the Bowery Boys among others. One of their first targets was John Kennedy, the New York Chief of Police; his beating at the mob's hands would keep him from commanding his force that week.

The mob grew so fast that by 10 o'clock in the morning it was ten to fifteen thousand strong; they cut the telegraph wires between the police stations, isolating the city's law enforcement. Office windows were broken up and down Broadway, and a local armory was looted for weapons and then burned to the ground. And at first, the only thing that stood between the mob and total anarchy would be the meager New York Police department.

And they fought bravely, armed with only their nightsticks and the knowledge that they were protecting the citizens of the city. When the police and mobs met in battle, typically it was the Irish who lost, many killed by the police's flying batons and left dead in the streets. The mobs would retreat momentarily, and later come back for their dead.

The Colored Orphan Asylum at 43rd and 44th was located and sacked, although most of the children were hauled out through the back door just moments before the mob hit the front door. One young girl hid under her bed, but the mob heard her frightened sobbing and killed her.

At other times New York cops would turn a corner to find black men hung from lamp-posts by the mob, their punishment for Lincoln's war to free them. Other black men were found, taken to the tops of buildings and thrown over, some set afire first.

New York's mayor telegraphed Secretary of War Edwin Stanton, saying his city was in a state of siege; and all this happened in the first 12 hours of the riot.

Naturally, there were already some military men in and around New York, Colonel H.J. O'Brien gathered up the Eleventh New York Volunteers, along with their 6-lb. cannons; within hours a confrontation between the mob and the Colonel had him opening fire on the crowd with the cannons - and yet they kept coming. He was forced to retreat for the time being; later that night on returning home, O'Brien found that members of the mob had recognized and followed him. He was killed just a few feet short of his front door.

Well-to-do families fled the city in their carriages, fearful for their own lives, but also knowing their children would never have to serve; they could afford the $300 to keep them out of military service.

By now the Governor had arrived and called the city council into special session. Much of the city was in flames and no one knew just how many had been killed; the Governor pleaded with Catholic Archbishop John Hughes to speak with the mob, send them home. The reasoning was that the mob wouldn't listen to our President, but maybe they would listen to the Catholic Church. The Archbishop refused to intervene.

At the end of the second day, Secretary Stanton ordered five regiments

to leave the battlefield at Gettysburg and restore order to New York. Now, had those men been allowed to chase the remnants of the Confederate Army out of Gettysburg, it is conceivable that the war might have ended later that year. However, on that day, losing New York City to the mob was deemed more important. For two more days, New York was under fire from its own citizens.

When the army arrived, more battles were fought. The police, many of whom hadn't slept in days, continued fighting the mob with the reinforcements, and finally it was over.
The dead would number more than 1,000. The damages in today's dollars would be in the hundreds of millions. And, although history remembers the police and the army as the saviors of New York, nothing close to that is the truth: New York had been saved by its city council. Remember, New Yorkers were vocal in their opposition to Lincoln's war and to the draft - and they were certainly against the part of the law that allowed the wealthy to buy their way out of serving in the military.

So, the city council voted $2.5 million in funds for the Irish poor, so they too could buy their way out of military service. It was later raised to $3.4 million; if they were drafted now, the poor could apply to the city of New York and they would pay to excuse them from service. With the publication of the council's ruling, the riot was over.

New York would have the world's worst slums for the next 70 years. The Irish would be distrusted for just as long. Political cartoonist Thomas Nast could never draw an Irishman without giving him sly and brutishly simian features; and the fact that the Catholic Church wouldn't intervene created a wave of anti-Catholicism that lasted until another John Kennedy was elected President in 1960. Interviews with the mob took the term "copper" nationwide.
So, why is it that this part of American history is rarely taught, glossed over in books, given at best a paragraph?
Because it ruins the romance of the Civil War. Makes it less noble, tells how Northerners refused to fight to free blacks, informs us of the New York slums, and points out that New Yorkers hated Lincoln's war. Moreover, no one likes the fact that it wasn't the army that saved the day, but a city council that defied Washington and spent millions to save their city.
But it's an important story nonetheless: the week that a mob rioting against the draft almost burned New York City to the ground.

Chapter Forty-one
Pakistan, November 20, 1979

It appeared to be just another large group of mourners, slowly bearing several caskets into Mecca's holy Grand Mosque in the predawn hours of November 20, 1979. Nothing unusual about that; many Muslims mourned their losses there. But this morning's ceremony was like none before in Saudi Arabia. No sooner had these bereaved set their caskets down inside the holy walls than they proceeded to open the caskets' lids - and take out hand grenades and assault rifles. The holiest site in the Muslim world had been hijacked by Juhayman al-Utaybi. Formerly a member of Saudi Arabia's National Guard, al-Utaybi had convinced his group of 200 that his brother-in-law, Mohammed Abdullah al-Qahtani, was in fact the Savior, returned to earth to purify and save the Islamic faith from decades of pollution. The determined al-Utaybi quickly chained shut the gates to the mosque, taking thousands of worshippers hostage. And then he made known his demands: Television, radio and soccer had to go. When the imam rejected them, the slaughter of the innocent began.

Back in Washington, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance cabled our embassies worldwide to take all due precautions. As the crisis in Mecca continued to unfold, the Voice of America radio system broadcast what little news was available across Central Asia and the Middle East. The story reported was that President Jimmy Carter had ordered U.S. Navy vessels into the Indian Ocean as a show of strength against the attackers inside the mosque in Mecca. But there was more to it than that. Just two weeks earlier, student fundamentalists had overrun our em-

bassy in Tehran. The eyes of our nation had already been drawn toward the problematic effects of revolution in the Middle East. The question came up in every conversation: when would it end?

The problems caused by the assault on the mosque spawned other problems. The most radical Islamic groups simply could not be made to believe the news: There was just no way that a Saudi malcontent, his followers and a false savior had stormed the mosque at Mecca. So, when the information came that the U.S. Navy was deploying in nearby waters, vicious rumors started to spread that in fact the Americans and Israelis were behind the tragedy unfolding in Saudi Arabia. Nowhere was this rumor more widely repeated than in Pakistan, where exactly 29 days earlier, General Mohammed Zia ul-Haq had publicly proclaimed that he would make the government of Pakistan Islamic.

On the afternoon of November 21, 1979, William Putscher- one of the 150 or so American embassy workers, CIA agents, Marines and administrators posted to Pakistan - was enjoying a hot dog by the swimming pool of the 32-acre American embassy in Islamabad when he heard the rioters breaking into the grounds. He heard voices screaming, “Carter Dog” and “Kill the Americans!” The 32-year-old was the first to be taken captive, but not before a brick was thrown into his face and his valuables taken from him. Promising him that he would be tried for crimes against the Islamic Movement, his captors tied him up and took him to the local university.

On the third floor of the embassy, CIA case officers Gary Schroen and Bob Lessard were busily trying to burn the most sensitive documents, realizing the station’s security sector would soon be breached. How large an attack it was they did not know, but the British Embassy, across the street, would later put the number of rioters at more than 15,000. Our CIA boss in Islamabad had gone home for lunch. So had our Ambassador to Pakistan, Arthur Hummel; only the day before, the ambassador had dismissed Cyrus Vance’s warnings about potential trouble arising from the situation in Mecca.

The rioters poured in by the busloads, many carrying Enfield rifles, others raising pistols. Then, when one Pakistani student fired his sidearm at the lock on the front gate, the bullet ricocheted into the crowd behind him. Most of the rioters mistakenly thought they were being fired on from the roof of the embassy by Marine guards.

Nothing could have been farther from the truth. Our embassy guards are permitted to fire only to save lives under direct attack, and so far the few rifle shots hadn’t been directed toward the guards. But that would change just three minutes later.

Master Gunnery Sergeant Lloyd Miller, a Vietnam veteran, was watching busload after busload of rioters arrive and spread out in front of his station when he heard the guards on the roof start shouting: Marine Corporal Stephen Crowley, who was only 20, had been hit and was badly wounded. Embassy personnel, crouching over his body, lifted Crowley onto a large piece of plywood and carried him toward the stairs and what they believed would be a safer location. Crowley stood a chance of survival, but only if he could be gotten to a hospital, fast. It was now 1 p.m.; the riot had been going on for an hour, yet there’d been no sign of either the local police or the Pakistani military, whose base was just a few miles away.

A few years before this, in Iran the students at Tehran’s local university had begun trying their best to keep up with the West. Girls started wearing the latest styles in blue jeans and walked with boys whose modern haircuts flopped over their Ray-Ban sunglasses. Clearly, at least some of the next generation of young Iranians wanted to be more worldly in their outlook than they had been raised to be. But then, earlier in 1979, the student wing of Jamaat-e-Islami, a conservative splinter group, had all but taken over the university. And, because their mission was the same as General Zia’s plan, to turn Pakistan into a strict Islamic state, the jeans and sunglasses vanished. After the attack

their conservatism turned militant, because this group believed America had probably helped cause the problems in Mecca.
In a way, we had.

The First Energy Crisis had started a steady rise in the price of oil, and American dollars had been flooding into Middle Eastern countries by the trillions, making them rich beyond their wildest dreams in a very short time. But, while many oil-producing nations had put that money to work modernizing their countries, they had also counterbalanced this progress. In response to complaints that the Middle East was becoming too Westernized, they donated billions to Islamic causes and charities. It was those charities that would fund the small percentage of schools that teach hate; these schools produced students intent on moving the culture back hundreds of years - and their training manifested itself in the full-scale attack on our embassy.

From Washington's viewpoint, this ongoing militant zealotry in Tehran and Mecca was just as problematic as the assault in Pakistan - and that was an extremely complex problem, for we had just discovered that Pakistan was working toward creating nuclear weapons. That CIA station in our embassy was an important part of our national presence in Pakistan, and now the staff inside was wondering whether anyone would survive. A distress call was sent out to the Pakistani military; at the time, the senior officers were out bike riding with General Zia. Gary Schroen and a young Marine found they had no time to destroy any more classified material; after being shot at and barely missed, they grabbed a few weapons, rounded up the other workers and headed for the protection of the vault on the third floor. By 2 p.m. that day 139 embassy workers had crowded inside the vault. That's when an encrypted FLASH message was sent to Washington: The United States Embassy in Islamabad was under full-scale assault.

The mob had already set fire to our embassy and vehicles, but Master Gunnery Sergeant Miller continued to hold his post in the lobby. He constantly requested permission to return fire, which was denied.

There were a few Pakistani heroes on our side that day. One local police officer, running into the mob that was kidnapping Americans from their residences, told the crowd he would escort the infidels to their mock trial - and then drove them to safety. Instructors at the American university fought off the rioters trying to take our people from that location.
Finally, a few miles away the Pakistani military saw the smoke from the fires at our embassy. At 4 p.m. they dispatched a helicopter, which hovered over our compound and then flew away, radioing back to the base that no one could have survived. General Zia on hearing that news, decided ... to do nothing. If everyone was dead, then let the riot disperse on its own.
Inside the embassy things were getting more desperate. Now the besieged staffers came to believe that their only hope of escape lay in breaking through a hatch in the ceiling and getting out on the roof. It was now almost nightfall; and with the embassy on fire and everyone presumed dead, the rioters started leaving for home and the university. Gunny Miller finally made it through to the roof of the embassy. There he found one student, who saw Miller's weapon and screamed, "Friend, friend!" Inside the student's pocket was a book, Who's Who in the CIA.

General Zia called President Carter to express his condolences for the loss of life. Pakistan's Ambassador to the U.S. told the media that only the quick response of Pakistan's military had prevented complete disaster.

Corporal Crowley had died of his wounds; rioters had also killed two Pakistani embassy employees, and later Airman Brian Ellis was found dead in his apartment. On Friday, a Pan Am flight took 309 embassy employees out of Pakistan; most of its personnel survived that assault, but our embassy lay in ruins. Had events gone just a little differently, we could have lost everyone that day in Islamabad.

The next day Saudi military forces attacked their Grand Mosque in Mecca and freed the hostages that the radical 200 hadn't killed. To this day, Saudi Arabia has never disclosed how many lives were lost, but intelligence analysts say it was in the hundreds. And the Kingdom got the message. Women's hair salons were banned, female news anchors were dismissed at TV and radio stations, and Saudi women were forbidden to get an education overseas.

Gary Schroen, the CIA officer, needed to meet with his contacts in the city to find what had motivated the attack. All the embassy cars had been burned, but he found a jeep owned by the university and made his rounds. When university officials came to the burnt-out shell of our embassy and demanded the return of their jeep, Schroen, still furious over the attack, responded by driving the vehicle to a nearby river and sinking it.

Today, when you think about the events of 1979, you may remember the taking of our people in Iran, or the Second Energy Crisis. But no one seems to remember that event in Pakistan, which almost triggered a war with all of Central Asia. The same people who attacked the embassy supported Osama Bin Laden and the Taliban - and, sadly, they did it with our help. You might have thought, after the attack on our embassy, that the experience would have taught us better. But since it didn't, that assault was the first step on the way to September 11, 2001.

Chapter Forty-two
Pelley and the Silver Storm

He was just a kid really, barely into his teenage years at the turn of the last century, when he was forced to drop out of school and take a job in a New England toilet paper factory in order to help his family survive. And yet in time, William Dudley Pelley would go on to become one of America's greatest short story writers. The man who helped launch the careers of Tom Mix and Lon Chaney by being one of Hollywood's best screenwriters actually became a household name during the Depression. Yet today, his name is wiped out of the pages of American History for all time, all because he accidentally told a truth the government didn't want told. Oh, and he happened to be a Fascist.

Pelley had been born in Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1890, his father an itinerant Methodist preacher and his family's poverty almost unendurable. However, his father managed to instill in his son both a strong sense of their uncontaminated British blood and the concept of free will. None of that could alter the fact that he was working in a toilet paper factory, but young William Pelley loved to read. He became a mostly self-educated man.

By the time he was 18 he had gone from making toilet paper to reporting for a local newspaper. Then came the job at the Boston Globe, and then work as editor for many New England publications; and then Pelley started writing short stories for some of the nation's most prestigious weekly magazines. In time, Pelley would write more than 100 articles for Collier's, the Saturday Evening Post, and American Magazine. In 1918, a story Pelley wrote about Christian self-sacrifice was mentioned as one of the best short stories of the year.

Moreover, this career led to his being offered screenwriting jobs for both MGM and Universal Studios, so in 1917 he set off to Hollywood. There he would write for Hoot Gibson, Lon Chaney, and Tom Mix, among others. He started writing novels about the joys of small town life in America. He was almost the Garrison Keillor of his age; in his films the good guys always won and vanquished evil - and the virtues of community in America knew no bounds. William Dudley Pelley was selected for Who's Who in America.

However, not everything was perfect in his life. He hated the money scene that was the Hollywood studio system. His first wife left him. And by 1925, some believed he was coming apart at the seams.

Then, while hiding out from reality at his Sierra Madre mountain cabin in 1927, Pelley claimed to have had an out-of-body experience, which he turned into an article for American Magazine: "Seven Minutes in Eternity." Ten million Americans would read that story. That was it for Pelley; he finished the screenplay for a 1929 Hoot Gibson movie and then left Hollywood

for Asheville, North Carolina. There he purchased a printing press and started writing some of the most bizarre stories of his life, including “The Great Migration of Souls to This Planet.”
He created Galahad College, where one could get a correspondence degree in Spiritual Eugenics or Cosmic Mathematics. But even that would not be what made him famous. On January 30, 1933, Adolph Hitler was appointed Chancellor of Germany; and the very next day, William Dudley Pelley formed the Silver Legion of America. Its sole purpose was bringing Fascism to this country - by restoring the Constitution created by our forefathers.

Pelley knew exactly what ailed America in the Great Depression: It was a worldwide Jewish conspiracy to take over the Christian nations of the world. He started publishing a magazine, Liberation, in which he claimed the Great Depression had been caused by Jews in order to move us to Communism. Within a year Liberation had more than 50,000 subscribers. At least 15,000 other Americans were card-carrying members of his Silver Shirts, who wore uniforms designed to make them look just like Hitler’s SS troopers in Germany.

Suddenly, it appeared as if Pelley might actually be dangerous to America. Articles in Harper’s and the New Republic pointed out the threat of his fascist movement. Pelley went on nationwide radio with his bizarre ideas, claiming that Hitler was simply trying to set up a United States of Europe and get rid of trade tariffs and racial prejudices. When pressed about his own anti-Semitism, he claimed he would never treat the Jews as they were being dealt with in Germany - but he would force each state to create one city where all of the Jews in that region would have to live.
Also he hated Roosevelt.

Pelley told his followers never to use violence to get control of their local political machinery. For the most part they followed his instructions, but in Salt Lake City a suspected Communist was taken outside of town and beaten nearly to death.
In 1935 Pelley started to campaign for the Presidency with the slogan, “for Christ and Constitution,” while proclaiming the time had come for an American Hitler. He was allowed on the ballot in only one state, Washington, where he received only 1,800 votes out of 700,000.

By 1940, the Dies Committee, the forerunner of the House Committee on Un-American Activities had investigated Pelley’s Silver Shirts. The Committee concluded that Pelley’s was “the largest, best financed and certainly, the best published of these groups.”

Yes, Pelley’s American Fascist Movement was a clear and present danger, made worse by the fact that in the late thirties most knew that the world was going to slide into war. And on this point Pelley’s pro-Hitler movement appeared to have the same motives as other isolationist groups, such as America First. Roosevelt, who could not abide the least opposition or criticism, had had enough of these groups. He wanted them silenced, but Attorney General Francis Biddle could find no legal reason for their arrest and incarceration.

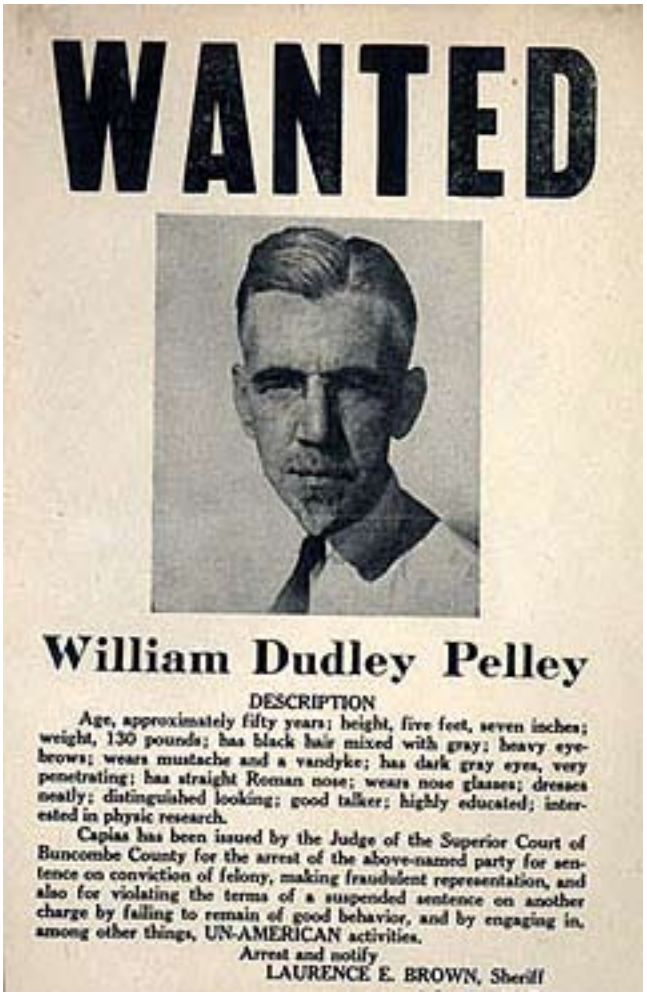
That would change on December 7, 1941. In a time when America had been attacked, even William Pelley understood that his followers’ marching around in their storm trooper outfits was not going to be tolerated. So he disbanded the organization, moved to Noblesville, Indiana, and started two new magazines. One, Roll Call, was his undoing. For in the March 1942 issue, Pelley wrote that Roosevelt had embargoed American oil to Japan in July of the previous year to destroy the Japanese economy and force them into war with us. He also wrote that at Pearl Harbor, the Japanese had nearly destroyed our naval fleet. Quoting that article: “Japanese bombers made Pearl Harbor look like an abandoned WPA project in Keokuk.”
Roosevelt ordered Biddle to indict Pelley as a seditionist under the Espionage Act of 1917.

The trial started in July of 1942 in Indianapolis. Pelley’s government-provided attorneys set a new standard for incompetence, once even referring to him in front of the jury as Mr. Hitler. Seven days later Pelley had been convicted and sentenced to 15 years in prison for his writings. The U.S. Court of Appeals upheld his conviction.

It is impossible to know or even understand how someone raised in a poor but devout household, considered a top reporter and once hailed as a brilliant writer of stories on the

joy of life in America, could become the nation's most famous purveyor of hatred and anti-Semitism. But, even though he spent eight years trying to bring fascism to this country by emulating Hitler's Germany and telling millions of the virtues to be gained if we destroyed our system of government, William Dudley Pelley's conviction brings up a point: How far does our government go to protect our First Amendment right of free speech? Certainly Pelley was as despicable as they come during his reign of hate in the thirties and early forties, but that's not why he was arrested and jailed. Roosevelt had him arrested for claiming that the President had cut the Japanese off from our oil to force them to fight, and for writing that the Japanese pilots had all but destroyed our naval fleet at Pearl.

No matter how much we might hate what Pelley stood for, how could he have been convicted of a treasonous act just for saying something - much less for saying two things that every American knows today are true about World War II? It's because in March of 1942 no American knew the real story. That surprises people today, but back then we had no satellites, no tourists' minicam or cell phone footage - and no civilian news service in Hawaii capable of uncensored reporting on the carnage.


WANTED
William Dudley Pelley
DESCRIPTION
Age, approximately fifty years; height, five feet, seven inches; weight, 130 pounds; has black hair mixed with gray; heavy eyebrows; wears mustache and a vandyke; has dark gray eyes, very penetrating; has straight Roman nose; wears nose glasses; dresses neatly; distinguished looking; good talker; highly educated; interested in physic research.
Capias has been issued by the Judge of the Superior Court of Buncombe County for the arrest of the above-named party for sentence on conviction of felony, making fraudulent representation, and also for violating the terms of a suspended sentence on another charge by failing to remain of good behavior, and by engaging in, among other things, UN-AMERICAN activities.
Arrest and notify
LAURENCE E. BROWN, Sheriff

So, while most Americans were furious about Japan's attack on Pearl, no one knew yet how bad it really had been. What the public had been told was that only one old battleship and a destroyer had been sunk. We were also told that our forces had inflicted serious losses on the Japanese that day. When he returned from Pearl and held a press conference, even our own Secretary of the Navy, William Knox, stated that only the Arizona had been lost, that the Oklahoma had capsized but could be righted. FDR and his Cabinet knew, certainly, but ordinary Americans never knew the real truth, the complete horror of what happened on December 7, 1941, at Pearl Harbor until after the war was over. We just knew it was "a day that would live in infamy."

The state considered William Dudley Pelley an enemy of the state - not for seditious libel, but because he had accidentally written a truth Washington did not want revealed. Proving that even nuts sometimes get the story right, and it's contrary to what our government is telling us.

By 1949 Pelley's family had raised enough money to appeal his court case again. By then the government knew that it could never get a second conviction; everyone knew the truth about Pearl Harbor, so imprisoning a man for having told the truth when it had happened might not have the same positive effect as it had years earlier.

As a condition of his release, Pelley agreed never to get involved in any political situation again. He went home to Indiana and immediately broke that promise. He died in 1965, still believing in conspiracies.

William Dudley Pelley was influential and considered the most dangerous man in America during the Depression. Yet because he was convicted under a shameful, unconstitutional law for printing something that was true, he's been wiped out of our history books and replaced

by the less threatening German American Bund political movement of the thirties, which was nowhere near as dangerous.

Pelley's story holds a lesson for all of us: Even dangerous nuts are only treated as threats to our government when they accidentally get a story right that makes the government look bad.

Chapter Forty-three
Pocahontas, or Brave Lady #4

It's one of the most enduring love stories from American history, the day that Captain John Smith was about to be executed by Powhatan, but his daughter Pocahontas threw herself across the good English Captain's back, saving his life. For 200 years everyone in America knew that story - that is, until Henry Adams, grandson of John Quincy Adams, started throwing cold water on it.

It didn't matter much that the story might not have ever happened; after all, today we're still teaching the original version. But Adams had a point: John Smith had already written two books about his time in America before he published his General History of Virginia, New England and the Summer Isles in 1624, and in the first two books there'd been not a word about Pocahontas saving his life. More to the point, by 1624 all the other witnesses in Jamestown (and Pocahontas, for that matter) were already dead, so there wasn't anyone to dispute the story. Finally, after Smith returned to England he was almost penniless and recovering from a long illness. Whatever money he could make writing, he needed, and this story featured a famous personage; Pocahontas had actually lived in England after this story was alleged to have happened, and she had been treated like royalty.
In fact, this whole story from the first days of the English in America is just too strange.

We should start at the beginning. Captain John Smith was only 27 when he came to America. Yet he had already distinguished himself militarily, fighting in both the Dutch Wars and the Near East. So, in December of 1606, when King James sent out three ships for the New World with just three instructions - find gold, find a passage to the South Seas, and figure out where the lost colony of Roanoke had disappeared to - it sounded like great fun to Smith.
It wasn't; 45 of the travelers died on the way here. Worse, jealous rivals for power clapped Smith in chains on the voyage, and it was only when they opened the Royal message upon landing that they found Smith was to be on the group's council of leaders.

Things weren't so bad at first. The weather was mild and the local Indians caused no real problems. But in the group that had been assembled to settle Jamestown, few of the individual members had ever done an honest day's work in their lives. No, they had come along hoping to stumble onto their fortunes, like that gold the King had ordered found. Or the lost colonists, or the South Seas passage.

Nor did they care much for learning to farm - or for doing anything else that seemed like it might involve breaking a sweat. Pretty worthless, really; in fact, it got so bad that, during the short period Smith was governor of Jamestown, he was forced to impose martial law. It was even a capital offense to miss church three times.

And then in December of 1607, Captain John Smith set off with a trading party, canoeing up the Chickahominy River - where he was captured by the braves of Chief Powhatan. You know that part of the story from our history books: Smith was draped over a tree trunk and was about to have his head crushed when Pocahontas threw herself over him, pleading with her father for mercy and so on.
Amazing stuff, considering that Pocahontas was only 11 years old at the time.

Well, Smith went back to Jamestown, was seriously injured in a gunpowder explosion and was sent back to England.

In the winter of 1609 the Little Ice Age still gripped the world in icy talons. Harsh to say the least, this winter was when our good forefathers took to cannibalism to survive. One man even killed his wife and lived off her remains all winter long. Hundreds of settlers had still been alive as the winter set in, but by the time the next group of settlers showed up in May of 1610 only 60 Jamestown residents were still breathing.

In this last group that arrived was one John Rolfe, who had learned to smoke while living in London. Unlike the first group, whose lazy members had only recently given up on finding gold, Rolfe immediately set to work to become a tobacco farmer. When he found that the local tobacco was horrible, Rolfe managed to get his hands on tobacco seed smuggled from the Spanish colonies in South America. And he did make a go of it; in fact, Rolfe is more responsible for America's tobacco industry than the local Indians in this country, who introduced Europeans to the weed in the first place.

So Rolfe takes to farming; John Smith is back in England, penniless; and the problems with the Indians get worse - so bad that some of the settlers kidnap Pocahontas. They intend to hold her hostage toward some type of peace agreement, and it is while she's imprisoned that John Rolfe meets her. While in jail, Pocahontas gets daily Bible lessons, converts to Christianity, and in 1614 marries John Rolfe. That is also the first year that the new American tobacco is shipped back to England; two years later, Rolfe is asked to return to England as part of a group, to discuss things that are successful in the colony. He takes his 18-year-old wife Pocahontas, now called the Christian name of Rebecca, with him.

Back in England, King James chastises Rolfe on his marriage, but not because it is interracial. It seems that in order to make peace with the Indians of the area, King James has made Powhatan, Pocahontas' father, King of Virginia. Therefore, King Powhatan's princess daughter, Rebecca is actually nobility - so Rolfe, who is a mere commoner, has married far out of his class. Worse yet, if King Powhatan died, that would make John Rolfe King of Virginia; King James doesn't care for that idea at all. In fact, the only thing that kept Mr. and Mrs. Rolfe together was that London swiftly fell in love with the young, beautiful and intelligent Pocahontas.

In England the two had a son, Thomas; he was quite sickly, so when John and Rebecca returned to America he stayed behind in England. Then she became ill on the voyage, probably a sickness contracted in London to which she had no natural immunity, and died on Gravesend. Pocahontas was only 22 years of age, and we have lost the place of her burial.
Rolfe remarried and it is believed that he died in the Indian Massacre of 1622, aged 37. His son by Pocahontas, Thomas, came to America in 1635, at 20; his grandfather, Chief Powhatan, King of Virginia, had died in 1618, but had left his grandson thousands of acres in Virginia.

Back to Captain John Smith: did Pocahontas save his life or not?

Bear in mind that Smith didn't talk or write about that day until 1624, when no one else who had been there still lived to call him a liar. He'd written two other books about his time in Virginia, and neither one mentioned it. He had written a letter to Queen Anne in 1616 recounting the event, but Pocahontas, who was on her way to England at the time, didn't confirm it - and one would think it might have made great press for her.

But here's the real problem with believing it: Captain John Smith had also written and published memoirs of his other military adventures from before his time in America. In all, four

times he was close to being done in by his enemies and four times beautiful women saved his life.

Captured by the Turks in Hungary and made a slave in Constantinople, Smith is saved by Lady Tragabigzanda, famed for her beauty. She sends him to her brother, where he escapes. Then a Russian garrison holds him, but the Lady Callamata takes pity on him. Then he's captured by pirates, but the beauteous Madam Canoyes assists him in his escape.

So you see, Pocahontas was just "Lady who Saved John Smith's Life No. Four," but at 11 she was certainly the youngest. Notice that she did not appear in a lifesaving role until after she became royalty, but that is how we best remember her - whether it happened or not.

We do know this: Pocahontas didn't hang out with John Smith while she was in London, although they did meet once.

And who knows? Maybe John Smith was such a good catch that women regularly put their lives in peril to help him escape slavery or certain death. But four times?

Believe it or not, historians still debate this story. Some say it absolutely is true, others say no way - and neither side has anything more than speculation to go on.

Chapter Forty-four
Love Thine Enemy: The German POWs of WWII

If someone told you that during the Second World War the United States government allowed 425,000 German men from Europe to come and work in our industries, would you believe them?

Moreover, what if that person told you the reason we needed to allow so many German boys into America was to help fill the critical labor shortage caused by the war, because so many of our boys had gone overseas? Germans from Europe imported to do American jobs because our boys were over in Europe fighting Germany? Sounds crazy, doesn't it?

But all of it is true. And surprisingly, at the peak of the Second World War, one out of every 173 jobs in this country was being performed by a captured German soldier.

By now you may have guessed that what we are talking about is the German prisoners of war brought to America during the conflict. What most people don't realize is that by the war's end, close to half a million POWs were here, and without their help the war might not have come out in our favor. Most certainly, our personal hardships and sacrifice would have been much worse had those German men not been here

It all started in August of 1942, when Britain informed Washington that there was no way England could accommodate any more German prisoners of war taken during battle. At first Washington resisted taking any German soldiers; after all, a huge public relations campaign that galvanized American sentiment against the people of Germany and Hitler's army had been the only way we could get so many young men to enlist - and get others to sacrifice their lifestyles so we'd have enough goods to fight a war.

Now Britain was crying for help with the POWs, and we as a nation were forced to alleviate their

problem. That August, in 1942, we accepted 50,000 German prisoners, but the floodgates were about to open. Within two years 400,000 German soldiers called America their home.
That November the North Africa campaign began, and still more German prisoners were shipped to the United States. Before it was over they would be encamped at 155 stations across America. Close to half of those captured came right here to Texas.

Today on a Sunday morning you may wake up and enjoy jogging or biking around White Rock Lake. But as you come to Whitney Point, you'll see the spot where Camp White Rock once stood; that's where 300 German soldiers, who worked during the day in Dallas, bunked at night. Kaufman, Mexia, Mineral Wells - all around us, the area was full of German soldiers. In time we'd accept them as our own.

Washington decided early on that the 1929 Geneva Agreement allowed us to put those captured soldiers to work in our industries, to fill job vacancies created by our boys' joining the Armed Forces. So, with a large potential labor force on hand, Washington invited business groups and chambers of commerce across the country to petition for hands from that group. Demand at first wasn't high; most Americans weren't all that keen on having German soldiers around, even if they were helping keep our factories open.

And of course the German soldiers resisted working, believing that it was nothing more than forced slavery. But help came our way from the most unlikely source: the German government. That's right; through the International Red Cross the Nazi government informed its soldiers in America that it was their duty to take any assignment our government gave them. That did the trick.

Then again, at about that time companies and farmers who'd had limited use of German soldiers were already bragging about what great workers they were.

During the conflict German soldiers worked on military bases, often as mechanics. They were used in meatpacking, mining and the lumber industry; and here in Texas they chopped cotton, burned prickly pear spines off, plowed, fixed fence and did almost any other chore that needed doing on a farm or ranch. Those German soldiers also worked on our railroads, until labor unions convinced the government that that wasn't the wisest move; the trains were vital to national security.

Of course it was the common soldiers doing all the work. Officers, by the Geneva Convention, were exempted from manual labor but still received a monthly salary from our government: German lieutenants got $20 a month, Captains, $30, and Majors through Generals received $40 a month - which in turn helped keep our economy going. In Mexia, German officers alone bought $50 a day worth of plants from local florists to decorate their barracks.
Sure, it was estimated that 20% of the 400,000 were hardcore Nazis; in time they were separated from the apolitical or anti-Nazi soldiers and isolated in remote camps. But for the most part, those German soldiers were decent and hardworking individuals.
And yes, there were a few escapes - by about 1,036 of the enlisted. But they were mostly found wandering around nearby, admiring the scenery.
German officers were another story. They were trusted so much that the majority of them received what was

called “camp parole.” They were free to roam the countryside on just their word that they would return to camp, and every last one of them returned at the time promised. In general, the German soldiers were so well disciplined that often only one guard could take out and oversee 100 or so of them out on work duties.

The Germans’ treatment was good, if not downright excellent. Certainly there were Texans who had lost a loved one in the European War and didn’t care for having German soldiers living and working nearby. Many complained to Washington about how well fed the Germans were, or about the amenities they were given. But Washington knew what it was doing: Word of how well we were treating Germany’s soldiers went straight back to Berlin by the Red Cross. In turn, our soldiers in their hands often received better treatment than other nations’ boys did.

After the German soldiers were put into factories, industries, and farms across the country, we started giving them an education. It was basic schooling, but those classes held for German prisoners were of such quality that just before D Day, the German military sent a letter to all POWs here, telling them that those American classes would count toward their college entrance back in the Fatherland once the war was over. Can you imagine that? Germany’s military leadership taking time out of their war to let their captive soldiers here know that college was waiting for them back home, thanks to us?

Then again, some wouldn’t wait for the war to end. Many German soldiers took correspondence courses from American universities while they were held as prisoners. The University of Maine, Syracuse, Johns Hopkins, and the like had many German soldiers enrolled; all told, 103 of our universities had POWs on their enrollment lists.

But as all wars do, the Second World War finally ended. And many of the German POWs had made many friends here in the States. Lloyd Yelverton, from Kaufman, said, “They were just the best bunch of boys you ever saw in your life. You enjoyed being around them. The Kaufman Ladies’ Club even threw a farewell dance for them.”

Other German POWs donated the money they’d saved to the American Red Cross. The residents of one POW camp wrote a letter to Washington to express their personal sorrow at FDR’s passing.

It would take more than two years - until June 30, 1947 - before the last German prisoner of war was sent home. Turns out that Washington had real problems getting more than 400,000 Germans on boats for Europe. Then too, we purposely kept some back; we still had a labor shortage.

True, it hadn’t been all sunshine and light for German POWs in America. A few were killed in escape attempts, and some were killed by virulent Nazis in their camps. But by far most had simply gone to work and helped us win the war - and strong ties couldn’t be broken so easily. When Heinz Koppius was sent back to his home, in a part of Germany that Russia now controlled, John Lane and his family from Kaufman sent him food parcels on a regular basis. Heinz wrote them in 1949, “Without your latest food parcel, I would not, perhaps, remain alive.

“I always think of the happy time I spent in the Land of Plenty, the USA, and of the kindness of your family. I would be blessed if once more I could be one of the hands on your Texas farm.”

As the years passed, letters from Germans trapped behind the Iron Curtain dwindled down to none. To this day, no one knows what happened to many friends who ended up in East Germany. Hans Sembach wrote the Dallas Morning News, “My finest period of war imprisonment was spent near you at Camp White Rock. For me Texas is unforgettable, I want back in old Texas, and I can work.”

In June of 1983, 300 of the former prisoners at Camp Mexia held a reunion in Heidelberg; they signed dozens of photos of themselves and mailed them back to their favorite people in town.

Twelve years earlier, in 1971, Walter Littman, Karl Janisch, and Werner Richter had come back to Mexia. They had been made honorary citizens and given a key to the city by the Mayor.

Maybe the most touching story of friendships made was that of Heinrich Matthias. After the war he became a successful banker in Germany, but he longed to once again visit the American friends he had made in Kaufman during the war. So in 1966 he flew to Dallas and took a bus for the short drive out to Kaufman, and as he passed the city limit sign Matthias looked up from his bus seat to see that over half of Kaufman's citizens had lined the streets of the town to welcome back their friend and former POW after his 20-year absence. Happy tears spilling, Matthias got off the bus and was enfolded in homecoming hugs.

400,000 German soldiers. We imprisoned them, educated them, fed them, paid them, and put them to work, and across America they helped us win the Second World War. And in turn, simple contact with the enemy turned into lifelong friendships that last to this day.
It's the most forgotten story of the Second World War, and one of the few wholeheartedly happy endings.

Chapter Forty-five
The Foreign Terrorists You Don't Remember

Imagine, if you will, waking up one morning to find that America has been infiltrated; a large number of terrorist sleeper cells have finally come out of the shadows to launch a reign of violence. Within just a few years' time, they come close to assassinating the President of the United States and they break into Congress, opening fire with automatic weapons and wounding numerous politicians. They set off bombs in Macy's, the Sears Tower, Gimbel's, Exxon, Chase Bank, Lord & Taylor, and a crowded, popular restaurant in the finance district in New York at lunch hour - and in 116 other prominent places of business. Because these terrorists are furious with officials in their own country for openly dealing with America, they blow up refineries - and then they notify our government that our nuclear facilities are next. A note is found listing the 100 top executives in America, all targeted for execution. And to prove that even our military can't stop them, these foreign terrorists assassinate members of our armed services, invade one of our air bases and destroy nine fighter jets in nine minutes.
In all, so many terrorist attacks they can't be counted, but the bombings of American businesses total at least 120 in nine years.

Does that sound like our future? How about if it's in our past? That's right: All of this has already happened, and in our lifetime, right here in America. So, why is it that all we can think about is Al Qaeda? America has been bombed 120 times, Congressmen seriously wounded and one American President almost assassinated, and you don't give that a second thought?
Welcome to the nation's selective memory, laid bare by the Backside of American History.

It all started, as so many such issues did, during our first overseas war with Spain, in 1898. When the U.S. and allies defeated the Spanish Empire over 100 years ago, Cuba, Guam, the Philippines and Puerto Rico all came under American influence. Obviously, we lost what political control we had over Cuba when Castro came to power; and our influence in the Philippines was greatly reduced years ago. Yet, while attacks in both those countries did occur against American citizens over the years, only Puerto Ricans brought the battle to U.S. soil.

As in other countries we had taken over, Puerto Rican public officials had tied their economic fortunes to our own - though not usually in those ways that were the most financially rewarding for the local population. Certainly, our officials had claimed that the purpose of the war was to free the oppressed in those countries from the tyrannical rule of Spain, but "only with our guidance to teach them the intricacies of democracy" could they flourish; in time, of course, we would allow them full self rule. However, in the 1920s - two decades after that war had ended - many Puerto Ricans believed they were more than capable of running their internal affairs without any more guidance from us. At that point, under the leadership of Pedro Albizu Campos, came the rise of the National Party of Puerto Rico.

Like all nationalist movements (whether against us or against European powers because

of their Colonial alliances), Puerto Rico's Nationalist Party stated as one of its positions, "no longer willing to be dominated or polluted by American culture," while attacking us as Imperialists and demanding an end to American corporations' exploiting the island's people. These positions certainly had some validity. But the Nationalist Party had no real support among the people of Puerto Rico; in the 1932 elections their candidates received only 2% of the vote.

Two decades later, 55 years after we had run Spain off, Puerto Rico did vote to become a Commonwealth under our protection. Now, in the years between 1932 and 1952 more Puerto Rican citizens had become convinced that their future lay in a separatist movement; but, of those living on the island, 90% preferred the arrangements already set up with our nation. Possibly one key reason was that so many Puerto Ricans had emigrated to America; most families had relations in the U.S.

Yet there were island-born people living here who still wanted complete and full sovereignty for their native country and felt the only way to achieve those ideals was through terrorism. Two such individuals and followers of Pedro Campos, Oscar Collazo and Griselio Torresola, decided that the best way to strike fear into the hearts of all Americans was to assassinate then-president Harry Truman. And, since the White House was being renovated at the time, the Trumans were living across the street at Blair House. The two would-be assassins felt this would be the best possible place for an attack: Blair House, they believed, was not nearly as well guarded as the official residence.
It was guarded well enough against their like.

On the afternoon of November 1, 1950, President Truman was awakened from an afternoon nap by the sound of gunfire; 30 shots had left two men dead and three more wounded outside his temporary home. The event was played down at the time; the media reported that President Truman had been in no real danger. That was untrue; notice had been noisily served and quietly received that foreign-based terrorism had come to America.
Of course, this was 1950. A couple of angry Puerto Ricans attempting to assassinate our president was treated little differently than any ordinary crime. At the time most were more concerned about the threat of international communism and the Soviet Union, so the story quietly faded away.

But it came back to life four years later, on March 1, 1954. That's when four Puerto Rican nationalists found their way into the gallery in Congress, in session at the time with 240 members in attendance. This group too managed to get off 30 shots, wounding five, one seriously - all the while shouting, "Free Puerto Rico!"

Again our government's response was moderate; the law did little more that day than arrest the four involved, who had been led by a 34-year-old woman, Lolita Lebron. All were tried and sentenced, and America's everyday anxiety quickly refocused on international communism. Understandably, investigations were conducted to find other members of this conspiracy in America - sleeper cells that might someday awaken- but none could be located.

None, that is, for two more decades. By 1974 it was believed that at least seven Puerto Rican terrorist organizations existed; Fuerzas Armandas Liberacion Nacional was the most infamous group. Better known as the FALN, over a 10-year span the group managed 130 bombings right here in the U.S. On one memorable day - October 26, 1974 - the FALN firebombed five New York City banks. In their deadliest attack, the bombing of Wall Street favorite the Fraunces Tavern during lunch hour one day in 1975, they killed four and injured 63 more,

and they didn't stop there. That same year they attacked an oil refinery in their own country, putting it out of commission for some time.

Within the first year after their attacks on America, Juan Gonzales of the Daily News wrote an article that's equally pertinent today. Discussing the FALN and their tactics, Gonzalez wrote, "They're definitely considered people who believed in a cause and were willing to sacrifice themselves and unfortunately others, to achieve that cause."

Only now there was a second active group, armed commandos calling themselves CRIA. Starting in 1977, they bombed 20 locations, including FBI offices in New York and Newark, New Jersey.

In 1979 yet another group, the Macheteros, or Cane Cutters, bombed six government office buildings and military installations in Puerto Rico and Chicago. Two months later they ambushed a Navy bus, killing two sailors and wounding 10. Acting on a tip, Jersey City police raided an abandoned apartment on April 8, 1980, and found a list of 100 American executives marked for execution by the FALN. Then in January of 1981, the FALN hit our Muniz Air National Guard Base on Puerto Rico, destroying nine of our fighter jets in just minutes.

Remember, most of these incidents happened in our lifetime: 120 - 130 bombings in America which killed people and wounded many more, and another 260 acts of violence in Puerto Rico. Where was the public outcry? Did you even know that terrorists had tried to kill Truman, had opened fire on Congress, or had bombed a popular Wall Street restaurant and many department stores, FBI offices, military installations and public buildings? On average, 14 attacks a year - in this country - and all forgotten?

No wonder we think foreign terrorism in America started with 9/11.

Today many believe that the mindset of Al Qaeda is the mindset of the entire Middle East; but not only did we ignore a similar group terrorizing us for Puerto Rican independence, but even as recently as 20 years ago we didn't take it out on every person in Puerto Rico.

In 1979 President Jimmy Carter pardoned the four terrorists we had imprisoned for firing on Congress 25 years earlier; in her home country, Lolita Lebron is still considered a national heroine. Congress did not put up metal detectors until 1976, 22 years after that attack.

In 1999 President Bill Clinton granted clemency to 12 members of the terrorist groups from the seventies, giving them their freedom in exchange for their promise that they would no longer see each other or plot against our nation. Dan Burton, chairman of the House committee investigating that clemency, was furious; he prophesied that Clinton's actions would embolden other terrorists. He was wrong; the attacks are now a hazy memory if they're remembered at all.

However, Filiberto Ojeda, who had headed the Cane Cutter group that ambushed a Navy bus and stormed our National Guard base, remained one of the FBI's 10 Most Wanted for the rest of his life. Long past the anger of his youth and his violent ways, the 72-year-old Ojeda was living peacefully in his hometown when, on September 23, 2005, federal agents tracked him down at his home. When the FBI stormed the property, 100 shots were fired; Ojeda, wounded in the battle, passed away that night for lack of medical attention.

This story offers several morals:

1. America went through a long and violent period of foreign terrorist attacks in our lifetime, and absolutely none of us remember it.

2. Those attacks were the result of a war that had ended seven decades earlier. Who knows

what is coming in our future?
3. We are still catching up with the ringleaders 25 years after their last attacks. And ...
4. Never underestimate the memory of those who don't like us. We may forget quickly; others pass their hatred on, generation after generation.

Chapter Forty-six
RFK

The clear, cool autumn day in McLean, Virginia, was so fine that Robert brought a business associate home for lunch, and they ate their clam chowder and tuna sandwiches at a table by the pool. The pleasant day turned bleak at 1:45, however; Robert's wife Ethel brought him a call with tense eyes and slightly hurried steps; it was FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover. Hoover was cold and blunt: "I have news for you: the President's been shot." Twenty minutes later Hoover called back and said simply, "The President's dead," and hung up. And those few abrupt, emotionless words are how Bobby Kennedy found out that his brother, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, had been assassinated in Dallas. Afterward Bobby often told friends that it had seemed to him that Hoover almost enjoyed telling him that news.

Robert Francis Kennedy and his brother, the President, were extra-ordinarily close; with that relationship and as the U.S. Attorney General, Bobby had a high public profile. Yet, while the world still debates everything known about what happened in Dealey Plaza on November 22, 1963, few know the events in Bobby Kennedy's life that day.

As one would expect, Bobby spent much of that day fighting to think clearly and act effectively; despite his grief for his beloved Jack, he had to put together the puzzle of how the President had so easily been killed. Bobby's business lunch partner that day, U.S. Attorney Robert Morgenthau, went to the television to start analyzing the news out of Dallas. Bobby ran upstairs and called Kenny O'Donnell, a former classmate at Harvard and the only other man JFK trusted to protect the Presidency.

O'Donnell was at Dallas' Parkland Hospital with JFK, but no one could locate him; Bobby settled for speaking to Secret Service Agent Clint Hill, the one agent who, ignoring an order to stay in place, had sprung into action on that day. Running in a split-second reaction and launching himself onto the back of Kennedy's limousine, he had pushed Jackie back into the car and covered both Kennedys with his own body.

To this day, no one knows what Clint Hill told Bobby Kennedy that day, but those around him at home in McLean noticed that his mood visibly darkened. We do know that later Bobby did reach and speak to O'Donnell, to White House aide and fellow Bostonian Dave Powers, and to numerous Secret Service Agents assigned to the President in Dallas, and they all said the same thing: John Kennedy and the motorcade were caught in a crossfire. As Powers went on to tell Kennedy, they felt they were "riding into an ambush."

Within the hour, the Kennedy clan had begun to gather at Bobby and Ethel's home. Edwin Guthman, the PR person for the Justice Department, drove over to help out. By the time he got there, Bobby had already started coming to the conclusion that people dark and sinister within the United States government had conspired to kill his brother in Dallas. With some of his closest friends surrounding him, someone dared to say aloud what everyone feared: the killings that day might not be over. Bobby Kennedy too might be targeted that day.

Fairfax County police had already come to his home to provide security for the family, but Kennedy knew they would need something more substantial if a threat to him or his family actually existed. Normally, the Attorney General would either call on the FBI or the Secret Service for protection; but that day Bobby Kennedy didn't trust either agency.

Instead he called his friend Jim McShane, the Chief U.S. Marshal. McShane had started his career serving as a tough Irish cop in New York and had worked with Bobby as an investigator during the Senate Rackets Hearings of the 50s. He had saved Martin Luther King, Jr.

from a howling mob in 1961, and McShane had formed the line that allowed James Meredith to enter the University of Mississippi the next year. Bobby Kennedy knew that if anyone would put himself and his people in harm's way to protect Bobby's family, it would be U.S. Marshal McShane.

Secure inside his home, Bobby was working through everyone and every organization that might have been involved in his brother's killing. The first parties that came to his mind were the hardliners in our national security apparatus - particularly those inside the CIA. John Kennedy felt they had seriously misled him on the Bay of Pigs affair, and as President, he had promised to overhaul the agency.

In fact, Bobby's second call that day, after talking with Clint Hill in Dallas, was to the CIA. No one knows whom he talked to, but everyone in the room heard him demand at top voice of that official, "Did your outfit have anything to do with this horror?" Bobby knew that the CIA had hired the Mafia to help them deal with Fidel Castro in Cuba, and many of the mobsters had been targets of his Senate investigations. A little mutual back-scratching would have had benefits even had the Mafia and the CIA not both hated the Kennedys.

But across town and having lunch was the new CIA director, John McCone, and upon hearing the news he drove immediately over to Kennedy's house. The two men went outside and again Bobby Kennedy asked whether the CIA had been involved in his brother's murder. McCone assured him that the CIA was not involved. While Bobby Kennedy took him at his word, he also knew that the directors of the CIA were political appointees, and not always aware of everything the CIA was doing in black ops. But Kennedy did accept McCone's word that day; for his part, within a day or two CIA Director McCone came to believe that there had been at least two gunmen in Dallas.

November 22nd had already been a busy day for Bobby. Just before breaking for lunch he had been working on the prosecution of Sam Giancana for political corruption. The phone call he'd been expecting at lunch would have meant there had been a jury verdict in New Orleans on Carlos Marcello's deportation case; and in Nashville, Bobby's investigators were working on a jury tampering case involving Jimmy Hoffa.

Bobby knew the score within hours; he called Julius Draznin with the National Labor Relations Board in Chicago and told him to look into any possible Mafia involvement in his brother's murder. He called Walter Sheridan; the former FBI man had been one of his investigators during the Racketeering hearings and was now a Justice Department investigator. Sheridan was Bobby's point man in Nashville, awaiting Hoffa's trial; now Bobby Kennedy put him in charge of a new project with one line: "Find out who killed the President."

But then, as if all the pieces of the puzzle had hit him, Bobby Kennedy made one more phone call. Enrique Ruiz Williams was stunned when his friend Bobby told him, "Enrique, one of your guys did it!"

Enrique Williams was one of the veterans of the Bay of Pigs operation. He had been wounded and captured in Cuba and had served time there before being freed in the negotiations. And though most Cuban exiles hated John Kennedy for not sending in the U.S. military to overthrow Castro when their invasion was failing, Williams was Bobby's closest ally in the Cuban community after that debacle. Moreover, Kennedy wasn't accusing his friend: he was making a statement of the conclusion his mind had reached, that one or more people Enrique knew from the Bay of Pigs had been involved in the assassination.

Presently Bobby Kennedy was linking Lee Harvey Oswald with the anti-Castro movement, but he didn't know why. However, numerous Bay of Pigs veterans, starting with Angelo Murgado, had told Bobby Kennedy that many in their movement had talked about murdering President JFK. Later J. Edgar Hoover called again and informed Kennedy that Oswald had been shuttled in and out of Cuba numerous times. The FBI director made a small play to convince Kennedy that somehow Oswald was a Cuban agent. Bobby Kennedy didn't buy it.

Besides, Hoover knew Oswald wasn't a big player: One of the most famous enigmas of the assassination has been the released FBI document proving that Hoover was well aware of

the name Lee Harvey Oswald from years earlier. Someone had been using Lee Harvey Oswald's passport to buy a fleet of Ford trucks from a dealer in New Orleans, telling the salesperson those vehicles would be used in a Free Cuba military campaign. The only problem with that was that at that moment, Oswald had been in Russia. To this day, it has never been explained how Oswald's passport, which he surrendered to our embassy in Moscow, could have been used in an attempt to buy Ford trucks in New Orleans.

Surrounded only by those he trusted the most, Bobby Kennedy, the Attorney General of the United States, had started putting the pieces together quickly. His research suggested that some individuals in the CIA had been involved; moreover, Kennedy believed that the complete conspiracy would be found to include certain members of the Mafia and likely those involved in the anti-Castro movement. He didn't believe anything that Hoover was telling him about Lee Harvey Oswald, and he already knew that with his brother gone, even though he was still the Attorney General of the United States, he now had no power whatsoever to investigate, much less prosecute the murder.

A friend of mine, who lived in Boston and was involved in labor there five decades ago, knew the Kennedy family. He had nothing but kind things to say about John Kennedy and absolutely nothing good to say about Bobby. I can't even say on air how he described RFK; suffice it to say that it was Bobby's self-righteous, single-minded, almost puritanical pursuit of justice at any cost that probably didn't endear him to others. However, that mindset is probably why John Kennedy had made his younger brother guardian of the dark side of Washington power in those days. And because Bobby was the gatekeeper, he knew better than anyone how little control our civilian government had over some of our agencies.

Dusk was starting to fall, so Bobby and his PR person drove to the Pentagon. There they were joined by Robert McNamara, Secretary of Defense, and General Maxwell Taylor, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The three men boarded a helicopter for Andrews Air Force Base, and there they awaited Air Force One.

On board the Presidential jet, Kenny O'Donnell was in the back with Jackie Kennedy, and both were downing scotch after scotch; Jackie had never had scotch in her life, yet the alcohol seemed to have no effect on either of them that day. Realizing she was in shock from her husband's murder and seeing that Jackie was still wearing the blood-soaked pink Chanel suit she'd had on in Dallas, White House Physician Admiral George Burkley suggested quietly that the former First Lady might want to change before they landed at Andrews. "No," she snapped. "Let them see what they've done."

When Air Force One rolled to a halt Bobby shot onto the plane, brushing past LBJ to find Jackie. He, O'Donnell and Jackie said they would unload the coffin, but military officers ignored their request.

On the ride to Bethesda, Jackie spoke for 20 minutes, telling Bobby Kennedy the events of the day as best she could recall them. Kennedy slid open the window in the ambulance and asked Secret Service Agent Roy Kellerman what he had witnessed in Dallas; Kellerman said he would tell him once they had gotten to the hospital.

Kellerman was soft spoken, but later that night he told Bobby Kennedy that he did not believe there'd been only one gunman in Dealey Plaza that day. Later he stood by that position before the Warren Commission; quoting his testimony, "There have got to be more than three shots, gentlemen, because a flurry of shells flew into the vehicle." After his death, his widow June said that he had believed JFK's assassination a conspiracy until his dying day.

James Rowley, head of the Secret Service, also found Bobby that night. Rowley said it appeared there had been at least three, possibly four gunmen in Dallas and that the president had been the victim of a powerful organization. However, months later, Rowley told the Warren Commission that he believed Oswald was the lone gunman.

If there is one thing that is absolutely certain about that night, it is that three inexperienced military pathologists, working under the command of high-ranking officers, were allowed

to perform the autopsy on Kennedy. Even Admiral Burkley, Kennedy's personal physician, was banished from the morgue's operating theater. The conclusions those pathologists reached that night would contradict what doctors in Dallas had seen and even the death certificate Dr. Burkley had signed earlier that day. Further, Dr. Burkley was never called to testify in front of the Warren Commission, never questioned by the Secret Service or the FBI. The death certificate he signed in Dallas was admitted into the official record. But it is worth noting that, after 19 years of silence, in 1982 Admiral George Burkley publicly stated, "Kennedy's death was part of a conspiracy."

A few years later Bobby's brother-in-law, Peter Lawford, told a friend that Bobby told the family that weekend that there had been a conspiracy, most likely out of our own government's anti-Castro operations. And there was nothing they could do about it: They no longer controlled the government - and whoever had done this was a formidable enemy, well hidden within Washington.

That Sunday Jack Ruby killed Lee Harvey Oswald; Agnes Meyer, the mother of Washington Post publisher Katherine Graham, asked a friend, "What is this, some kind of goddamn banana republic?" Former President Eisenhower wondered the same thing, telling friends it reminded him of how he felt, during a tour in Haiti in the 1930s, when he found out that two-thirds of their leaders had been killed in office.

Realizing that Oswald's assassination wasn't a coincidence, Bobby called Walter Sheridan again and told him to find out about Ruby's background. On November 24, within hours of Oswald's killing, Sheridan had already turned up the fact that Ruby had been paid off in Chicago by Allan Dorfman, an associate of Jimmy Hoffa.

Three days later Julius Draznin, a federal labor lawyer Bobby had asked to look at mob connections in his brother's killing, submitted his report on Ruby. Bobby Kennedy said when he saw Jack Ruby's phone records, it looked like a "Who's Who" of all the individuals he had called in front of his Senate Organized Crime Committee. Bobby called Secret Service Agent Clint Hill again.

This time Hill told Kennedy what truly bothered him about that day in Dallas.

One, the Secret Service had picked an unsafe route for the President, culminating in the sharp right turn in Dealey Plaza.

Two, there were no Secret Service agents on the running boards of the presidential limousine, nor on the back: the order given by higher-ups had been to stay off the President's car.

Three, when the first shot rang out his superior, Emery Roberts, had told him to stand down. A disbelieving Clint Hill had ignored the order and obeyed his training.

Kennedy's personal envoy to Russia, William Walton, found that that Russian officials too believed that Kennedy had been killed by hard-line elements within our national security agencies, who hated Kennedy for attempting rapprochement with the Soviets. So Bobby Kennedy felt he knew what had happened that day in Dallas. His first opinion that day of who was responsible is in fact the debate that still rages today over who killed JFK. With one exception: like the Russians, Robert Kennedy felt that the conspiracy was based inside our national security agencies.

Still, Bobby Kennedy refused to help either the Warren Commission or Jim Garrison in New Orleans. He told Kenny O'Donnell and others not to reveal to the Warren Commission any of their private conversations, or even to reveal their personal beliefs about what had happened in Dallas. Why? Because Bobby Kennedy vowed that one day he would become President of the United States, and only then would he have the power necessary to finally show the American people who was responsible for his brother's assassination.

As we know, that day would never come.

Chapter Forty-seven
Robert Goldstein-A Clear and Present Danger

It is known as the Susquehanna Valley in Pennsylvania, near the present-day town of Wilkes-Barre. A river runs through the valley and it's the name of the area from which our former radio group takes its name. And during the American Revolution, most of the boys and men from the Susquehanna region of Pennsylvania joined in the American cause. They left behind a few who were loyalists to the King of England, "Tories," as they would be known. So possibly 400 settlers remained in that area, mostly children, old men and women when, on July 3, 1778, a 700-man army of loyalists and British - supplemented with 1,100 native Americans - attacked the group, killing two-thirds of them, including the women and children. None were combatants; most were simply trying to avoid the Revolution and its battles. It would become known as the Wyoming County Massacre.

From there one of the commanders in that atrocity, Joseph Brant, moved to upstate New York and yet another Susquehanna Valley town, Cherry Valley. Brant was joined by Walter Butler, leading a group of Loyalists against those obvious traitors who chose to fight for neither side. Again, the two groups were working with Indian fighters and again, the town's remaining citizenry was massacred. When word of the scalping of women and children spread around the colonies, it inflamed the passions of even the independent-minded and the pacifists; and the Revolution would slowly start to turn in favor of the rebels.

The second slaughter would be known for all time as the Cherry Valley Massacre; combined, these were two of the most brutal acts of the Revolutionary War.

1935. Robert Goldstein, an American Jew trapped in Germany, was writing a letter home complaining about his destitute state and pleading for help. Just two decades earlier, Goldstein had been a prosperous costume store owner, and had been one of the primary backers of D.W. Griffith's groundbreaking film, Birth of a Nation. Stuck in Nazi Germany, he wrote, "Because I did not have the nine dollars to have my American passport renewed, I have been fined 75 marks; and, as I consequently can't pay that either, two weeks in jail."

Our President had stood in front of Congress and made demands about a very unpopular war, claiming that there should be a new definition of what determines national loyalty. Others, who agreed with the president's position as to the war, were of the oft-voiced opinion that anyone who spoke against the president or his position on the conflict was somehow aiding the enemy. Suddenly we were all reminded that we had foolishly let into our country many immigrants from the area into which we were about to send our army into battle. The perceived enemy was no longer just across the Atlantic Ocean, but might be living in your neighborhood and plotting against you and your family.

Yes, there would be a new sense of national loyalty in this new war, larger than anyone thought possible at the time. And because he was a President who could not accept as Constitutionally protected free speech any criticism of his acts or his administration, who viciously attacked his opponents and who held grudges forever, Woodrow Wilson in 1917 convinced Congress and the people that the Espionage and Sabotage Act would find the traitors in our midst. After all, he hinted, Americans of German descent might secretly be on the side of the Kaiser during the Great War. In the end, more than 2,000 Americans would be arrested, tried and imprisoned under that Act - none for being a spy or a traitor, just for voicing their opposition to America's involvement in the Great War.

One writer asked, "What good is it to fight for freedom abroad, if we are losing it at home?" That is a question we still ask today.

Wilson used the Act to arrest union leaders, immigrants and anyone who suggested war was not an answer, or who wrote about any of our allies in an unfavorable light. And that is

what led to the arrest and jailing of Robert Goldstein. His very public and treacherous crime against an American ally would not be tolerated by the Wilson administration.

Goldstein, the flamboyant son of a German Jewish immigrant, had started a costume shop in Los Angeles long before that war. He had succeeded, too, for Goldstein had found a new niche market supplying whatever costuming was required by our growing West Coast movie industry. And that's how he came to know D. W. Griffith, whose vision of what films could be would change Hollywood forever. Griffith told Goldstein of his plan to make the first truly epic movie, depicting the Civil War and its aftermath. It would be based on Thomas Dixon's book, The Clansmen, but when released in 1915 it would be retitled Birth of a Nation. No one in Hollywood had ever considered making films that long or that epic in scope. During filming, Griffith found himself badly in need of additional funds to complete the project and, in Robert Goldstein, he found a financial partner.

The movie was made, released and changed entertainment in America forever. Today, in spite of what it did for our movie industry, it is known as a racist film, to use the mildest of the epithets it has been called; it would be the primary reason that the Ku Klux Klan re-formed. President Wilson, a white supremacist himself, viewed the movie and made the statement that it was like "history written by lightning." Thomas Dixon, the book's author, had been one of Wilson's college buddies.

In Goldstein's mind, it was all grand and profitable fun. Hollywood was reborn; the American public loved the movie and even the President of the United States had praised it; and none of those positives even touched the fact that he'd made a great deal of money off of his investment.

Goldstein believed that, like Griffith, he could make a great movie. Since the public had welcomed a film about the Civil War with such enthusiasm, Goldstein set out to make the ultimate epic, a film about the American Revolution and how it had formed the country that he had come to love so much.

The film, titled *The Spirit of '76*, covered virtually the entire span of the Revolution. It was filmed before Wilson committed us to the Great War, but not yet released. The $200,000 of his own money that Goldstein would spend on this film was a large fortune in those days, but that's how committed he was to making a great film about our Revolution.

Then came Wilson's Espionage and Sabotage Act of 1917. Goldstein's film opened in Chicago in April of that year. Immediately President Woodrow Wilson ordered the Chicago police and the head of the local censorship board, Metallus Funkhouser, to seize the film; Goldstein was ordered to cut out certain parts, or face prosecution.

What parts, you might ask, would need to be removed from a patriotic film about the American Revolution? Of course: the parts depicting the Wyoming County and Cherry Valley Massacres by the British and the Loyalists.

Now, for the time, it might have been considered graphic violence: It did show a British soldier bayoneting a child and a young woman being carried off to a bedroom by British soldiers. But, in fact, those atrocities actually happened; they are part of the historical record. The problem was that under Wilson's Act, any dissent against our military or our allies was now punishable. It just wouldn't do to show the British in a bad light, even in a film about the American Revolution.

Goldstein made the cuts to the film and it continued its run in Chicago. But, without cruel an tagonists' enormities to rally against, our rebelling in that film lost all meaning. So, when the film was due to open in Los Angeles, Goldstein restored the scenes of the Wyoming and Cherry Valley Massacres.

Wilson made sure that Goldstein was arrested and prosecuted to the full extent of the law. That couldn't have been easy; at the time, all 10 federal circuit courts were packed with other cases - like that of the man who, while dining with his neighbors, expressed concern about our entering the war. Goldstein was tried and sentenced to 10 years in prison for bad-

mouthing the British in a film about the American Revolution. His judge, Benjamin Bledsoe, told him at sentencing that he should count himself lucky he hadn't committed this type of treason in a country that didn't have trials by jury. Foolish Goldstein: he thought he had made a patriotic film, and in a country where citizens' freedom of speech had been the first guaranteed.

Goldstein was then sent to the McNeil Island Penitentiary. He would be paroled after three years, but his business was gone, as was his fortune; and his hopes of ever returning to Hollywood were destroyed. He had told the truth in a time of war, and it had cost him everything.

Hoping to make films somewhere, Goldstein traveled first to the Netherlands, then to Switzerland and Italy. He tried to go to England, but was denied a visa because his film had portrayed the British in such a bad light. And so Goldstein ended up in Germany in the thirties, without even the $9 necessary to renew his American passport.

Some have written that Robert Goldstein, the man who gave us the first major epic about our Revolution, died in the Holocaust. Others, with seemingly stronger proof, claim that he eventually made his way back to New York, broke, but never reclaimed anything of what his life had been.

Wilson tried hard to get Congress to rework the Espionage Act to where the White House totally controlled who should be rounded up and tried. Congress refused; but by 1920, federal dossiers had been created on no fewer than 2 million Americans. And after the war, we'd had enough of the Democrats and rejected their candidate for president. We installed Republican Warren Harding instead, who told the voters, "America's present need is not heroics, but healing; not nostrums, but normalcy; not revolution, but restoration; not agitation, but adjustment; not surgery, but serenity; not the dramatic, but the dispassionate; not experiment, but equipoise; not submergence in internationality, but sustainment in triumphant nationality ...."

Shortly after that, our courts started throwing out laws that were in violation of the Constitution, but by then Robert Goldstein, his business and his fortune were long gone.

And for a long time, movies about the American Revolution just weren't made; the few that were made just weren't accurate as to its brutality - until Mel Gibson made The Patriot. And like Goldstein had in 1917, he showed the British in a very unfavorable light; they didn't like it any better than we like being reminded of our president's brutal treatment of Americans exercising their First Amendment rights, but sadly, both are truths.

Chapter Forty-eight
Separation of Church & State

If you want to start a great debate virtually anywhere in America, try bringing up the separation of Church and State - a debate that, frankly, most have opinions about, but never really understand. After all, our Founding Fathers were quite adamant about their intention that in this country we would have nothing less than religious freedom for all. In order to achieve that, they believed, the government and the church should be kept un-entwined. And there's some truth in that position.

At the same time, those who believe in a non-secular government claim that this country was formed as a Christian nation and that that was the original intent. They cite the writings of John Winthrop, pointing to his expressed desire to establish in America a "City on a Hill" founded on religious freedom. And there's some truth in that too - unless you actually read Winthrop's speech, "A Model of Christian Charity," made in 1630 just before he came to America.

The fact of the matter is this: The early British Puritan settlers created a Socialistic and fundamentalist society. Today, of course, those who still carry the banner of those first settlers always discuss their fundamentalist beliefs. But they never bring up the fact that the Puritans

practiced Socialism of the highest order. And Socialists aren't renowned for being religious.

In England, it should be remembered, the Puritans had failed in their attempt to purify the Anglican Church of England. Here's what they didn't like about England's official religion: First, they wanted the last vestiges of the Roman Catholic Church, such as Bishops and Archbishops and a hierarchy, removed. Another serious complaint they had was that the Church of England allowed any citizen to join the church, whether he or she had truly experienced conversion or not.

It was their failure to alter the views of the Church of England that led our band of Puritans to settle here and create the Massachusetts Bay Colony. In their "City on a Hill," in order to be a member of the church you had to prove that you had had an authentic conversion - which was also considered proof of one's ability to hold office or even vote. Those early city founders had no intention of allowing religious freedoms, and they did not tolerate any views other than their own.

That became too much for Roger Williams. He preached that it was time to throw off the "soul yoke" and give citizens "soul liberty" - the freedom to worship God as they saw fit and in their own way. That was too much for the elders of the Puritan colony, and they sent Williams packing.

Two of the tenets of that early religion involved freedom: The Puritans believed there was a true inner freedom - the liberation from irrational impulses - and external freedom, or doing as one pleased, which most people want. John Winthrop, who by then had become governor of the colony, likened external freedom to, as he called it, "natural corrupt liberty, common to man, beasts and other creatures." Therefore, the Puritans' concept of "freedom" was their freedom to stifle any thoughts of individualism if they couldn't squelch them out of existence. Although in England Winthrop too had been politically active against the Church of England, at heart he followed the sermons of John Cotton. At a 1630 special sermon for those about to sail to America, Winthrop had heard Cotton reveal that the Puritans were in fact God's chosen people, and that it was God's will that they inhabit the whole of the planet. That sermon would later be published under the title, "The Divine Right to Occupy the Land." That's right, it was that sermon, preached by John Cotton to the Puritans just before they sailed, that gave us the term Divine Right, later evolved to Manifest Destiny. We would use the latter term for a century to justify whatever expansion we as Americans felt entitled to.

Cotton took the message of that sermon from Psalms 44, verse 2, "Thou didst drive out the heathen before them." Cotton would also come to America two years later, when legal action threatened him in Britain, and he became Pastor at the First Church of Boston. Here, Cotton would write his most famous book, Democracy as Detrimental to Church and State. Of course at the time, Church and State were one; the title of Cotton's book gives away his position on the representative form of government.

With Williams banished, the Puritans faced their biggest threat yet - and from one of their most loyal churchgoers and believers, Anne Hutchinson.

Anne had been born in England, had married Will Hutchinson and had followed closely the sermons of John Cotton; after all, her father had preached the same things to her all her life. So, when John Cotton was forced to flee England for this country, Will and Anne Hutchinson brought their 15 children to New

England, following the man she saw as the one who truly taught God's word.

It's only speculation as to why Anne started voicing her concerns about the rigidity of the Puritan religion. Possibly it was because surviving in this country in the early days was an exceptional hardship, but the cause is irrelevant: Suddenly Anne Hutchinson started talking about religious freedom, at least one aspect of it that the church certainly didn't agree with - that being her belief that if one truly believed in God and had faith, that was all that was necessary to get into Heaven.

Anne Hutchinson had believed that all the way back in England. She was John Cotton's biggest admirer, and she disagreed with him just on that one position. Her mistake was that she said so publicly, on the way over here. John Cotton took offense to her simplistic view of the hereafter and forced her to confess that she had been guilty of wrong thinking. She didn't want to, but did. And as time went by, Anne realized that where once the Puritans had been oppressed in England by the church, they had become the oppressors in this new country.

Now, the members of the Massachusetts Bay Colony got along with groups who worshipped differently in villages outside their domain. But remember, they were striving to make a religious utopia of their own colony; so the real question became, "How do we define the word 'utopia'?" Cotton had one version; increasingly Anne Hutchinson had another.

Anne's other big mistake is that she knew she was any man's mental equal, but was living in a day and time when women were thought to be an inferior race. Best to be the man's servant, raise the kids and be quiet. Anne was quiet, all right, but not quiet enough. After all, she had been properly educated in England; so she started a women's club. They read Scripture, reviewed sermons and prayed. Well, those little get-togethers came to the attention of John Winthrop, who considered Anne Hutchinson and her liberal teachings a direct threat to the male rule of the colony. He publicly denounced her, saying she was doing "a thing not tolerable nor comely in the sight of God, or fitting for your sex."

Winthrop felt that the freedom to think is the same as the freedom to sin - and that just wasn't going to happen in his utopia. He had Anne Hutchinson arrested and tried for heresy. Winthrop himself was her accuser, writing in his diary that she was "An American Jezebel and gone a-whoring from God," and lashed out in the court over her cut-out-the-middleman view of salvation. Anne Hutchinson and her family were banished from the Massachusetts Bay Colony. A few years later, shortly after her husband died, Indians in East Chester, New York, massacred Anne and five of her children.

Roger Williams had gone on to found Providence in Rhode Island; ironically, he was the first to preach the separation of church and state. Not for the reasons you might think, either: Williams believed that government would corrupt the church, not the other way around.

As for Anne Hutchinson and her role in helping America become a country that truly cherishes religious freedom for all, even Massachusetts forgave her. Today, if you travel to Boston and visit the State House, there you will find a statue of Anne with this inscription: "In memory of Anne Marbury Hutchinson, Baptized at Alford Lincolnshire England, Killed by the Indians at East Chester New York 1643. Courageous Exponent of Civil Liberty and Religious Tolerance."

One last interesting note: three of Anne Hutchinson's direct descendants have gone on to become President of the United States. One is Franklin Delano Roosevelt, another is ... George W. Bush. And the third is his father.

That's the story our forefathers knew and acted on, and it helped create America as we used to know it.

Chapter Forty-nine
Debate, Slavery, Freedom & War

It was a cool November day in 1860 when a large group of people gathered at Crawfordville, Georgia, in the center of that state's cotton belt, to make their position quite clear on the recent election of Abraham Lincoln. Those in attendance all agreed that Lincoln's coming White House term was no reason whatsoever for the South to leave the Union.

The same thing happened in Walker County. And over in Harris County, where the statement was made, "We are a Union loving people," a list of 175 able men pledged that they would preserve and honor the rights of the South - but only as part of the United States of America. And the people of Tallahassee, Florida, and Richmond, Virginia, solemnly concurred. In fact, it seems to surprise everyone today, but just after Lincoln's election the Georgia General Assembly appointed 22 men to draft a resolution denouncing those who were crying out for secession.

As it turned out, when voters in many states were asked whether or not they should leave the Union, 66% of those living here in Texas said no. The race was neck and neck in Alabama, Louisiana, and South Carolina. In Georgia, the referendum to stay a part of the United States passed by 1,000 votes.

So, how did it come about that we fought a Civil War, when it appears that much of the South and virtually all of the North wanted nothing to do with it? And why is that war so mythic today? Why do so many still drive pickup trucks proudly displaying the wrong Confederate flag - do they not realize that by 1863, the people of the South wanted the war over in no uncertain terms?

How did we come to war when, just 30 years earlier, most Americans in the North and South had believed that the days of slavery were over, a societal dead end? Back then the institution of slavery had been thriving in only two places: the tobacco fields of the Chesapeake Bay area and the rice fields of the Carolinas and Georgia.

In 1821, the largest newspaper in Georgia wrote that in practice, "There is not a single editor in these States who dares advocate slavery as a principle." While in 1829, of the 130 abolitionist movements in America, 106 were based in the Southern states. In that same year the Alabama legislature passed a law that no more slaves could be brought into that state - and in every year of the following decade, Alabama floated legislation to gradually emancipate all slaves within its jurisdiction. And yet the Civil War did happen - because three things happened that would change this country forever.

First came the cotton gin, invented by Eli Whitney in 1793. Because his machine could clean up to 50 pounds of cotton a day, it made it cotton one of the most prized crops a farmer could plant. Previously, its labor intensity had made cotton a crop certain to bankrupt anyone. Then came the removal of the Indian tribes from the Southeast United States on the Trail of Tears; their forcible eviction left some of the best farmland in the South available for cultivation.

Finally, a serious depression hit America in the late 1830s. Many small farmers lost their prop erty, which was then picked up by the larger plantation owners. When the South's economy started to recover, there was little good farmland to be had - but the size of some plantations had grown enormously.

Besides all that, at around that same time the wealth that cotton created in the South was held by just a small group of individuals. And they believed that to ensure that slavery, the human backbone of the cotton industry, remained intact they needed a new campaign. So, during the 1830s, the South's wealthiest individuals started selling the world on why slavery was not only necessary to grow the cotton that clothed everyone, but was downright humane and genteel.

Their preachers found Biblical passages that endorsed the ownership of slaves. Newspaper editors who had consistently written about the evils of slavery were told to either reverse their positions or face financial ruin for having stood up against the cotton exchanges. And boards of regents fired professors and administrators of universities if they taught anything that cast a doubt on the brilliance of slavery in the South: The University of North Carolina, South Carolina College and Kentucky's Transylvania College all had their deans removed for suggesting that slavery was a morally corrupt concept.

Some slave owners were more honest about their situation. Benjamin Hill was quoted as saying, "In our early history, the Southern statesmen were antislavery in feeling. So were Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Randolph and many of that day, who never studied the argument of the cotton gin."

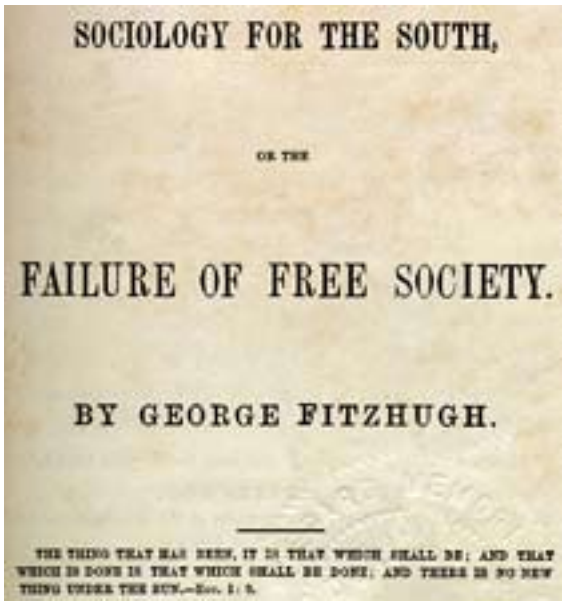
Still, even though the majority of Southerners disagreed with the practice - after all, slave owners were certainly in the minority - during the 1850s more and more slaveholders managed to get elected to their states' governments, guaranteeing legislation favorable to slave owners and cotton growers.

Well, the average man on the street knew the score, for wages in the South were 30% lower than in the Northern states - and wages up North barely were enough to live on. Worse, Southern men knew exactly why their pay was so low: All the full-time jobs in agriculture and construction projects on farms were already taken, by people who didn't burden anyone's payroll. As historian Roger Shugg wrote, "The Southern aristocracy was hardly of a mind to bargain with workers of one race when it owned so many of the other."

Also during the 1850s, so much cotton was being grown in the South that livestock production was falling; production of oats dropped by half in that decade, and corn crops were not increasing with the population's size. Yes, cotton was king and incredibly profitable - but by and large the people of the South were suffering as their wages fell and the price of ever-scarcer food went up.

Things were about to get even more frightening for our Southern ancestors. Now some of the most arrogant plantation owners and their political pundits started talking about their vision of the real future of America.

In his 1854 pro-slavery book, Sociology for the South, or the Failure of a Free Society, George Fitzhugh wrote, "Slavery is the best form of society yet devised for the masses." He was promoting the view that slavery, black or white, was right and necessary.


SOCIOLOGY FOR THE SOUTH,

OR THE

FAILURE OF FREE SOCIETY.

BY GEORGE FITZHUGH.

THE THING THAT HAS BEEN, IT IS THAT WHICH SHALL BE; AND THAT WHICH IS DONE IS THAT WHICH SHALL BE DONE; AND THERE IS NO NEW THING UNDER THE SUN.—Eccl. 1: 9.

By 1860, planters in Alabama were meeting to discuss ways to keep their "low down poor white" neighbors - their words, not mine - from freeing their slaves and redistributing their land and wealth. No wonder so many people in the South voted to stay with the Union.

Then came the War and conscription for military duty. In the North, you could buy your way out of the draft for $300; in the South, plantation owners and their families were exempted from military duty. Unlike in Gone with the Wind, there was no rush of plantation owners to suit up in uniform. Besides, Confederate officers could resign anytime they felt like it and simply go home; those doing the actual fighting could sign up for one year or three, but were only issued a decent rifle for a three-year commitment. Some 50,000 of the wealthier men in

the South hired substitutes to fight for them.

State governments had to appease those who were drafted by saying we needed plantation owners at home, to grow the crops necessary to feed the South and our soldiers. The only problem was, they didn't. No, they kept right on growing that cotton because, with the blockade in place on Southern shipping, the price of cotton had jumped from 12¢ a pound to over a dollar. Newspaper editors published furious demands that these growers start planting crops to feed their neighbors who were starving. It did no good: more than one and one half million bales of cotton left the South during the war, and two-thirds of it went to the same textile mills in New England as before - with Lincoln's blessing.

By the time spring arrived in 1864, Jefferson Davis was being apprised that many people were simply dying of hunger because of the serious food shortages in the South. By then elections in the South were putting more rational individuals into office: In Texas, half of our incumbent Congressmen were turned out in the election; eight of Georgia's new representatives had run on an anti-Jefferson Davis platform and won; and nine of the 10 men who ran for Congressional seats in North Carolina and won had been against secession - eight had run on negotiating for peace.

Yes, it was over: 66% of all Confederate soldiers had simply walked away from their posts and headed home. So many gave up the lost Cause that the Home Guard could not stop the exodus of men returning to their families. For what it's worth, a year earlier about a third of those serving in the Union Army had also deserted: That's why the North had come up with its own draft.

Frank Owsley, the historian of the common people in the South, wrote of that war that "Even if the Confederacy had not been defeated militarily, by the next election, enough people would have been voted into office that they would have sued for peace. But most common soldiers had already sealed the Confederacy's fate by voting with their feet and going home."

Everyone thought the day of slavery was almost over in 1830. But then the cotton gin made cotton lucrative, and the Indians' removal from the South opened up some of the nation's lushest farmland. Just about then, the wealthiest men in the South became the leading politicians and stopped that era's liberal press from writing about the evils of slavery. And people in the South died of starvation because of planters' greed: Even though they were exempted from military duty so they could grow food for the war effort and noncombatants, plantation owners kept growing cotton - 66% of which they sold to New England's textile mills.
Starving, sick at heart, shod in tatters and wearing rags, the average man finally just walked away from the Confederate Army and started his long walk home.

That's hardly a story you ever hear about the heroics of the Civil War and the discussion on slavery, but it's a true one from the Backside of American History.

Chapter Fifty
How We Really Got Into WWII

It was once reported that our War on Terrorism might well last for six years or more. Maybe a lifetime. At least it seems that's the duration for which the Pentagon and our intelligence agencies are planning.
Of course, the blame for the terrorist attacks and who could have seen them coming and stopped them keeps on going and going too.

This last situation has parallels to one in the Second World War. Today many people think that Neville Chamberlain was foolish to appease Hitler; FDR was secretly trying to get us into the war; the American public, originally isolationists, wanted badly to get back at Japan

for Pearl Harbor - and the administration knew that the attack on Pearl was going to happen, and did nothing about it so we could enter the conflict from moral high ground.
It all sounds like an epic movie plot, but it didn't happen that way. Moreover, it wasn't just the isolationists who didn't want America involved in another war; FDR wasn't all that keen on the idea either.

It starts with the British end of things in the 1930s. It is commonly assumed but not true that England was still a world power when Hitler came to power: America had bypassed England in manufacturing in 1900 and bypassed England as a financial power in 1924. By the '30s, England was still trying to control 25% of the countries in the world, while having only 10% of the manufacturing base. Whether the war had come or not, England was decades past its Empire's greatness.
In fact, by 1930, 40% of all British taxes were going toward interest on the national debt. Sound familiar?

In 1937 the country's military leaders told Britain's Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain, that they could not maintain order in the territories and shipping lanes for which they were responsible; Britain simply had too many enemies.

And that's why in 1938, when Hitler claimed certain territory and Czechoslovakia said the land was Czech, England favored appeasing Hitler - because England couldn't fight him there and win. By the way, Hitler didn't care much for the Munich Agreement and Roosevelt, not Chamberlain, tried to take credit for it. Why? Because Washington had blessed the agreement and urged it forward.

On the American side that same year, Roosevelt fired William Dodd, our ambassador to Germany, simply because he made a few speeches attacking the Nazi party and Hitler. In fact, as early as 1933, Roosevelt had been telling our roving ambassador that appeasement in all political cases was our official policy, so as to create a lasting peace in the world.

Then there was the lend-lease deal, which most believe proves that Roosevelt wanted us in the war. Not true. When Winston Churchill first asked Roosevelt for destroyers to help Britain against Hitler, Roosevelt refused, believing that England would fall as easily as France had. Roosevelt changed his mind when our own commanders made the case that we needed new military bases in Newfoundland and the Caribbean, to protect our own interests. So the deal was finally cut: Britain received 50 aging destroyers, we got those 99-year leases for military bases, and Roosevelt threw in one last detail: Those 50 destroyers were to start back to America the moment that England capitulated to Germany.
Then came Pearl Harbor - a Japanese surprise attack that many believe Roosevelt let happen, in order to get the American public behind the war and into it.

First, it wasn't supposed to have been a surprise attack. Japan's Ambassador to the United States was supposed to have delivered a declaration of war to our Secretary of State 30 minutes before the attack at Pearl started. They were late to the meeting; therefore the attack had started before Japan's declaration of war was delivered to us.

Not that we, as Americans, would have been any happier about the attack if we'd known it was coming, but the Japanese government did not plan to attack us without first declaring war. Pearl Harbor was not meant to be a surprise attack; bureaucratic snafus and cross-town traffic in Washington made it one.
And what about Roosevelt knowing Pearl was about to happen and not letting on, so we'd be mad enough to enter the war?

Maybe - but it's unlikely. But there was someone who did know that Pearl was about to happen and didn't tell anyone: Winston Churchill. That's right. The British knew, for they had long since cracked the Japanese naval code. They knew the fleet had sailed from Japan on November 26, 1941, and they even knew that the message, "Climb Niitakayama 1208," was the

code to launch the attack. However, though the British were confused as to the target - they suspected either the Philippines or Pearl Harbor - they quite failed even to hint that all hell was about to break loose.

Many today marvel at how much like the Japanese surprise attack at Pearl were the terrorist attacks here in the U.S. on September 11, 2001. But isn't it interesting that we declared war against Japan and Germany - and took on Hitler first? Hitler didn't attack us, but the primary thrust of our first years of military action was against Germany.

In any given war, even if you win decisively, mistakes are made. We probably shouldn't have made Russia our ally in WWII. Russia had been an ally in the First World War, too; that one gave us the end of the Czar and Communism, while the Second World War ushered in the Cold War. Our support of Russia in the Second World War gave Stalin and the Communists the strength to carry on the Cold War. And, because it survived, Russia became a nuclear power. Think about it: we could have focused on saving England and Western Europe and let Germany take on Communist Russia. Germany might not have won, but Stalin might well have been gone.

Finally, a little known and tragic story from after the war. At least 56,000 German soldiers died after victory was declared, in POW camps in Germany administered by the United States - most from starvation. It wasn't intentional; there just wasn't any way for America to provide enough food for both German civilians and captive prisoners. So, civilians came first. But that in itself was a problem because of the Geneva Convention, which states that you can't let POWs die from lack of basic nutrition. So, knowing that our people could technically be tried as war criminals for allowing defeated German soldiers to die while in our care, Dwight Eisenhower had them reclassified as D.E.F's, disarmed enemy forces. There were and are no international laws covering their treatment - just like with the captured Taliban and Al Qaeda forces at Guantanamo today.

The more one studies the Second World War and today's terrorist attacks, the more similarities one finds. Everyone knew it was coming - after the fact - and intelligence from our allies could have given us advance warning.

By and large, Americans still want to do the decent and civilized thing, in a world not always decent or civilized. Mistakes will be made, but let's hope we won't turn out to have started another 50-year Cold War.

Chapter Fifty-one
The Suez Crisis

Having a navigable shortcut between the Mediterranean and their colonial possessions half a world away had long been a dream for French and British merchants. Everyone wanted a shorter route by which cargoes could reach their holdings in India and Indochina - a "Highway to India," as the Prince of Wales at the time termed it. In response came the Suez Canal; engineered by Ferdinand Lesseps, its construction began in 1859. A decade later ocean voyages to the Far East had been cut in half; why go around when you can take the handy shortcut?

The Suez Canal Company was a private venture commissioned by the government; Egypt owned 44% of the water passageway and received that percentage of the tolls that ship captains

paid. And things went well for about six years, until in 1875 the Egyptian government, experiencing a serious financial crisis, decided to sell its part ownership of the canal. British Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli quickly found the money to buy out Egypt. From that day forward, it would be British soldiers who guarded the canal, England that received the tolls, and English merchants who saved much of the costs of shipping Indian-made goods back to England.

But, after the Second World War ended, England was a fallen empire. Two generations of young Englishmen had died in two world wars; with no money left to mount even a cursory defense of her own island, let alone try to control her possessions, England set her colonies free. That meant that her military no longer had to guard the Suez Canal as a strategic asset. This all happened around the same time the Middle Eastern oil concerns became important in the world oil market. By 1955, 66% of the ships that sailed through the locks of the Suez Canal every day were filled with oil.

Three years earlier, Egypt's King Farouk had been overthrown in a military coup; two years later, that junta had itself been overthrown by Colonel Gamal Nasser.

Nasser, the first of the modern Pan Arab leaders, wanted to unite the entire region so that its leaders could deal with their former colonial masters from a position of strength. Perhaps remembering what Hitler had done with the medium, Nasser put radio to good use; he broadcast his weekly show, The Voice of the Arabs, across the Middle East, and apparently only two topics really got Nasser's goat. One was the increasing Western influence and control in Arab nations, exemplified by the creation of Israel; Nasser called that "the greatest international crime in history." And the other thing that really burned him: all those ships going through Egypt's waterways - with all their tolls going to the Europeans.

Well, the days of European control were numbered; militarily, Great Britain was mostly bankrupt. In fact, Prime Minister Anthony Eden cut a deal with Nasser in 1954 to remove all British troops from that region within 20 months. It was over and they knew it.

Here's the best part: While we certainly weren't crazy about Nasser, Washington felt all of this was justified and a good thing for two reasons:

1. International law was on Egypt's side, and
2. The longer English troops hung around, reminding the Middle Easterners of their past as European colonies, the longer it would take for America to become their new best friend.

The only time we actually got worried was when Nasser turned to Russia to buy military arms that year.

Then in early 1956, our State Department did issue a warning: Europe could be in real trouble if Nasser closed the canal to oil shipments. British Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd went visiting, and Nasser told him how he felt: European countries received half or better of the profits from Arab oil, but Nasser allowed all that oil to pass through his canal, and he got nothing. On June 13, 1956, the last British troops left the region, and here was where it all went haywire.

Nasser wanted a dam built at Aswan, and the World Bank was in favor of the idea; Nasser believed he would get the canal and use the tolls to pay back the loan. However, our economy was going through a bit of a rough patch. The Senate said we had money either to help General Tito in Yugoslavia or to help Nasser build a dam, but not enough for both.

Tito got the money; Nasser just got mad. On July 26, 1956, the Egyptian military seized the Suez Canal.

The arrogant British and French captains who guided the big ships through the very shallow canal thought, so what if the Egyptians managed to seize the canal? They'd would never be able to run the venture; it would fall apart immediately and Europeans would be right

back in charge.

The Europeans were wrong.

It gets even more confusing; President Eisenhower thought all of this was nonsense - but his Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, told Prime Minister Eden that the canal needed to be taken back. For his part, Ike didn't believe that either France or England was strong enough to retake the region and install a friendly government that could maintain control. Besides, it would recreate European colonialism in the Middle East, and Ike was completely against that. He told Anthony Eden to cool down and let the drama subside. When Nasser heard what Ike had told England he was shocked, saying, "Which side is he on?"
It came down to two things:
One, France was fighting a losing colonial war in Algeria, and Nasser had been sending supplies to the Algerian underground.
Two, England was desperate to regain its prestige in the world. But more to the point, England was also desperate to regain the cash from the Suez Canal tolls. And Prime Minister Eden had started thinking of Nasser as Hitler, and deciding that he himself was not going to be another appeaser, so he kept aggravating the situation. Then in a speech Nasser said, "Without petroleum, all the machines and tools of the industrial world are mere pieces of iron, motionless and lifeless."

That's a true statement, and that's why it struck a nerve - especially when he began spreading his gospel among the other oil-producing nations.

In September of 1956, Eisenhower again wrote to Eden telling him to take it easier, because he was inflaming the situation. At the same time, Eisenhower sent Robert Anderson, a friend from Texas, to Saudi Arabia to talk with the Royal Family; perhaps they might press Nasser to cool his rhetoric toward the West?

Anderson told the Saudis that oil wasn't the only game in town; America had come up with a new energy source that could make oil nearly obsolete. The Saudis heard what it was and almost broke out laughing. No, they said, oil would remain king of energy.

On October 24, 1956, British and French diplomats met outside of Paris with the Israelis, including David Ben Gurion, Moshe Dayan and Shimon Peres. They came up with a plan: Israel's military would launch a strike across the Sinai into Egypt; when Egypt hit back England and France would immediately protest the Egyptian government's actions. If the fighting continued, the Europeans' armies would enter the fray, seize the canal, get their property back and hopefully oust Nasser at the same time.

This was ironic, because Eden actually was a lover of Arab culture and even spoke the language; most believed he was an anti-Semite. Moreover, he remembered all of the problems with the Jews' settling in Palestine and attacking British troops; in the end, he decided he wanted his canal back more than he wanted to pay Israel back.

On October 29 the Israelis launched their attack; on the 30th England made a formal protest. On the 31st, the RAF started bombing Egyptian airfields. Eisenhower was out campaigning for that year's presidential election and when he heard about the war he lost his temper, called Eden's office and, able to reach only an aide, took the man's head off over the phone.

November 3, Secretary of State Dulles was rushed to the hospital with stomach cancer; Undersecretary Herbert Hoover Jr. was put in charge of our response to the war in Egypt. On November 5, the Israeli army announced that it had established control of the Sinai. That day too British and French paratroopers landed in the Canal Zone. And there they found out just how stupid their politicians and military men really were.

No one had spared a thought for anything but having the superior military force. They

had never considered that Nasser had a brain; no, when they landed in the Canal Zone, they discovered to their dismay that Nasser had made it inoperative for the time being, sinking ships all through it so that nothing else could pass.

Making this situation more critical, England and Europe didn't have a great deal of oil on hand. They'd won the battle but, with the Suez Canal out of action, they realized that they were about to shut down their own economies and fatally undermine their already weak financial position. OK, maybe it wasn't the problem they thought it might be; after all, America was their ally. They made a quick call to Washington and requested an emergency transfer of oil, lest England's and France's economies suffer.

Ike said no. That's right, President Eisenhower basically told England, France and Israel, "You did this deal; I told you not to, and now we're not shipping a drop of oil to you." Ike told his aides, "I'm inclined to think that those who began this operation should be left to work out their own oil problems - to boil in their own oil, so to speak."

Yes, the first oil boycott in history came when we stopped the flow of oil to Europe.

Ike, as always, was willing to make a deal. First, England and France had to declare a complete cease-fire, and then withdraw all of their troops from the region. As for Israel, Ike told them to go home too, or face serious economic sanctions from us.

Nevertheless, even at that early date, oil was so scarce in England that Parliament had to debate going to gas rationing. And the same politicians who had demanded that Eden get tough with Nasser now screamed that if ration coupons had to be issued, they should have Eden's face printed on them.

Because the nation's balance of international payments was imperiled, a run on the pound started. England begged the International Monetary Fund for help, but Eisenhower prevailed on the IMF to back off on that also.

And with that it was over. England, France and Israel removed their troops by late November of 1956, and Eisenhower then shipped them emergency supplies of oil to help. Syria reopened the Iraqi pipeline. Ike was reelected in a landslide, partially for doing the right thing with the Suez invasion.

And here's what came out of all of this: Eisenhower made clear his position that no outside government had the right to take over another country's possessions for gain. Because of that, our relations with the Middle East were never better. In time Nasser's protégé, Anwar Sadat, took over and not only made Egypt a close ally of America, but arranged and signed the first peace treaty between an Arab nation and Israel.

France was forced into gas rationing anyway, and both that country and England further raised their taxes on gasoline to the stratosphere to forever lower their consumption of foreign oil. France lost the war in Algeria. The world's biggest pipeline ever was built from Iraq through Turkey to the Mediterranean, to ensure that Egypt could never block the canal's oil shipments again and shut down Europe. It's that Iraqi pipeline we are having a hard time keeping open today.

And Nasser became a role model for … Saddam Hussein, who was taken to Egypt by the CIA in the late fifties to study law after he failed to assassinate the head of Iraq, Qasim. (His CIA case officer's son, Stuart Copeland, grew up to become the drummer for the Police.) And the Arabs learned that any time they no longer wanted interference with their internal business, they could just cut off the oil.

Oh, and that new energy source we told the Saudis would make oil useless all the way back in 1956? Nuclear energy. But the Royal Family had that right, at least at the time: oil was

too simple and too cheap to consider anything else.

Chapter Fifty-two
Where "Communists" Came From

The date was March 1871; the events unfolding in Paris, France, would not only change that city forever, but in fact altered the world in ways you still feel today. As news of the bloody uprisings in France reached American shores, the rich of the Gilded Age for the first time truly feared for their lives. What they proceeded to set in motion because of that fear also lasts to this day.

All of this, of course, started with a war-the ill-thought-out campaign by Napoleon III against Prussia in July of 1870. As wars go, it wasn't much of one; in less than three months, on the fields of northwestern France Napoleon had been forced to surrender. His government immediately fell, quickly replaced by the Third French Republic; but, even though the government had surrendered and collapsed, the Prussians kept marching, intent on laying siege to the City of Paris. As in most nations' wars, the French government got out of town as quickly as they could, setting up a government in exile at Versailles - "Their reputation intact," to quote Groundskeeper Willie in The Simpsons, "as cheese-eating surrender monkeys."

Meanwhile, back in Paris, the people of the city, the common laborers, immediately declared Paris a Commune. It would be a worker's paradise, run by the workers for the benefit of the worker/citizen.

Changes came thick and fast. There was an immediate separation of church and state and secular education at schools, with the added benefit that girls were now allowed to get an education alongside the boys. Government employees had their pay cut to the same level as an average skilled worker's. Vacant properties were given to the homeless and, most important, a new law was enacted that employers could no longer dock workers' pay as a penalty for some grievance, real or imagined.

Here in the States, as you might imagine, the rich were petrified that France and Paris, having been taken over by the common class, might spread revolution to this country. The creation of the Paris Commune was the world's first observed manifestation of what you have come to know as the Red Scare.

It wasn't very long - only 73 days, to be exact - before the French government sent in the military to retake the city. But back then Paris was a city of narrow streets, easy to blockade, easy to defend. And so the war against working Parisians from 21 to 28 May, 1871, would come to be known as Bloody Week. When the army made it through the first barricades, anyone standing on the other side was obviously the enemy: in one such grouping alone 1,100 were killed. At the end of that week, 870 of the French military were dead, but 20,000 to 25,000 citizen workers of Paris had also been killed.

French officials decided that the city must be rebuilt

in such a way that it could never again be used as a fortress against the regime. At the same time, France needed a smaller, more mobile home guard unit to ensure "stability" under any national crisis - "crisis" meaning putting down the masses if another situation like this should ever arise.

This revolt and its consequences did not go unnoticed here in the States. The most wealthy and powerful Americans began demanding that their local and state and the national government follow France's lead - "to ensure civil obedience in this country." They claimed to want "stability for all," but actually the rich were concerned for their own safety; the immigrant poor and the common laborer, they feared, were likely to come after them because of their wealth.

In the decade after the Civil War, our biggest industry was the railroads. It was run by robber barons such as Jay Gould, who once famously stated that he could easily hire half of the people in this country to kill the other half. (That goes a long way toward explaining why he was the most hated man in America - and frankly didn't care.) His railroads and others provided jobs and lots of them; by the mid-1880s, over 700,000 men worked for rail owners. Now this was tough work, often 18-hour days, six or seven days a week. And it was dangerous. In the days before air brakes, rail brakemen had to walk on the tops of rail cars to hand turn the brakes on each one, so the train could properly stop - and they did so in rain, snow, or even during ice storms. If you were killed or maimed there was no severance, no insurance, no wrongful death lawsuits, just some inconvenience for the railroad's home office, which had to find someone to take your place. In one year alone 1,972 rail workers were killed, 20,028 workers seriously injured. And your pay for this 120-hour workweek? Barely enough for a place to stay and food.

That was the problem. Our railroads in the 1800s were like Internet companies in the late 1990s: the actual firms never made a profit, yet their owners and executives got rich manipulating the stock. So, experiencing negative cash flow in 1873, the rail owners decided to cut their workers' starvation wages by another 10%. The dissatisfaction was palpable, yet no labor unrest took place - then. But when railway workers' wages were cut by another 10% in mid-1877, America would come apart at the seams.

The strikes started at Martinsburg, West Virginia, against the Baltimore and Maryland Railroad. Workers not only walked off the job, but also refused to let the trains run. The governor immediately called the state's various militias into action to quell the uprising, but there was a problem with that: The militia volunteers, like the striking trainmen, were typically low-paid wage earners. When they arrived in Martinsburg, instead of putting down the strike with force, they joined up with the strikers. One told a local paper, "Many of us have reason to know what long hours and low pay mean; we may be militiamen, but we are workmen first." President Rutherford B. Hayes sent in federal troops.

But now riots were breaking out in Baltimore, and

most of the people on the street were not striking rail workers but laborers on their way to work. When that state's militia came on the scene, fires were started and rocks were thrown - and the Maryland troops opened fire. They killed 10, injured 16, and arrested 250. Then it started in Pittsburgh. There, as in Martinsburg, the militia joined the strikers; but federal troops brought in from Philadelphia were equipped with the latest in military hardware - Gatling guns. As the crowd tried to retreat in the face of this overwhelming force, the troops opened fire, killing at least 25, injuring so many no one could count them all.

As the result of that object lesson, the striking workers turned into a violent mob on July 22, 1877. Looting stores and burning rail cars and the offices of their owners, they also burned a few homes of the wealthy in their zeal.

Then it spread to Albany, Newark, Trenton, Columbus, Cincinnati, St. Louis. And in Chicago, where at the Workingman's Party rally 20,000 citizens had come out in support, the city's policemen took things into their own hands; opening fire on the crowds, the cops killed 40 to 50 citizens.

In San Francisco, the protest was not just against the Southern Pacific. Angry crowds took the opportunity to riot against cheaper Chinese laborers, who hadn't complained about their two pay cuts from the rail barons.

Yes, the poorest of the gainfully employed put all of America into crisis during the summer of 1877. E.L. Godkin, writing in The Nation, commented that this was "proof of the fading concept of American patriotism; what once held our country together was now being undone, as the poverty of the masses and their hatred of the rich were now more important to the average man than being an American."

And, following the destruction of their property at the hands of their workers, the few truly wealthy robber barons concluded that "Communists," American disciples of the Paris Commune concept, were trying to take over the country. Did they discuss or even consider that the two 10% pay cuts over four years had left their workers so destitute that they could not afford to house and feed their families? No. The pay cuts hadn't affected them; the Railroad Robber Barons probably didn't even remember them. However, the rail owners knew how to handle any future uprising - exactly as the French had done - and the answer had already been put in place the year before. One could not count on the state's volunteer militia; and the hatred of Reconstruction in the South had sapped any national will to create a large standing army. But the French had shown America's rich how to deal with angry masses of the poor.

Today if you go to Paris, you will notice wide boulevards and radiating intersections; these spacious thoroughfares were created by a French government that well remembered how, in the uprising of 1871, the city's narrow streets had enabled Commune members to barricade themselves in against France's federal troops. That's right, the beauty that is Paris today is the result of governmental planning to quickly put down any worker insurrections.

But France did one thing more: It created the Guard Nationale.

And so, after the Great National Strike of 1877 here in America, the industrialized states mustered their own National Guard units. The first ones started in New England, but within 20 years every state had a Guard unit. Some of the funding came from state treasuries, true - but a great deal came from society's wealthiest individuals. They also built and stocked, out of their own pockets, local armories; and Guard unit officer rank was reserved for the sons of the upper middle class and higher wage earners. It's worth noting that, while today our states' National Guards' mission is often that of helping save lives when catastrophe strikes, they still get called out for riots.

Labor unions also grew as a result of that tumultuous summer of 1877. Within a decade the AFL was created. And in time wages for the average person rose to the point of allowing us a vibrant middle class, which in turn changed America for the best. So, everybody got something.

The last great irony of this story happened back in France. Because Paris had been rebuilt with wide boulevards and beautiful intersections, la Garde Nationale could easily put down any uprising. But so could any other leader: Look how quickly it let Hitler's army take over Paris.

Chapter Fifty-three
The Democrats Drop the Election: 1876

It is a question that will be asked for all time: Why did the Democrats, who probably had legitimately won the presidential election, simply roll over and allow Republican shenanigans and back-room deals in the Southern states? Why did Democrats let the Republicans push their candidate around and probably steal the Presidency?
No, I'm not talking about the 2000 election snafu starring Al Gore and George W. Bush. I'm talking about the election that set the South back almost 80 years. The election of 1876 almost threw America back into civil war, because everyone knew it was crooked.

It had all begun during the Civil War, with the rise of the Radical Republicans - about the only ones who viewed the Civil War as a crusade against slavery at the time. They wanted African-American troops to be allowed to enlist in the Union Army; they were the ones who fought for the 13th Amendment, and they didn't much care for Abraham Lincoln. After all, at first Lincoln didn't want Blacks in the army at all - and the Radical Republicans thought that his Reconstruction plan for the South was far too kind and generous to former slaveholders. It should also be pointed out that just a few years later the Radical Republicans did all they could to force President Ulysses S. Grant to take action against the Ku Klux Klan. They were also for labor reform, including having the Federal Government forcibly limit employers to 8-hour workdays.
No wonder they were called Radicals.

With Lincoln dead and President Johnson gone from office came the term of Ulysses S. Grant, known for its incredible corruption. Grant's part in it was small, but at the time Congress and Grant's administration were notorious for knowing little if anything of integrity.

We had the Credit Mobilier Scandal in Congress, and the railroad barons were paying off our Congressmen. We had Black Friday, when Jay Gould tried to corner the gold market with the help of Grant's brother-in-law, but instead prices collapsed, financially ruining many people.

We had the Whiskey Ring, where the feds raised the tax on whiskey to pay for the war, and Treasury officials took bribes to sell tax stamps for pennies. The came the Indian Ring, where officials with the Indian Department were taking bribes from contractors. America was tired of the corruption, which only got worse during Grant's second term; it was time for real reform.

For the Democrats the candidate would be Samuel J. Tilden, and the Republicans would nominate Rutherford B. Hayes. Tilden was the reform-minded governor of New York who had taken on Tammany Hall; that situation was unique, as Tammany Hall tended to vote Democratic, but Tilden had led the prosecution of Boss Tweed in New York City. Hayes was another outstanding choice; he was the popular governor of Ohio, a hero of the Civil War and well known as a reformer.

There was just one problem: Going into that election the Democrats were heavily favored, simply because many Americans thought the Republicans had become far too corrupted by their power. That was probably true of many Democratic and Republicans in office - but it was not true of Hayes.

It gets more confusing, because Democrats in the South were just as conservative or more so than Republicans in the North. Remember, Southerners only called themselves Demo-

crats because they hated Lincoln, a Republican, for the war and for freeing their slaves. Therefore, as you might expect, they voted for Tilden.
The race was tight: 4,284,020 votes for Tilden, 4,036,572 for Hayes. Still, as you know, it's the Electoral College's votes that count in elections. And in this election, the next morning, Samuel Tilden had 204 electoral votes; Hayes had 165.

Then again, not all of the votes were in. Three of the Southern states were controlled by Republican electoral boards, including six votes in Louisiana, seven in South Carolina and four in, you guessed it, Florida.

Now, had the election been left alone, history probably would have remembered President Samuel Tilden. But Tilden's people had wired the New York Times on election night, begging to know how the Times was calling the election in Louisiana, South Carolina and Florida. The editor of the New York Times, John Reid, a Republican, wired other Republican leaders, "Apparently the Democrats believe they might not have won the presidency. That means that we can still win it." That started the nonsense.

Both political parties headed south, throwing around bribe money to anyone holding a ballot. In the end, each one of those three Southern states sent two groups of electoral representatives. One had the legitimate vote, which was for Tilden, and the carpetbag Republicans of the South sent another electoral group.
Now to be fair, Oregon went for Hayes and had three electoral votes, but the Democratic governor replaced one of them with a Democratic ringer. That was overruled, so Oregon went to Hayes - but there were still 19 electoral votes in dispute, and they could decide the presidency.

Congress didn't know what to do, because the Constitution did not address election fraud. Therefore, they set up an Electoral Commission composed of five senators, five representatives, and five Supreme Court judges: Seven Democrats, seven Republicans, one Independent. But it gets better: One Supreme Court Justice, David Davis, was chosen by the Illinois Senate to fill a vacant chair in the U.S. Senate. He resigned his seat on the Supreme Court to accept it, which meant he was now in Republican hands, no longer Independent.

The last holdout was Supreme Court Justice Joseph Bradley, but he was more of an Independent than a Republican; initially, he cast his vote for Samuel Tilden because he believed Tilden had won the election. But then he spent the night with a group of Republican leaders, and the next day he reversed himself and went with Hayes.

The final decision, which was made just two days before the March 2, 1877, inauguration, installed Rutherford B. Hayes as our 17th president. The anger was so thick across the country that President Grant secretly had Hayes sworn into office the night before, just in case riots kept the public inauguration from taking place.

Remember, there was now talk of another civil war; America had never before elected a president only to have the loser take the White House. In addition, although the electoral boards in Louisiana, Florida and South Carolina were Republican controlled, those states were in fact Democratic.

The question remains: Why did the Democrats, particularly in the South, roll over and allow Republican Rutherford B. Hayes to become president? It was called the Compromise of 1877, and here's what the Republicans agreed to do: If the South guaranteed those votes to Hayes, Republicans would end Reconstruction and remove federal troops from the Southern states. They would enact legislation that would help foster industrialization of the South; they agreed to appoint Democrats to federal positions in the South - ending the days of the carpetbaggers - and also agreed that Hayes would appoint one Democrat to his cabinet.

The South would regain its independence and control of its own politics; and all those electors had to do in return was make everybody's individual vote for the presidency invalid.

The Compromise of 1877 became known as the Great Betrayal by the four million former slaves in the South, because it ended their 12-year period of civil rights. It ushered in the Jim Crow laws, a grave civil wrong that would not be righted for 78 years ... nearly three full generations.

Obviously, this was one of the most important political acts in this country's history. It put a man in the White House who probably had not won the election; it created the era of "Separate but Equal," and made the South politically free - as long as you were white and a Democrat.

A couple of minor points. First, Grant was not dishonest - the spoils system was in place. Even back then, political appointments were made not on your qualifications, but on your support of the winning political party. It was these people who made Grant look so corrupt.
Rutherford B. Hayes was actually a decent president and a moderate reformer, which no one who controlled his political party thought he would be. All things considered, he was a good president.

As for Tilden, his last act was to instruct his supporters not to do anything rash - to take the loss in stride and move on with their lives. That likely kept a great many riots from breaking out. So he took the moral high ground too.
African-Americans in the South were the real losers in this misguided election.

Chapter Fifty-four
The Last Rebel

To some people the Civil War never should have ended. In their minds, at least, they weren't ready to surrender, and so they kept the War between North and South going for years.

One of those men was a Confederate officer named Robert J. Lee, a distant cousin of the head of the Confederate forces. When the war officially ended in the spring of 1865 and his commanding officer, Nathan Bedford Forrest, dismissed him, Lee refused to surrender his sword or sidearms. Wearing his uniform proudly, Robert J. Lee rode his horse back to his home in Pilot Grove, Texas, 16 miles southeast of Sherman. And from there Lee continued to fight anyone who stood for the Union.

As it turned out, there were a sizable number of Union loyalists here in North Texas, for a migration of Northern sympathizers had arrived just before the outbreak of the war's first hostilities. And in Lee's hometown of Pilot Grove, Lewis Peacock led those opposed to the Cause; he had formed the Union League with a group of local toughs and the help of a federal judge. Peacock dedicated himself to punishing those who had fought for the South or who had opposed him during the war.

Well, Lee came home, one of those unapologetic Confederates and certainly not the least bit intimidated by Peacock's Union League. In fact, Lee rode into Pilot Grove often, still wearing his Confederate sidearms and with a seemingly endless supply of $20 gold pieces. This only served to infuriate Peacock, because most ex-soldiers knew better than to ride into a Union town wearing Southern guns. Besides, Peacock always wondered where Lee had gotten all that money.

Of course, most rational people in southern Grayson County knew exactly where Lee's money had come from. His father, Daniel Webster Lee, had been quite wealthy when he'd moved there from Virginia in the 1830s. And then, when other Southerners had sold their money for Confederate currency at the start of the war, Lee had instead bought gold coins and buried them on his farm.

Obviously it wasn't doing Peacock's Union cause any good to have this arrogant so-called Confederate officer coming into town. So, when Lee had been home about two months, Peacock and a group of men dressed as Union soldiers knocked on his door and arrested him.

They claimed they were going to haul him to Sherman to stand trial for crimes he had committed during the Civil War.

To this day, no one knows what Peacock's real motivation was, but on the road up to Sherman he pulled Lee aside; he would let Lee go, he said, for a payment of $2,000 and the charges against him dropped. Lee had little choice if he wanted to live; he gave Peacock the $40 he had on him, signed a promissory note for the balance of the $2,000 and gave up his mule. But Robert J. Lee had no intention of honoring the debt; instead he hightailed it to Bonham and filed charges against his kidnappers. When nothing came of that, he complained to the commander of the 5th Military District in Austin. And while no real action was taken, Peacock had been embarrassed publicly - and other Southern sympathizers elevated Lee to hero status.

Of course, this feud was far from over. Just a couple of weeks later while Lee was in town, two Union League members got into an argument with him, and one drew a gun and shot Lee. His friends put him in a wagon and hauled him out to Dr. Pierce's home for surgery to remove the bullet. A couple of nights later, Hugh Hudson called the doctor out onto his porch and shot him dead.

Lee knew his days were numbered at this rate. Once he recovered from his wounds, Lee set out bent on revenge. After all, not that many people lived in Pilot Grove; but there sure was a lot of hatred in the air, so he disappeared into Wildcat Thicket, declaring himself at war with the Union League and the U.S. government.

Other Southern sympathizers joined his outfit; local farmers became his eyes and ears, often warning him of ambushes. Very soon, scores of members of the Union League would feel the impact of the last battles Lee fought in the Civil War.

In time the Union Army would come after him, but his farm-based intelligence network let Lee ambush those soldiers. So the Army took a different tack: Containing him in Wildcat Thicket, they offered a $1,000 bounty to anyone who could bring Lee in, dead or alive.

That did it; bounty hunters from across the nation came to North Texas to earn the fortune. But as they entered the Thicket, one by one they met sad fates. Lee left the bodies on the side of the road going into Pilot Grove, just as a little warning that it wasn't safe to come after him.

Over the years Lee and his men would come out of the Thicket for supplies or to get their vengeance against members of the Union League who had attacked Lee's friends. And the government kept upping the bounty to capture him until it reached $10,000 - a huge fortune during the days of Reconstruction in the South.

It was the early morning of May 24, 1869, when Captain Campbell of the U.S. Army led a company of his men to the outskirts of the Thicket. He had heard from an informer that Robert J. Lee would be traveling down a certain narrow road that day; sure enough, about nine in the morning, here came a lone rider leading a packhorse.

The entire company of soldiers opened fire and Robert J. Lee fell dead. As it turned out, Lee had the pack horse weighed down with provisions for a long journey and was carrying a small fortune in gold. Most believe that he was headed toward Mexico, which probably meant he was finally willing to give up his homeland for another when he was shot.

Rumors quickly spread around the area that a certain farmer had ratted Lee out for the $10,000; it might not have been true, but that farmer was found dead a couple of days later. And it turned out the farmer, Henry Boren, had been killed by his own nephew, Bill, who was in Lee's camp. Bill Boren would later ride with John Wesley Hardin; for now, his killing his uncle that way had blown the Boren family apart. For many years the Borens against the Borens was one of the greatest family feuds in America.

Lee's men scattered after his murder; but the meanest of the bunch, Dick Johnson, didn't stay gone but a couple of years. He came back to Pilot Grove telling anyone who would

listen that he was there to kill Lewis Peacock. Peacock heard of the threat and decided to stay near his home, thinking Johnson might cool off and leave; but the next morning as he stepped out on his front porch, he was shot dead. Johnson was never seen again.

The final victim of this county war was Daniel Webster Lee, Robert's father, killed as he rode home from Bonham one day. Authorities claimed it was robbery, but no one believed that. Right before he died, Robert J. Lee told one of his men that he'd personally killed 42 people during his private continuation of the Civil War. The real number of those killed on both sides here in North Texas is not known for sure, but it's estimated at a couple of hundred.
Most think the Civil War ended in 1865, but in one county not far up the road from Dallas, it went on for another six years.

Chapter Fifty-five
Which Rules: People or Government?

The year 1798 was much like today in that many media outlets had aligned themselves with partisan political perspectives. Something else that existed in the earliest days of our Republic was that Americans argued hotly over the real truth of an issue, when in fact what they really wanted was to silence neighbors with whose political views they disagreed. Of course, as I've stated before, the truth is never political in nature. It is what it is, the truth.

The First Amendment to our Constitution guarantees the right of the free press to protect our democracy; that simple article of faith, freedom to speak your beliefs peaceably, was put in our Bill of Rights first because of bad and bitter experience. This was an English law from 1275, which banned "any false news or tales whereby discord may grow between the king and his people." Such speech was called Seditious Libel; by the 1600s English judges had broadened that meaning, explaining that seditious libel was also "Any written censure on any public man whatever for any conduct whatever, or upon any law or institution whatever." This meant that judges in England would punish any printed publication if it in any way criticized the King, Parliament, a member of the nobility or gentry, or any laws that had been passed.

As one historian of that period wrote, no single method of restricting the press has ever been as effective as the Law of Seditious Libel.

Sir William Blackstone, a British jurist best known for his analytical work on British Common Law but certainly no fan of the common class, wrote that the King is incapable not only of doing wrong, but even of thinking wrong. Blackstone then added, "If the mass of mankind will obey the laws when made, without scrutinizing too nicely into the reasons for making them, all would be right in England."

Of course, this became a problem in America, where we had started to question not only the authority of the King, but the wisdom of certain Acts of Parliament, which had driven a wedge between many British colonists in America and the Crown. Keep in mind that the British Seditious Libel rulings applied in America also. So, having universally been guilty of making public complaints against British rule, Americans naturally made the rights of a free press and free expression of religion the First Amendment prerequisite to the signing of our Constitution.

Unhappily, the signers of the Constitution couldn't agree on what a free press meant. For the Federalists believed with all their heart and soul that our new government was superior to the people and therefore should never be subject to censure by the press - that might diminish the authority of political leaders. Other than that, the press was free to say whatever they felt like.

The Republicans, to the contrary, believed that in fact our elected officials were not the superiors of the people, but public servants; therefore, the people had not just the right but the duty to question and criticize government's actions. Making matters slightly more confus-

ing, the Founding Fathers had always intended to create a situation where this national debate would never end.

Either way, the Federalists had the votes. On July 10, 1798, the House of Representatives passed the Sedition Act of 1798; four days later President John Adams signed it into law. Suddenly, our new republic was told, anyone who questioned the acts of elected representatives would be considered a traitor to the nation.

Our court system now had to interpret the law in order to find someone guilty of seditious libel. Therefore, they looked into the British standards that most had rejected when we had written the Bill of Rights.

First, judges in England had ruled that the government does not have to produce proof of seditious intent; proof was unnecessary for a conviction.

Second, if the seditious libel were actually not libel but the truth, when the British government was lying, would the truth be more important than the official lies? Again, the British judges had ruled that truth was not a legitimate alibi - because if the commoners discovered that their government had lied, and been proven to have lied, that would increase any danger.

Third, who would rule on whether seditious libel had taken place, the judge or a jury? Fearing too many dismissals and jury nullification, it was decided that only judges could rule on this matter.

To be fair, the Sedition Act of 1798 dismissed those decisions: In America the government would have to produce proof of treacherous intent for it to be seditious libel; if the statements were true, that truth would be a defense; and it would be a jury's decision, not the judge's, whether the defendant was guilty or not.

After all, legal safeguards written into a law for the protection of the innocent in real life often mean little. After all, as the Republicans of the time said, "What good is truth as a defense against seditious libel, when the prosecution is going to be politically motivated?" Three days after President John Adams signed that bill into law, the New York Times wrote, "Now all Americans will have to sing the same tune." Republicans, as they feared, were to find that the legal reforms in that law would protect no one - or at least not them.

It should be noted that Republican newspaper editors did write articles criticizing not just the Sedition Act, but also the administration of John Adams. The public, which had fought so hard to win the Revolution and throw off the yoke of unjust British laws, was not any happier. Only 20 years earlier, we had freed ourselves from tyranny and founded a new country on the premise of free speech - and now the Sedition Act would revoke that fundamental right of our society?

That was a question that Thomas Jefferson and James Madison would soon answer - but there was no assurance that the answer would restore or protect the rights of a free American press.

As a means to counter the Sedition Act, quietly Thomas Jefferson and James Madison helped Kentucky and Virginia adopt resolutions to stop the onslaught. The Federalists believed that government - in which role they clearly saw themselves - was superior to the people; they sought to guarantee their power forever by keeping the press from printing anything contrary to their Acts and Laws. But Jefferson thought that, by muzzling Americans' freedom of speech, the Sedition Act of 1798 could easily destroy the new republic. So this became the first test of States' Rights in the young nation: Kentucky's and Virginia's legislatures voted the Sedition Act void and of no force inside their borders, and those two states further asked the others to follow suit. No other state sided with them on the issue.

At that point James Madison became more vocal, again dismissing the Federalist claim

that government was superior to the people. He dared to write that the Act was unconstitutional, because it dismissed the responsibility of public servants and public measures to the people. He publicly exploded the doctrine that the administrators of the government are the masters and not the servants of the people.

Suddenly, newspapers owned by Federalists started writing that the Act needed strong enforcement. Obviously, this would quiet their vocal competitors, but they failed to realize that under this Act, should the Federalists lose power, Republicans or Democrats could prosecute them for their opposition to government. The Albany Sentinel wrote that "It is only patriotic to write in favor of our government, anyhow." The New York Commercial Advertiser published this that same year: "Anyone who inveighs against the Sedition Act should themselves be suspected as traitors."

But it was John Adams' Secretary of State, Timothy Pickering, who immediately grasped the Act's power to suppress the media. He wrote that the Sedition Act was "not a threat to free speech, but an essential measure to exterminate the pests of our society and disturbers of order and tranquility." Pickering made sure that every page of every Republican newspaper in America was read daily, looking for any clue to criticism of the administration. He hired spies to keep him informed of seditious talk.

Soon enough, the election of 1800 loomed in which Incumbent President John Adams would face Thomas Jefferson - and Sec. of State Pickering indicted 17 Republican newspapers for seditious acts. Four of the top five Republican newspapers were tried, two were shut down, and others had to suspend operations while their editors were imprisoned - all to stop any positive press for Thomas Jefferson and to ensure that John Adams and the Federalists kept power.

"The Beast of Vermont" is how one comedian of the time described Congressman Matthew Lyon, quite possibly the most detested Congressman of that era. Lyon was considered insolent and rude and visibly didn't care for the other elected leaders of that time. The Albany Centinal [sic] would accuse him of trying to incite mobs to overthrow our government. Everywhere he went Federalist supporters came out to jeer him; he was harassed at a New York hotel and, as he was passing through Trenton, New Jersey, a local band played the "Rogue's March" to serenade him. And on hearing that Adams had signed the Sedition Act into law, Congressman Matthew Lyon immediately told a friend that the first person he expected to be indicted under that new law was himself.

At the time our Congress was evenly divided between Republicans and Democrats, but Lyon came from a region in Vermont that was heavily Federalist. In fact, of the last four times he had run for office, he had been elected only once. In 1798 he was headed home to campaign for reelection to Congress; the National Federalist Gazette of the United States warned him in an article that he had a big surprise waiting for him back home.

Well, back home Lyon had contributed a letter to Spooner's Vermont Journal, which charged in part that President John Adams had ignored the public welfare by his continual grasp for more power. Lyon had also rejected the concept of Presidential infallibility. On the positive side, Congressman Lyon's letter was published prior to the enactment of the Sedition Act, so legally he was safe on that count. But he wasn't safe after he started reading excerpts of his letter to audiences, after the Sedition Act became law. He also added that in his opinion President John Adams should be legally committed to an insane asylum for the way he had treated the French.

Unable to leave well enough alone, Lyon had also started his own publication, The Scourge of Aristocracy and Repository of Important Political Truths. In his first issue he delivered a ringing slap to the face of Federalism, accusing its component members of spreading falsehoods and of attacking innocent people who dared utter the truth. He charged that Federalists lied to consolidate power away from the people, and Lyon claimed that because this violated our Constitution, he was forced to stand up and oppose these men.
Well, Lyon's new paper was printed on October 1, 1798, and just two days later the Federal Circuit Court for the District of Vermont (Associate Supreme Court Justice William Paterson presiding) addressed the grand jury. Informing them of the benefits to society of having the Sedition Act in place, he said it stopped the disgruntled from disturbing our government. Five days later, Congressman Matthew Lyon was indicted for seditious libel.

Vermont Congressman Matthew Lyons decided that the Constitution and the Bill of Rights were all the protection he needed in court, so he decided to act as his own attorney. His argument was simple:

1. The First Amendment states that Congress shall pass no act restricting the press, and therefore the Sedition Act was unconstitutional.
2. He had spoken the truth, which the Sedition Act said was a legal defense in court.

Justice William Paterson immediately informed Lyon that he rejected the Constitutional argument - and then he turned to the jury and instructed them to find Lyon guilty, because "the Congressman's remarks about the President were intended to be odious and contemptible."

The next day Lyon was sentenced by Paterson to pay a $1,000 fine and $60 in court costs and spend four months in jail. Lyon claimed poverty because a recent depression had wiped out his wealth. The judge said no problem; Lyon would stay in jail until he could come up with the $1,000 fine. A thousand dollars in 1798 was a great deal of money.

He was not allowed to go home to put his affairs in order. And he wasn't imprisoned in his hometown either, but in a jail 40 miles away, in a cell with runaway Negroes, horse thieves and counterfeiters. The marshal was Jabez Fitch, a serious Federalist and one of Lyon's most vocal enemies. The winter poured in through the bars of the open window, and Lyon had only his coat to keep him warm. He wrote one Senator about the unfairness of his trial; Thomas Jefferson, on hearing of his conviction, wrote, "Federal judges are now the object of national fear."

Deciding to run his reelection campaign from his federal prison, Lyon wrote letters about his incarceration that circulated around the nation. Thousands of people in Vermont wrote to President Adams demanding that Congressman Lyon be pardoned, as they were loyal Americans deprived of representation because he had been imprisoned. Adams refused to accept their petition, but America was getting pretty worked up over Lyon's trial and conviction for seditious libel against the president. Too many had fought the British in the Revolution over just such injustices as this. And when the election came, Lyon won with twice as many votes as the Federalist candidate. The people had had enough.

There was still that matter of the $1,000 court fine, so Republicans everywhere contributed to pay it, including Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and James Monroe. Lyon had auctioned his property, hoping to pay the debt, but Virginia and Vermont had a contest to see who could get him out of jail first. $2,000 was raised; both states paid half.

With the fine taken care of, on February 9, 1799, the reelected Congressman Matthew Lyon was released from jail. But he was still in danger; Federalists had already prepared new charges against him of Seditious Libel for the letters he'd written from prison. But Lyon was the smarter of the parties. Before he set foot out of his cell, he informed the warden and guards,

"Gentlemen, I am on my way to Congress."

It is illegal to arrest a Congressman on his way to his duties.

Returning to Philadelphia, where Congress met at the time, he was hailed as a returning hero for standing up to the Sedition Act, in the city that had scorned him just months earlier. Federalists in Congress tried to have him expelled, but failed because they couldn't muster the votes. Congressman Matthew Lyon retained his seat.

Others were tried under the Sedition Act, but the public had already spoken. The Federalists would lose, because the people believed they were superior to government, a point they have proven time and time again over the last 200 years. Today's Federalists still don't get it; they keep trying to cripple freedom of speech as if, somehow, being elected to office guarantees you will never make a mistake or a bad decision. At least, they don't - so nobody should be able to say anything negative about them.

Chapter Fifty-six
The Statue of Liberty

Europe had long dreamed of building a canal between the Mediterranean and the Indian Oceans. Such a shortcut would open up world trade; European nations could avoid sailing all the way around the southern tip of Africa to their final destinations in Central and Southeast Asia - not to mention China. Napoleon had first suggested dredging a canal, but his surveyors said that the new waterway would have a 10-foot drop, and that made the project too expensive to consider.

The concept would be picked up again by the mid-1850s; Ferdinand de Lesseps won a concession from Said Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, to construct what we know today as the Suez Canal. However, if the viceroy had known the pain this canal was to bring Egypt, he might have had second thoughts.

The Suez Canal Company came into existence on December 15, 1858, and the French government negotiated a 99-year lease for the adjoining land. Work started on the canal; the French enslaved tens of thousands of Egyptian peasants to do the dredging, and some believe that as many as 130,000 died during the 11-year period of construction.

Immediately the British realized that the Suez Canal could enable all sorts of potential threats to their overseas colonies. In response, officially, the English started a public smear campaign to discredit the French for using forced slave laborers; but secretly they hired a mercenary Bedouin army to start a revolt among the enslaved workers. Realizing that his image was being tarnished for allowing his people to be forced to work on the canal, the Viceroy condemned the practice; and work on the Suez Canal stopped.

This British duplicity infuriated De Lesseps. He wrote a letter to authorities in England, in which he reminded them that they too had used slave labor in Egypt - and in building their railway system some 80,000 Egyptians had died. (In fact, the number of deaths varies widely according to source.) Finally, with the British taking a minority position in the canal company, the Suez Canal was finally opened for trade on November 17, 1869.

Frederic Bartholdi, born in the Alsace region of France in 1834, was astonished by the massive undertaking that was the Suez Canal project; indeed, the sheer size of that construction project had inspired the entire world. For it had been inconceivable in the past to envision carving a trench in the earth sufficient to create a new sea-lane simply by human labor. As an artist, Bartholdi took it upon himself to travel to Egypt to study the ruins of its ancient civilizations. There, struck by the beauty of statues carved thousands of years before, he decided to offer his services to the Viceroy of Egypt: He wanted to

create a stunning, even awe-inspiring statue that would welcome those who would use the Suez Canal.

Possibly the statue could be used as lighthouse to guide ships to its opening, but its size and complexity were beyond anything then imaginable. Bartholdi wanted his monument to the greatness of the Suez Canal to be twice as high as the Sphinx; when completed it would make him immortal, like the creators of the ancient but priceless Egyptian ruins he had visited in Luxor. In essence, Bartholdi was blinded by his own ego. The Viceroy agreed to fund Bartholdi's project, and his sketches showed a veiled Egyptian female, "Egypt, Bringing Light to Asia." However, by 1871, two years after the Suez Canal opened and two years into Bartholdi's project, the Viceroy had gone bankrupt. He could no longer afford to pay for the canal's magnificent lighthouse.

All Bartholdi had were his drawings, his dream, and a chance encounter with American General Charles Stone, one of our advisors in Egypt.

It was July of 1882, and the British Navy was steaming full ahead toward Egypt. The mission was to protect their puppet government; should it be overthrown the Brits could easily lose the right to use the Suez Canal for their overseas business and military ventures. This had been coming for three years; the European nations had declared the Egyptian government bankrupt, overthrown the Viceroy, Khedive Ismail Pasha (Said Pasha's nephew), and installed a more compliant leader. But Egyptian nationalism was rising, and the cry was "Egypt for Egyptians."

Those who wanted to throw off unwanted European influence in their affairs rallied behind Colonel Admad Urabi.

Not surprisingly, many of our officials in the Middle East were disgusted with the plight of the local populations. French troops were attacking and killing peaceful Tunisians, and that and the treatment of the Egyptians by local British officials were alike deemed unnecessarily cruel. Nevertheless, on July 10, 1882, General Stone had far graver concerns: He knew that the British Navy was going to bombard the city of Alexandria the next day, in order to teach the Egyptians a lesson in the value of cooperation. General Stone was 58 at the time, our last advisor in country, and he was tired of hearing his staff officers trashed by European officials and upset that the Europeans had overthrown the Viceroy.

He had one other major problem: once the British started shelling Alexandria, it was highly likely that all foreigners living in Egypt would be subject to beatings or attacks by the locals, for no other reason than revenge for what the British were about to do. His teenaged son John was with him in Alexandria, but his wife Jeannie and his three teenaged daughters were in Cairo, defenseless, if attacked. So General Stone went to the local British officials and begged them to stop the British Navy from attacking the next day. Well, they didn't even stop eating their dinner; instead a witticism was made about the effect British heavy naval artillery would have on the local peasantry.

Stone agonized over whether to warn his wife and daughters about the coming attack. Should they flee - and if they did, would that be more dangerous than staying put? He decided not to give them advance warning of what was about to happen.

On July 11, 1882, at 6:50 in the morning, the British Navy opened fire on Alexandria; the incoming shells were aimless, directed nowhere in particular. General Stone ran through the city helping the wounded, forcing the local police to stop the rioting where they could.

In Cairo, his wife Jeannie shuttered her house, pulled her three girls into the kitchen, and told them, "Be brave and face death like soldiers and protect your virtue at all costs. I expect you to save yourselves by putting a bullet in your heart, don't leave it to me to do it." Two weeks

later, tired of waiting for death or their rescue, Jeannie gathered up her daughters and herself drove the Stone ladies to Port Said; reunited, the Stone family left Egypt in the hands of the British army.

Britain's military forces massacred the entire Egyptian Army on September 13, 1882. For the next 72 years the British would occupy Egypt.
The Stones settled on Long Island.

Frederic Bartholdi had never given up on his idea for the world's largest modern statue, but it was obvious that it would never be built as the lighthouse for the Suez Canal. Nor would the veiled Egyptian female, "Egypt Bringing Light to Asia," become a reality as he had drawn it. Instead, Bartholdi reworked his design slightly. He reduced the scale model's height to just 89 inches - and that is how a gargantuan copper statue, first envisioned as the lighthouse at the opening of the Suez Canal, became "Liberty Enlightening the World," our Statue of Liberty.
That's right, Bartholdi originally dreamed that his magnificent statue would awe travelers on the Suez Canal. And his vision of the common Egyptian peasant woman was to proclaim liberty for the world, starting with the line, "Egypt for Egyptians."
When that dream was dashed the reworked drawing, without the Muslim veil, became our Statue of Liberty. And General Stone, the former Army engineer? He had been imprisoned in the star-shaped Fort Wood, on Bedloe's Island in New York Harbor, at the start of the Civil War; Bartholdi asked him to be the lead engineer in building the pedestal there on which the Statue of Liberty stands. And so in October 1886, "Liberty Enlightening the World" was dedicated. General Stone died the next year.
Ameen Rihani, the celebrated Lebanese American poet, wrote wistfully of the Statue of Liberty, "When will you turn your face toward the east - shall the future never see a statue of freedom near the pyramids?"

There is one last piece to this story, that of the 33-year-old Jewish poet, Emma Lazarus. The lines, "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free," engraved in bronze on a plaque inside the base of the Statue, are from her sonnet, "The New Colossus."

Emma had never thought of the Middle East and wasn't particularly interested in her Jewish faith, but in 1881 the Czar of Russia ordered pogroms that wiped out entire Jewish villages, killing tens of thousands. Emma conceived a new passion for her race, fueled by the indifference of world nations to the Jewish plight, and became a political poet. And her words on the Statue of Liberty are almost identical to something else she wrote: "The creation of a home for the homeless, a goal for the wanderer, an asylum for the persecuted, a nation for the denationalized"- her poetic call for the creation of Israel.

And that's how the Suez Canal, the British overthrow of the Egyptian government, the duplicity of European powers, a Civil War general in fear for his family's life, and one French sculptor gave us the Statue of Liberty.

Chapter Fifty-seven
The Bomb That Changed America

The corner of Wall and Broad Streets in New York was known simply as "the Corner."

This was the location of the House of Morgan, the business address of J.P. Morgan; and even as late as 1920, Morgan was still the official voice of the American capital market with overseas governments. As fate would have it, Morgan was out of the country on Thursday, September 16, 1920, but on Wall Street business was being conducted as usual. Just north of Morgan's business was the U. S. Assay Office, were government workers were moving $900 million in gold bars and next to them, the U.S. Sub Treasury building. Young Joseph Kennedy was nearby, starting his career as a stockbroker. George Weston, a reporter for the Associated

Press, was on the street; he'd left his desk early to beat the lunch crowds.

As the bells of nearby Trinity Church started tolling the noon hour, the driver of a wagon loaded with scrap iron jumped off and ran into the thickening crowd. Invisible under the 400 pounds of iron in the wagon, waiting to turn wagon and load alike into deadly shrapnel, lay 100 pounds of dynamite. But one saw horse-drawn wagons everywhere in New York; no one suspected that this one was anything out of the ordinary.

Americans had never really trusted Wall Street, or Morgan for that matter, and not all that many had their money tied up in the often-uncertain, notoriously unstable stock exchange. After all, to our great-grandfathers' way of thinking, why would anyone in his right mind trade real money for paper? Certainly most Americans of the time knew the stories of the great robber barons, of whom J. P. Morgan was unofficially king.

The First World War had helped end that mindset; the government asked its citizens to invest in Liberty Bonds to finance the war, or else face the prospect of being thought unpatriotic. So, for the first time, large numbers of average citizens put their hard-earned money into paper - albeit the government's IOU - to help our doughboys win the Great War.

At the same time, to help the war effort income taxes on the wealthy were multiplied elevenfold - from 7% of their earnings to 77%; there was a comfortable feeling among the 99% of Americans who weren't rich that the robber barons were finally being brought to heel, at the same time as the Kaiser's army was. But in that, as in most wars in which America has been involved, an ocean separated us from the reality of the fighting; by 1920, after years of minor anarchist bombings across America, some believed that possibly the war was coming home.

Only a few months before that September day, warnings had been posted across New York that read, "You have shown no pity to us. We will do likewise. WE will dynamite you."
Mario Buna was believed to have been involved in what became known as the Sacco and Vanzetti robbery. He had immigrated to the U.S. in 1907. Small, balding, known to his fellow Italians as Nasone, or "Big Nose," the committed anarchist had been involved in the Hopedale Strike of 1913 and the Cordage Strike of 1916. Most believe he was the man who commandeered that wagon and old dray horse, loaded it with 100 pounds of dynamite and hid the explosive with 400 pounds of scrap iron, drove it to and parked it in front of J.P. Morgan's, and then leaped from the wagon at noon on that day and fled through the lunch-hour throngs.

Seconds later, The Corner exploded. For the first time in American history, a bomb designed to kill the maximum number of civilians had been set off in a crowded public place - for no other reason than to terrorize the population. The blast was so strong that awnings 12 stories up caught fire, and the concussion knocked Joseph Kennedy from his desk. The glass shattered in windows blocks away; a car was thrown 20 feet into the air; and in the streets 30 people lay dead, another 400 seriously injured.

George Weston, the reporter, was spared. He later wrote, "It was an unexpected death dealing bolt, which in a twinkling turned into a shambles the busiest corner of America's financial district." He added about one of the victims, "As I gazed horror struck at the sight, one of these forms, half naked and seared with burns, started to rise, struggled and fell lifeless into the gutter. Another fatally wounded messenger boy pleaded with onlookers to deliver his securities and then died."

In less than an hour 1,700 New York policemen had rushed to the scene. Troops from the nearby 22nd Infan-

try came bearing weapons, in case this was not a lone attack. More than 70 nurses with the Red Cross came; many of them had served in Europe during the war, and this was as bad as anything they had seen or tended there. A 17-year-old Jewish messenger boy by the name of James Saul commandeered someone's automobile and personally loaded and delivered 30 of the most seriously wounded to the local hospital.

Soon a rumor started that there would be more bombings that day, and it was considered credible enough that William Remick, president of the stock exchange, closed it for the balance of the day - the first time in history that it had ever been forcibly closed. However, once the rumor that another bombing might take place spread, the scene became surreal as the mob of frightened traders ran over women, children and each other to get to safety.

And close by, at the post office, circulars were found that read, "Remember, we will not tolerate any longer. Free the political prisoners or it will be sure death for all of you." It was signed "American Anarchists Fighters."

Motorcars had been around for more than half a century, but even in 1920 there were still 5,000 stables in New York. All were searched and the owners interrogated to find out who might have set off the bomb on that day. Even the forerunner of the Federal Bureau of Investigation was involved; known criminals and anarchists were pulled in, but charges would not be filed against any of them.

The next day, as the body count kept rising, a Washington Post editorial read, in part, "The bomb outrage in New York emphasizes the extent to which the alien scum from the cesspools and sewers of the Old World has polluted the clear spring of American democracy." The editor added, "This is an act of war."

The Atlanta Journal interviewed a so-called expert, who claimed, "The perpetrators of the Wall Street Blast will be caught." At noon that day, 24 hours to the minute after the explosion, the Sons of the American Revolution and thousands of New Yorkers stood at the 1920 version of Ground Zero and sang "America the Beautiful," then listened to a patriotic speech by Brig. Gen. William Nicholson.

It was a tough time in America. The previous year had brought many stories of how the Great War had made many rich Americans wealthier than ever, in spite of the huge increase in their income tax. The Spanish flu had just decimated many cities across the nation, killing tens of thousands; people were worried that the Bolshevik Revolution would soon spread to other countries, maybe even the United States. There were labor riots stemming from the many walking wounded who had returned from the war ... and just then the economy started to drag, ushering in a brutal recession. And the many people who were starting to feel the economic pain of that slowdown were already screaming that too many immigrants were coming to America - and it was obviously a fact that at least some of them planned to bring their personal political battles to our cities' streets.

Even though many people blamed Mario Buna and considered him responsible, and in spite of our government's promise to bring all of the perpetrators to justice, no one ever stood trial for killing 30 and wounding 400 that day in New York. Quietly, in 1940, the FBI closed the files on the Wall Street Bombing for good.

America survived not just the bombing, but also a flu plague, the recession, the labor problems and the multitude of other issues we would confront over the next 86 years. Even so, if it got mentioned in history textbooks this particular incident was glossed over; today surprisingly few know either the story of that bombing in New York in 1920 or how many people it killed and wounded. No one compares it to 9/11, but that government too promised to bring the culprits to justice - and in time, it all just faded away.

The Wall Street Bombing marked several firsts in our history and took our future down a fork in the road that we might not otherwise have chosen. For one thing, Buna's horse-drawn wagon, loaded with explosives designed to detonate when a crowd was out in the streets, was our first experience of what we know today as a car bomb. Not Buna but his poor horse was our first suicide bomber, and certainly the nation's first such martyr to be involuntary.

But, maybe more important, it was also the first time the media visibly changed a long-held public prejudice, and with it the future: Because it directed the country's sympathies toward the victims on Wall Street and spotlighted stories such as that of the 17-year-old James Saul, the media brought the nation around to the general belief that Wall Street and its selling of paper for real money was one of our cleverer institutions. The prejudice against buying stock ended abruptly, and that's one of the primary reasons that the stock market exploded in the twenties. In fact, from that day buying stock was considered patriotic, because it signaled that America would not bow down to terrorists. Everybody became bullish on the stock market - so enthusiastic that in 1929 it crashed, kicking off the Great Depression.

The bombing was also likely the final straw that moved Congress in 1924 to close most avenues to immigration, not to allow it again in any substantial way until the mid-sixties.

A reminder of that day and of the lives lost when Wall Street was bombed still exists. It's forever incised in the granite walls of the old J.P. Morgan Building, because the decision was made to leave the scars from the blast on the building's exterior. You can see it to this day - the remnants of the bomb that changed the country.

Chapter Fifty-eight
Tokyo Rose

Today when we talk about psychological warfare and its impact on our soldiers during the Second World War, often the conversation turns to two women who broadcast for the enemy to our soldiers, making them wish they could drop their weapons and return home.

For the Germans it was Axis Sally, and for the Japanese it was Tokyo Rose. Axis Sally actually uttered what you remember of the propaganda broadcast to our men in uniform, because Tokyo Rose never existed. The evil voice saboteur of that nickname was a figment of our soldiers' imagination - yet after the war we still prosecuted and convicted an American for being Tokyo Rose.

Axis Sally was born Mildred Sisk in 1900 in Maine. As a young lady she traveled to Europe. First she worked as a governess in France, then for the Berlitz School in Berlin, finally landing a job at Radio Berlin. And on December 11, 1941, four days after Pearl Harbor, Mildred started her career in earnest with the Nazis. Her radio name was Midge at the Mic, but our soldiers nicknamed her Axis Sally.

Sally taunted our boys with messages like, "Hi fellows, I'm afraid you're yearning plenty for someone else. But I just wonder if she isn't running around with the 4-Fs back home."

Sally would also get the name of captured or wounded Americans and add their names to her broadcast. With one wounded soldier Sally broadcast for all to hear, "The doctors don't seem ... oh, I don't know ... only time will tell, you see." It was cruelty in the highest degree, and one can only be glad that the boy's family

back home couldn't hear it.

Sally was also a bigot. One broadcast had her saying, "I love America, but I do not love Roosevelt and all of his kike friends."

After the war Mildred, a.k.a. Sally, lay low in Germany. She was finally arrested and tried in 1949. The evidence against her was the fact that the Federal Communications Commission had been listening to her broadcasts and recording them at their facilities in Silver Hill, Maryland.

Mildred's defense was typical: her German boyfriend had made her do those horrible broadcasts. The jury pretty well believed her, and they acquitted her on seven of the eight counts. They convicted her on just one broadcast, which simulated the death and destruction of our men who might cross the English Channel in an invasion.

Apparently it was the memory of the men lost on D Day that put Mildred in jail. She served 12 years and ended her days teaching at a Roman Catholic school in Columbus, Ohio.

Tokyo Rose was a different story altogether: The woman convicted of being her had never broadcast anti-American sentiments on the radio. She also proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that she had been held against her will by the Japanese government. In the end, none of that would matter.

Iva Toguri was born on the 4th of July, 1916, in Los Angeles, but grew up in the almost lily-white LA suburb of Compton. She was brought up a Methodist, was a Girl Scout, played on her high school varsity tennis team, and loved Jimmy Stewart.

And like most Japanese Americans, Iva spoke virtually no Japanese. She had the dreams that most have here: go to school, get a degree, and enjoy being an American. It almost happened for her. Iva Toguri graduated from UCLA with a degree in Zoology in the summer of 1941. She was a registered Republican who had voted for Wendell Willkie in the election of 1940, and she was planning on going to medical school that fall. But her life would suddenly take a completely unexpected and unfortunate turn.

Her mother's sister had taken ill in Japan and her family told Iva she needed to go and visit with her. On such short notice, our State Department refused her a passport, but instead gave her what was called a Certificate of Identification, claiming it was just like a passport. Iva Toguri set sail for Japan on July 5, 1941.

When she went to return home that November, however, Japanese authorities refused to let her board her ship; they claimed that the Certificate of Identification was not proof she was an American. First the Japanese and then the Americans at Pearl Harbor detained Iva Toguri for the duration of the war. She asked to be officially interned with all the other foreign nationals during the war, but the police refused because she was a woman and of Japanese descent.

Iva learned the language and found work translating American papers into Japanese. That was how she found out her family had been interned at the Gila River Relocation Center in Arizona. It was also how she learned that her mother had died at the camp.

Japan's secret police stayed after her, forcing her out of boarding house after boarding house. Iva borrowed money to move again and again and took a second job at Radio Tokyo to pay those loans back. There she met Captain Charles Cousens, an Australian officer captured at Corregidor and now in charge of the American broadcasts on Radio Tokyo.

Because Iva Toguri, being an American, spoke perfect English, she was one of 12 women who broadcast American tunes across the Pacific. She was air-named Ann, for Little Orphan Annie. Unlike Axis Sally's, Iva's broadcasts were innocuous. Her voice was terrible on air. And a script might read like this: "According to union hours, we are through today. We close off another chapter of free propaganda in the form of Music for You."

Iva never antagonized our men. Her program director was an Australian officer. When Cousens had a heart attack Iva left the station for a while, but the Japanese secret police found her and made her return. However, the war was over just three months later.

A reporter for Cosmpoolitan magazine interviewed her just after the war, but the editor refused to run the story. Instead he gave the interview tapes to military officials and told them she should be arrested as a traitor.

She was arrested, only the military didn't tell her what the charges were. She was held for weeks, interviewed by Army CIC and the FBI. No one could find any evidence she'd been involved in treason; moreover, her old boss Captain Cousens had already been acquitted in his home country.

Iva was set free. The prison commandant, a Colonel Hardy, gave her a bouquet of roses and escorted her past the reporters at the prison gate.

Of course, Iva wanted to come home; but the same State Department that hadn't had time to give her a passport in 1941 told her that without a passport, she couldn't come back to America. It was Walter Winchell who got the girl from LA back - by broadcasting that she needed to be tried for treason.

Iva Toguri was brought back, but she was a marked woman. Her trial in San Francisco cost taxpayers $750,000 - the most expensive trial in American history at that point. Witnesses were brought in from Japan; they later said the military police had told them either to testify against her or be ruined. Other witnesses said they were coached for weeks on what to say. And across America Walter Winchell convicted her on air with the American people.

Things weren't quite so simple back in the courtroom. First, the judge hearing the case was stunned that his own son, who had heard her broadcasts in the Pacific, thought she was innocent. The local press voted 9 to 1 she'd be acquitted. Captain Cousens even flew in from Australia at his own expense to testify on her behalf. Iva Toguri was convicted nonetheless.

Bums Win Pair, Regain Lead
San Francisco Chronicle FINAL
TOKYO ROSE GUILTY
Bookie Slain Here, Gang-Style

The jury foreman said it best: "We would have acquitted her, but we couldn't do that with the instructions given by the judge."

The judge later admitted that he didn't like Japanese Americans.

Iva served seven years in prison. And when she was released in 1956, and in spite of the fact she had been born in America and was a U.S. citizen, Washington tried to deport her back to Japan. Again, thanks to Walter Winchell's relentless radio campaign against her.

Knowing the truth of the story was the exact opposite of what Winchell was inciting the public to believe about her, Iva's attorneys appealed for a presidential pardon. First to Eisenhower, then Kennedy, LBJ, and finally Nixon - and not one of them responded.

Finally, on his last day in office, President Gerald Ford pardoned Iva Toguri. Yet it's amazing how today people still believe the Tokyo Rose story as if it were true. I guess we confuse Axis Sally's anti-American broadcasts with Asian racism.

Iva Toguri was living in Chicago when she passed away on September 28, 2006. And in her later years from time she must have thought back to that day she went to Japan to visit a sick aunt and had her life forever changed - because broadcaster Walter Winchell wanted to boost his ratings and further his own broadcasting career.

Chapter Fifty-nine
Two Books: 1890

If one really wanted to set a hard date when modern America was born, it would have to be the year 1890. It wasn't that the country actually changed in that year; it was the publica-

tion that year of two books that inspired dramatic changes. They were written about completely different subjects; one dealt with the life of the average American and the other addressed creating an American Empire internationally. And the authors could not have been more dissimilar; all they seemingly had in common was that both died in 1914.

Perhaps they have one more thing in common: one powerful reader loved them both. While both of these books were widely read and given exceptional reviews for their thought-provoking subject matter in 1890, if not for that reader these extremely important books might have come and gone, forgotten by history and their societal impact minimal. But we do know about them and are the better nation for them because that one reader, uniquely in a position to do something great with them, agreed enthusiastically with both authors' conclusions.

Alfred Thayer Mahan was born on December 1, 1840, at West Point, New York; his father, Dennis, was a professor at the United States Military Academy. Alfred followed in his father's footsteps, but not closely enough to suit his parent; Alfred first attended Columbia University and then, though his father wanted him to come home to West Point, attended the Naval Academy, graduating second in his class.

Alfred Mahan was commissioned a Lieutenant in the Navy in 1861; he served on the USS Congress, Pocahontas and James Adger before being transferred as an instructor to the Naval Academy. Mahan had not proven a great ship's commander; several of his vessels had been involved in minor collisions. He loved the old square-rigged vessels and detested the newer steamships then coming on line - and, because he recognized his lack of talent at captaining a ship, he did everything in his power to avoid sea duty. Perhaps his superiors subscribed to the axiom, "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach," because in 1885 he was appointed a permanent lecturer in naval history at the Naval War Academy.

The president of the college, Rear Admiral Stephen B. Luce, nudged him in the direction of his future importance to the country: Luce suggested that Mahan deal with the influence throughout history of sea power, as used by nations that later were considered empires.
For the first year of his new assignment he spent no time in classes, but worked from his home in New York, researching and writing about how empires have used sea power in history. Mahan concluded that creating the world's greatest navies had made them superpowers; using them to effectively control sea trade had made them empires.

By the time Mahan was done with his research, he had been appointed to replace Luce at the Naval Academy. The next year Mahan struck up a strong friendship with a frequent guest lecturer, who not only returned Mahan's friendliness but quickly became a wholehearted convert to his theories of sea power and empires. This guest lecturer, coincidentally, was about to be named the Police Commissioner of New York.

Jacob Riis was one of 15 children born to Niels Riis in Denmark, who was the editor of the local newspaper. As a young boy he became a voracious reader, devouring the works of Charles Dickens and James Fenimore Cooper. A boy's boy, as it were, he was in constant trouble at school; so it surprised everyone when, at 12, he took all the money he had received that Christmas and gave it to a poverty-stricken family in the neighborhood. Money was tight even in his family, but the warm-hearted Jacob believed the other family needed it more.
He would fall in love at 16 with Elisabeth Gortz, but was forced to take work as a carpenter in Copenhagen. It was a demeaning job, and the worst thing about it was that it made Elisabeth refuse to marry him. Seeing little future in his home country, Riis did what so many Europeans did in that era: by the time he was 21, he had saved enough money to come to the U.S.

He arrived in 1870, just in time to see America change. For in the period after the Civil

War, migration from the country into the cities was in full swing; what with that migration and the huge influx of immigrants in that period, America's largest cities grew by 24 million people, an increase in population of over 700%. In those days the police department, often taking people off the streets to sleep in the basement of local police stations, ran the homeless shelters. It wasn't because anyone cared about homeless people; it just reduced crime rates when the police knew those poorest individuals were sleeping below the station. But these basements were dark, dank, and so unsanitary that many homeless people, already weak from lack of food, caught diseases in those basements that ended their wretched lives.

A poor young man himself, Riis lived on the streets of New York and sometimes slept in those basements. His only companion was a stray mutt that attached itself to Riis - until one day a New York City cop beat his dog to death. Riis never forgot or forgave that action.

Three years after his arrival in America, Riis finally found employment as a police reporter for the New York Evening Sun. The next year he moved over to the Brooklyn News, and in 1877 he became the police reporter for the New York Tribune. As a police reporter, he had the job of wandering the worst ghettos of New York, covering the slums and those who inhabited them - and what he saw depressed him mightily.

That's how it came to be Riis who brought to light the crime that was never-ending in the slums. He wrote feelingly about the unbelievably poor conditions of the New York tenement houses, where often all 10 members of one family would have to live in one room, 10 feet by 12 feet, with little light and no ventilation whatsoever. They had communal toilets, and food was often cooked in small open wood-burning stoves in those cramped rooms - and yet the rents weren't cheap. In fact, many if not most of the worst tenements housing New York's poor were owned by some of the city's wealthiest individuals - rich off the exorbitant rents they charged in the slums.

It was Riis who wrote about the thousands of children roaming the slums of New York. Their parents, who simply could not afford to keep them, had sent children often as young as 4 years old out into the streets to play - then simply packed their few possessions and moved away. It was no surprise to Riis that so many children, forced for years to survive by eating scraps someone else had thrown away, either died on the streets at night or grew up to become criminals and joined gangs. Riis found it an outrage that in a city as wealthy as New York, fully half of the population lived like this and so many young children were abandoned, left to either survive or die. But, no matter how often or how passionately Riis wrote about the slums of New York, the destitution of the multitudes, and the indifference of the city's officials to their plight, his words moved no one and nothing changed. That is, until 1889, when Riis purchased one of the newest American inventions: flash power for a portable camera.

Now our Danish immigrant, who had once been among the city's destitute and had lived on the streets himself - except when the police rounded him and the others up to spend the night in their horrific basement shelters - had a way to turn his words into a reality that everyone could share. Jacob Riis took his camera into the New York slums at night.

Photographing the families living in their unbelievably cramped, airless and filthy tenement rooms, foul and starving, Riis captured the absence of even a trace of hope in their eyes. His nighttime photographs captured the street urchins of New York sleeping in alleys, keeping warm on the coldest nights by covering up with other scrawny and raggedly dressed children. Scribner's Magazine published his essay along with the photographs he had taken, and they forever laid bare the falseness of the American dream. But in 1890, only months before Alfred Mahan's book, The Influence of Sea Power Upon History, made its debut, Charles Scribner published Riis's groundbreaking book, How the Other Half Lives.

Riis's book and photographs brought to light the conditions and despair that were everyday life for half of all Americans living in our largest city. Suddenly the wealthiest New Yorkers, who had never even seen one of the slum tenements they owned, were transported into the lives of their renters and the children of the streets. More important, every other American of any sort of personal means also saw the dark corners of life in America's big cities, the tragedy of so many families. Riis's book had an extraordinary impact on every American who read it and an even more profound impact on millions who never learned to read a word.

Capt. Mahan's book promised a new American Century. He proposed that we do what successful empires had always done to become great world superpowers: creating the world's finest navy, he wrote, would ensure the safety of our industries' international commerce; and that in turn would further increase the wealth of America, making us not only the moral leaders of the world, but a nation admired by all. Both men were essentially writing about the same end goal: how to elevate the country's position internationally, thereby raising our wealth and by extension, the social position of all Americans. It just looked different because one was writing about international naval might as prerequisite to the new American Century, and the other was writing that ending the suffering of so many people here would usher in a new America and an unparalleled American Century.

Remember the New York Police Commissioner, the guest lecturer at the Naval Academy and friend of Captain Alfred Mahan? He read Mahan's book and realized that what he was proposing, if implemented, would definitely change America and bring it to a new level of greatness. And that same police commissioner, whose office was in the police station where Jacob Riis worked as a police reporter, had never actually gone into the slums at night. He read Riis's book too, and he was so taken aback by its revelations that he not only closed the homeless shelters in police stations, but started working toward finding solutions to the problems of "the other half," as Riis so eloquently termed the poor. The Police Commissioner would later say, "Jacob Riis was the best American I ever knew." The two quickly became personal friends as a result of that book.

Today Jacob Riis is known as the father of investigative journalism in this country; it was he who first used photographs with powerful prose to move the country to action.
Captain Alfred Thayer Mahan and his book, The Influence of Sea Power Upon History, also changed our country. It was a bible to that Police Commissioner in later years and in a higher position, when he implemented Mahan's theory and gave us our modern military. It was Mahan's theory of international military power that led us to annex Hawaii, Guam, the Philippines and other outposts, and to assert our power as a world leader. Right, wrong or indifferent, it was Mahan's book that started the American Century, by way of this one man. And it was Riis's book that led that same future politician to improve the lives of the majority of Americans, forcing reasonable wages for blue-collar work and providing strong education for all, not just for the wealthy.

This man took both books so seriously that he single-handedly made us a world power, while forcing America to start thinking about the societal and economic condition of all Americans. You see, the New York Police Commissioner in 1890 was none other than Theodore Roosevelt. If you examine his presidency now, you'll find the two things that drove him, the issues that defined his presidency, were written in the books of Jacob Riis and Captain Alfred Mahan.

And if you can think of two more important American books, much less two written in the same year - well, it can't be done. But it is worth noting that 117 years later, both books are still in print, still read by thousands of Americans. They just don't know how those books defined Teddy Roosevelt's Presidency.

Chapter Sixty
The U.S. and the Middle East

The year was 1776: We had declared independence from England, but our sudden freedom left us with a problem related to our success. America in 1776 was fast becoming a seafaring nation thanks to the high quality of our wood for the large oceangoing ships of the day. And thanks to our timber and our shipping prowess, we were also becoming a country heavily dependent on foreign trade.

Tall New England merchant ships plied the sea routes toward the Mediterranean with cargoes of timber, tobacco, sugar and the famous New England Rum being brewed by the great-grandchildren of the original Puritans. In ports on the far side of the world these goods were traded for figs, raisins, spices, and loads and loads of Turkish opium; mildly popular here, the stuff was worth a fortune when those New England merchants sailed on to Canton, China. In fact, the only real danger to our burgeoning world trade status was the pirate ships of North Africa.

They believed it was their duty to seize the cargoes and crews of Western traders, and they sailed from ports in Morocco, Tunis, Tripoli, and Algiers. Their homeland was known throughout the Arabic world as the al-Maghrib area; in this country, we called it the Barbary Coast.

Piracy was nothing new to world history. It had a fine heritage; frequently in the past world governments had employed pirates to seize the trading vessels of their enemies in order to enrich their own nations' treasuries. Everyone had always looted everyone else; but by the time of our Revolution world trade had become more legitimate and less criminal - except for the rulers of the Barbary Coast. They had been appropriating our vessels by force for some time at that point; the first American ship seized by the pirates had been taken in 1625. In 1678, Algerians took one of our ships out of Massachusetts and 13 from Virginia.

It wouldn't have been so bad if they'd just stolen the goods and let the ships go, but these Muslim pirates had a nasty way of auctioning off the crews as slaves to work in African mines. That was just more than the Colonists would stand for. Seizing Africans as slaves to work in America was one thing, but seizing Americans to work as slaves in Africa was just unconscionable. Instead of sending a permanent naval contingent to this region of pirates, the British had simply negotiated an annual payment to the area's rulers to leave British ships alone. And for the most part, it had been honored - but now things were different: we had split from England, so the British Navy was no longer protecting our ships at sea. And our ships' safety from pirates was

no longer assured by England's annual tribute payment.

More important, we didn't have a standing navy and didn't have enough money to fight our own Revolution, much less pay off a bunch of pirates 4,000 miles away. However, once France decided to help with our fight against the British, an agreement was made - the Franco-American Treaty of Alliance, in 1778 - and one of its promises was that France would "obtain the immunity of the ships, citizens and goods of the United States against any attack, violence or depredation from the States of Barbary." The problem was that when we had to officially ask France for protection, they decided to pass. The reason? Just as it does today, France was doing big business with the Middle East and realized that if it came to our rescue, its profitable trade might suffer.

Now our ships became an even easier target for the pirates. Across America it was believed that England was now paying the pirates to seize our vessels; Ben Franklin wrote, "If there were no Algeria, it would be worth England's while to build one." Barbary pirates actually harassed our convoy of ships coming home from peace negotiations in England.

In October of 1784, Moroccan pirates seized the Betsy, a 300-ton brig, selling the crew on the slave market in Morocco. Three months later, both the Daulphin and Maria were taken, this time by Algerians. Having lost so many ships in so short a time, Secretary of Foreign Affairs John Jay wrote, "The alarming evil of Barbary not only endangers American trade, but also signals America's weakness to the jealous powers of Europe." (The echo is one great thing about history; this sounds just like something Washington said just last week.)

Thomas Jefferson, a moderate pacifist, held that he understood the Middle East better than anyone else, and the only thing they understood was raw power. At the time, Jefferson was our minister to France, so he tried to put together a "coalition of the willing" to fight in the Middle East, attempting to enlist France, Spain, Portugal, Naples, Denmark and Sweden in the fight against these seagoing terrorists. Like they do today, most nations begged off from this grand adventure. The French said they would not take part in military action by a coalition of forces against Middle Eastern countries.

Jefferson asked Congress for funds enough to build a naval fleet of at least 150 guns to deal with the pirates; Congress decided instead to allocate $70,000 to buy influence in the Barbary Courts. For our emissary, Congress chose Connecticut businessman Richard Lamb and sailed him off to Algiers with the offer. But Lamb was no negotiator; in his meeting with the ruler of Algeria, Hassan Dey, he not only didn't win the release of a single American, but he let Dey add several demands to his existing list. One was a portrait of General George Washington, whom Hassan Dey claimed was one of his heroes. Lamb came home with nothing.

There came another opening to stop the raiding on our merchant ships: John Adams, then our Minister to England, was offered a meeting with Abd-al-Raman-al-Ajar, the representative of the Pasha of Tripoli. Al-Raman asked Adams about the United States, the country, its people, and the land, and then said that America would always be Tripoli's enemy, because they were the ruling force in the Mediterranean. Of course, real friendship could be bought, and with all of the rulers of that region - for about one million dollars, or 10% of our total government spending. And here is where John Adams foretold history; he was in favor of the idea, saying America made enough money on trade in this region to afford to buy the friendship of these countries. And then he warned against military action: "We ought not to fight the Barbary States, at all, unless we are determined to fight them forever."

Now Thomas Jefferson was told to meet with Adams and Al-Raman in London, but the demands were the same - a million bucks and we all start holding hands. Congress, although they were still dealing with the debts of our Revolution, advised Jefferson and Adams to go ahead and cut a deal, but with Muhammad bin Abdullah, the ruler of Morocco. After all, it had been Morocco that first officially recognized the United States when we declared our independence. That's right, Morocco nipped in even before France, becoming the first country to agree to treat us as a legitimate and independent country with full rights. In fact, Morocco also agreed to be the first to sign a peace and trade agreement with us, but Congress had dragged

its feet in approving it; the infuriated Abdullah had seized the Betsy in retaliation for our disrespect of his peace offering.

Jefferson, Adams and Benjamin Franklin - a diplomatic dream team if ever there was one - were sent to cut a deal and soothe Emperor Abdullah's hurt feelings. They must have been good; for a mere $20,000 he gave us back the Betsy with crew, and we opened our first overseas legation in Tangiers. Today that consulate is America's only official national landmark abroad.

So, with success assured, the Betsy and its crew finally set sail as free men from Morocco. And immediately they were recaptured, this time by pirates out of Tunis.
That pretty much was the final straw that made us want to break their camels' backs. All of them.

Still, because they were home to the families of American sailors imprisoned overseas, 12 of the 13 Colonies sent delegates to Philadelphia in May of 1787. It was past time to get rid of our weak Articles of Confederation and replace them with something more substantial that would bind us together as one nation - as one delegate said, "to rectify the very weakness that had humbled the United States before Barbary." Honorary Chairman George Washington told the delegates not to talk of chastening the Algerians "until the wisdom and force of the Union shall be more concentrated." Who would think today that one of the prime original goals of our Constitution was to create a powerful central government, in response to problems with the Middle East? That was one main reason we needed the Constitution sooner rather than later.

Just like they are today, preachers and politicians across the country started saying that if we didn't beat the Barbary pirates in the Middle East, they would soon be attacking us here. As one pastor, Hugh Williamson of North Carolina, asked his flock, "What will protect us from Algerian pirates landing on our coast?"

You may know that on March 4, 1789, we officially adopted our Constitution, which stands to this day. This amazing document was the direct result of 12 of our 13 Colonies' agreeing to put aside their differences to form a government strong enough to deal with outside threats like the pirates of the Middle East. James Madison joined with John Jay and Alexander Hamilton to write The Federalist Papers, giving reasons why the United States needed strong and centralized power. In letter #41, they posit "that the union alone could preserve the nation's maritime strength, from the rapacious demands of pirates and barbarians."
John Jay actually wrote to a friend that he welcomed the attacks on our American ships by Middle Easterners, because it would "frighten the masses and increase their willingness to unite as one at home." Peter Markoe, a well-known Philadelphia publisher, wrote a propaganda piece for the Federalists in 1787, titled "The Algerine Spy in Pennsylvania." The villain of the story was Mehmet, who comes to America to study our defenses and decides we can be taken over by the Middle East; we abuse our freedoms, therefore we do not act as one nation. Sound familiar? In the book, Mehmet the spy decides Algiers should take over Rhode Island to use as a base of operations against all of America.

Of course, the real problem was that the American public of 1787 knew very little about the Middle East. We don't know much more today.

It certainly wasn't the romantic place portrayed in the book, 1,001 Arabian Nights, first anonymously translated and published in English in 1706. Nor was it the highly romanticized and mythic land of our Biblical stories. It was then and is now often a land ruled by tribal law - with the biggest tribe's leader in charge of everything.

However, some Americans did travel to areas of the Middle East and their stories of the actual conditions there were not romantic at all. Joel Roberts Poinsett, the Charleston bureaucrat for whom the poinsettia was named, was a guest of the Persian Khan in 1806. Writing about the hospitality he had received, he told of being shown a pool of oil, in an area known

as the Land of the Eternal Flame; the Khan had told him that one day, this might be used as fuel.

By 1793, Americans were past tired of hearing about our ships' being hijacked by pirates from the Middle East, not to mention paying the high cost of insurance on those shipments and our pride taking a hit. So George Washington went to Congress and asked for $688,000 to build six ships for a navy, but Congress argued that it would be cheaper to buy the pirates off than to create a standing navy. In the end they granted Washington's wish; and on March 27, 1794, Washington signed the law authorizing the construction of six ships, which specified, "adequate for the protection of the commerce of the United States against Algerian corsairs."

But, by the summer of the next year, we were back trying to negotiate with the Dey of Algiers, who laughingly told our negotiator, "But if I make peace with you, what will I do with my ships?" We cut another treaty with him, on September of 1795; the Treaty of Amity and Friendship included the provision that we build one naval frigate for him.
Yes, we've been supplying weapons to the Middle East for 212 years.

We paid tribute to others in the region and posted officials to their countries and pretty much nothing changed. But in September of 1800, Captain William Bainbridge was ordered to take half a million dollars in tribute to the Dey of Algiers. He didn't like the order; he was commander of the frigate the USS George Washington, the first U.S. Navy ship to enter the Mediterranean. But in fact, for three years most of our national budget had been going to pay off the Barbary governments. But poor Bainbridge basically tripped over his own sword: he brought the George Washington smartly into the harbor at Algiers under sail - and directly under the fort's formidable guns. Surrounded, he had no choice but to comply when Hassan Dey told him to raise Algeria's flag, because Bainbridge and his ship were taking Algeria's tribute to the Ottoman Empire to Constantinople. Or else!

So the USS George Washington, the pride of our still-new naval fleet, was loaded up with 150 sheep, 25 cows, five horses, four antelope, tigers, lions and parrots, the Algerian Ambassador to the Ottoman Empire, one hundred slaves and about a million dollars in gold for the Sultan. Biting their lips and probably quivering with mortification the entire journey, the only fun that Bainbridge and his crew had was washing the decks right before his Muslim passengers said their prayers. They would then cut the ship into the wind during the praying, just to watch the Muslims slide across the decks and try to continue to face Mecca.

They hadn't obtained the right of passage into Istanbul, but were granted entrance. Here Bainbridge was well received; the Sultan told him he greatly admired America, an island country strong enough to throw off the yoke of European powers, yet decent enough not to steal the lands of the Middle East. Gifts of extravagant value were given to Bainbridge, and the Sultan hoped for peace always with America. He appeared to be a new friend - but that wasn't enough.

Thomas Jefferson had come into office promising isolation from international affairs and strong opposition to military engagements, but after 15 years of dealing with Barbary governments he was more than a little fed up. Then Tripoli seized the Catherine and Franklin at sea and demanded another $100,000 for their release. Well, our ambassador in Tripoli, James Cathcart, wrote Jefferson, "to buy peace with Tripoli is to bid for war with Tunis."

Jefferson never gave up on his dream of a coalition of the willing, where European powers would help us rid the Middle East of these terrorists, but that faith wasn't going to make it a reality. But, though Jefferson now wanted war, there was a hitch: Our Constitution gave the power to declare war to Congress, not the President. So Thomas Jefferson came up with the answer that presidents have used ever since. While he would not declare war against the Barbary States, he called what he did do a "police action" - to enforce signed treaties.
In response, on May 14, 1801, a military force in Tripoli marched to our consulate and cut down our flagpole. In its time, that was considered an act of war.

It was a less bloody war than one might think, what with the Barbary troops getting

more of our ships and our destroying a few of theirs, but for this story, there's one more "first" in history.

William Eaton, a former military man, was a consul in Tunis who had a sure-fire plan to make things better in the Middle East. He had met and been impressed by Hamid Qaramanli, the exiled brother of the head guy in Tripoli - who was the biggest thorn in America's side. Eaton told Congress that Hamid was noble, courageous and honorable; and if we could just throw his despotic brother out of power and install Hamid on the throne, the Middle East would be our friends and great trade partners. That's right, the first mention of our effecting a regime change in the Middle East came in September of 1801.

Congress said no.

Eaton even came back to the U.S. to plead his cause; but no one believed that anything would change if you overthrew one Middle Eastern ruler.

Besides, our new navy was still having problems with that region's pirates, and most believed that renegotiating tributes for their leaders was the best plan of action. Eaton continued to argue that appeasement was not the answer, that they would understand only force - and that if they thought dealing with the Middle East had been tough before, it was near hopeless now.

Luckily for Eaton's career hopes, during this period the USS Philadelphia was captured; in May of 1804, Eaton was told he was now the U.S. Agent to the Barbary States. He could assemble an army, go get Hamid Qaramanli and march across the desert, overthrow Hamid's brother, and save the day with his regime change. Eaton sailed for Egypt promising to remake the Middle East.

Then as now, not all Middle Eastern States were a threat. It was pretty much the Northern Coast of Africa that was still into piracy as a way of enriching rulers. Therefore, Eaton set off for Egypt, then went by boat up the Nile with his small contingent of U.S. Marines - nine of them to be exact, under the command of Lt. Presley Neville O'Bannon.

It wasn't an easy trip: bad water, rapids, and Bedouin attacks enlivened it. But 150 miles outside of Cairo, at a place known as Arab Tower, Eaton and Hamid were reunited. The date was May 8, 1805, and here Eaton paid off corrupt Ottoman officials and hired 250 Bedouin warriors, 63 European mercenaries and 90 exiles from Tripoli, gathering them and his nine Marines. He gave himself a field promotion to general and made Hamid swear always to love America; then he slipped into a white uniform his wife had made for him. And they were off on a 500-mile trek across the desert to overthrow Hamid's despotic brother, the ruler of Tripoli.

Twelve days later in the desert, this group of would-be regime changers were down to half rations, eating their rice raw because they didn't have enough water to cook it. Fights broke out between the Muslims and the Christians in the group, and the Bedouins wanted ever more money to keep going. But worse was Mr. Noble and Courageous, Hamid; his whining about how afraid he was of his brother and how he didn't completely trust America to do the right thing in the long run had become constant.

Then Hamid joined the Bedouins to rush the supply wagons - and they were repulsed by the nine Marines.

Finally, 400 sun-beaten would-be warriors made it to the Bay of Bomba, where they were supposed to be re-supplied by an American ship. The bay was empty. Obviously, no one

knew if it was ever coming; after all, it might have been waylaid by the Barbary pirates. So for days the group just sat on the beach wondering if this was where their military adventure would end - if not their lives. Finally, four days later they saw the sails of the USS Argus, and now refreshed, fed and resupplied, continued their mission west. Next stop: Darna, the second largest port in the region and the mission's launch site for the final push on Tripoli.

And so on April 25, 1805, General Eaton simply walked up to the gates of Darna and yelled for the governor to surrender the city, claiming that his mission was merely to reinstate the real ruler of Tripoli to the throne.

The governor's response was something close to "Pound sand." There was one other problem: Hamid's brother in Tripoli now knew that a military mission under our command was on the way to overthrow his government, so he sent 3,000 of his troops to Darna to wipe out our force.

Eaton's first task was to control Darna. And with the Argus, Hornet and Nautilus shelling the walled city, Eaton ordered a frontal attack. Two of the nine Marines were killed and Eaton shot through the wrist; the fighting was hand to hand, but sure enough, four hours later, the Stars and Stripes flew above Darna. The port was ours.

Just in time: Shortly after we took the port, on the outward dunes of the desert Eaton could see the 3,000 troops Yusef Qaramanli had sent to wipe out our forces. Their first charge was repulsed, but not before Eaton lost 60 more of his men in battle. The army of Tripoli continued its siege of the city; Eaton, convinced that his 340-man contingent could hold out until more help arrived, pushed back attack after attack. If they lost Darna, not only would their lives be forfeit but the idea of changing despotic Middle Eastern rulers' regimes would die. It all seemed hopeless for Eaton and our few remaining Marines.

Then, just as all looked lost, far out at sea Eaton and his men spied the riggings of the USS Constellation sailing to their defense. Now the battle would finally turn in our favor. Except that, once the Constellation dropped anchor, actually there wasn't a battle at all. No, the captain came ashore, walked up to Eaton and said, "On second thought, we've decided a regime change in the Middle East wasn't such a great idea. In fact, America has signed a new friendship treaty with Tripoli and all is forgiven."
Really.

As it turned out, Thomas Jefferson wasn't that sold on the idea of overturning foreign governments, even ones we didn't like. Therefore, he turned to Tobias Lear, a former aide to George Washington; and Lear told him the truth: Eaton was an egotistical nut, and Hamid was a whiny weakling. So Lear went to Tripoli and opened negotiations with Yusuf Qaramanli; they agreed to a prisoner exchange and $60,000, and everybody was friends again. If fact, Yusuf even said his brother Hamid could come home if Eaton and his little army would just get out of the desert.

And so on June 4, 1805, the Constellation sailed into Tripoli harbor, picked up our 296 sailors, and that was done. Immediately Algeria reaffirmed its treaty with America without additional tribute and so did Tunis. In fact, Tunis then sent to Washington a group of emissaries who celebrated, ran up a huge bill for wine and had such a great time that three of them refused to go home.

Eaton was furious with both Jefferson and Tobias Lear for what he considered their double-cross in quietly negotiating with Yusuf Qaramanli. Many members of Congress were sympathetic about his military struggles in North Africa, but most believed it was probably not wise to get into the business of regime change. In his annual address to Congress in December of 1805, Jefferson, who had once denounced a large standing navy as too costly, reversed his position and discussed our ability to patrol and secure the sea lanes for our country's growing overseas trade.

And the problems with the states of Barbary weren't completely over either. What with the Louisiana Purchase taking the funds needed for a large naval presence in the Mediterranean, and then the uptick in hostilities with England that would lead to the War of 1812, we

then faced a British navy that was 800 ships strong. Well, we just didn't have enough money to fight everyone.
So a few more ships were seized. After fighting the British again, James Madison got a formal decree from Congress to go to war with the Barbary States in 1814.

Stephen Decatur was given command of our fleet and told to go inflict serious disasters on the rulers of North Africa, to ensure a just and lasting peace. Thus it was that on June 28, 1815, the new Dey of Algiers woke to find 10 American warships sitting in his harbor, and what appeared to be all of their guns pointing at his palace and possibly his royal head. He quickly sought out his British friends, whom he thought would take his side - but they pointed out that they had just finished fighting a war with America and now were at peace with the new nation. So, all things considered, the British wanted to beg off.

From there our ships were off to Tunis and Tripoli and in the end, 30 years of problems with the pirates of the Middle East were over.

So, was it worth it? According to John Adams, no. It cost a lot more to fight the wars than it would have cost simply to pay off the pirates to achieve peace. Nor were our actions at the end what caused the Barbary leaders simply to give up being pirates. No: Because we had successfully quit paying tribute, suddenly the Europeans started pounding them into submission so they too could cease buying protection.

Today, Stephen Decatur is best known not for the actions that finally ended the days of the Barbary pirates, but for the slogan, "My country, right or wrong."
Tobias Lear, who successfully negotiated the first peace with Tripoli, was so vilified by the conservative press for doing so that he committed suicide in 1816. William Eaton, who led the ragtag army that never made it to Tripoli, was so embittered that he joined Aaron Burr to try and stop the Louisiana Purchase and form a new nation in that region. He turned on Burr at trial and for doing so was given 10,000 acres in Massachusetts - where, still bitter, he drank himself to death.

In the Marine Corps Hymn the line, "to the shores of Tripoli," isn't exactly accurate; the Marines only made it to the port of Darna, but that doesn't rhyme with anything. It is fair, however, to say that the accomplishments and bravery of those nine Marines is without parallel in our history. Preble County, Ohio; Eaton, New York; Tripoli, Iowa; and 20 cities named Decatur recognize the heroes of that day in America.

What you may not know is that the British drinking song from which our own national anthem was taken, "To Anacreon In Heaven," was first changed to celebrate Bainbridge and Decatur in their battles with the Middle East. Deleting lines such as "turbaned heads bowed" and "brow of the brave," Francis Scott Key rewrote it again after Fort McHenry into the song we know today.
So you thought we just got involved in the Middle East recently? Absolutely not. We've been there for hundreds of years, but at least we got our Constitution out of it. As for the founding of modern America, it is summed up by the most respected historian of American diplomacy, Thomas Bailey: "In an indirect sense, the brutal Dey of Algiers was a Founding Father of the Constitution."

Chapter Sixty-one
A U.S. Army-Trained Terrorist

It had only been one month since the first World Trade Center Bombing when Dr. Abdul Mu'iz, of the Kuwaiti Red Crescent, entered the United States on a fundraising mission. Touring the West Coast, Dr. Mu'iz told the stories of countless Afghan children who had been injured by Soviet land mines. The donations that he hoped to collect from well-to-do Muslim families in America would go a long way toward rehabilitating those children, victims of a 10-year-long war with Russia and the civil war then raging in Afghanistan.

His guide for this tour of America was Ali Abdelsoud Mohammed, a 6'1" former member of the Egyptian Army. A man who spoke fluent English, French and Hebrew, he was a strong pick for Mr. Mu'iz, as Mohammed made friends easily. Neither man was who he appeared to be, and maybe those they spoke to sensed that; despite countless talks and requests for donations, Dr. Mu'iz's trip garnered only a few hundred dollars for the cause he was championing.

Ali Mohammed had once been a major in the Egyptian military, actually in the same division as Khaled Islambouli, the solider who assassinated Anwar Sadat. At the time, Egyptian officials had believed that Ali Mohammed was part of the assassination plot, or at the very least a member of a radical fundamentalist group, and they removed him from the military. They had been right, Ali Mohammed was a member of Al-Jihad.

The United States had not been a target of their organization, for its stated purpose was to overthrow the Egyptian government and install an Islamic Republic in its place. Their only beef with us at the time was that we were a huge supporter of the government that the country then had in place. Therefore, to find the real weaknesses in Egypt, Ali Mohammed was given a new order from Al-Jihad: penetrate American intelligence in the region.

After all, how hard could it be?

In 1984, Ali Mohammed simply walked into our CIA station in Cairo and announced that his services were available. Wisely, the CIA officer handling him believed that he was sent to infiltrate our intelligence agency as a plant, although he believed that Mohammed was part of Egyptian intelligence and not a member of Al-Jihad. Unwisely, he knew that he didn't want him involved in our activities in Egypt, so he sent out an internal memo seeing if any other CIA station might be interested in him.

Hamburg, Germany, said they needed just such a man, and so Ali Mohammed became a CIA asset in Germany, assigned to penetrate a mosque affiliated with Hezbollah. On his first job for the CIA, Mohammed walked into that mosque and immediately told the Iranian cleric that he was a CIA plant, assigned to monitor their activities. What Mohammed didn't know was that the CIA had already infiltrated that mosque; they knew immediately that Mohammed was not trustworthy.

His employment was terminated immediately and in time the CIA notified the State Department about Ali Mohammed, labeling him as untrustworthy and issuing an order to bar his entrance into the United States. That would have worked well, except by the time the State Department was notified, Ali Mohammed was already in the U.S., on a visa approved by the CIA to protect our most valuable assets. To stay in California, however, he needed to be married; and so Linda Sanchez, a medical technician, wed our would-be jihadist.

Now it was time for him to really go to work. Mohammed joined the U.S. Army and was stationed at the John F. Kennedy Warfare Center at Fort Bragg. Here he really came about; he was constantly given high performance ratings and fitness awards. Called the best of the best and beyond reproach, Ali Mohammed ended up giving videotaped lectures on the Middle East, their cultures and politics to his fellow soldiers. What the officers did not suspect was that at night he was at his local Kinko's, copying our maps of the Middle East and military training manuals. On the weekends, he headed off to Jersey City to train young would-be jihadists in the arts of war.

In 1988, he asked for a separation from the Army to go kill a few Russians in Afghani-

stan and was granted leave. He was actually helping train the first members of what would become Al Qaeda. He left the army in 1989, but joined the Reserves and moved to Silicon Valley. Yes, he would take off for months on end to the Middle East; but, still trying to break into our intelligence agencies, he applied as a translator for both the FBI and CIA. Now, at this point you would think the CIA would check their own records on Mohammed, but they didn't. In May of 1993, when John Kent of the FBI came calling on an unrelated matter, Mohammed started regaling the agent with stories of Afghanistan and a local radical mosque. Because of the sensitive information he had been given, Kent brought in the Department of Defense; counterintelligence agents from Fort Meade flew to California to talk to Ali Mohammed.
If you are not sitting down, you'd better do so.

Mohammed told our military about Al Qaeda, even said he had trained some of their recruits and showed on maps of Afghanistan where their training camps were located. It was the first time our intelligence agencies ever heard the name Al Qaeda and the first time we heard that Osama Bin Laden was in charge. It was the spring of 1993.
Agent Kent sent his report in to the FBI, and one was filed at the Department of Defense and then, because of all this shocking information - nothing happened.

From there, Ali Mohammed took Dr. Mu'iz on his tour of the West Coast allegedly trying to raise money for Afghan children. He would continue to train young jihadists at bin Laden's camps, using techniques he had learned in Special Forces training at Camp Bragg. He was also put in charge of training Bin Laden's personal bodyguards. It would be Ali Mohammed who first traveled to Nairobi and scouted the American Embassy - a perfect target for a suicide bomber.

In the end Ali Mohammed was finally caught in the round-up for the bombings of our embassies in Africa, as he tried to flee the U.S. for Egypt. Imprisoned for eight months, he finally pled guilty in May of 1999. But, according to a 60 Minutes show broadcast in February of 2002, Mohammed was still awaiting sentencing, although no one knew where he was being held.

And that's the story of the man who wrote Al Qaeda's training manual, double dealt the CIA and Defense Department, trained young jihadists for Bin Laden and scouted out one of our embassies in Africa for bombing. The CIA in Egypt didn't trust him, and the station in Hamburg realized he was a double agent and notified the State Department - and yet he was given free access to come to America and then allowed to join the Army's Special Forces.

Oh and that Dr. Mu'iz that Mohammed escorted on his West Coast tour in 1993? That was really Dr. Ayman al-Zwahiri, one of the leaders of Al-Jihad, who would in time merge his group into Bin Laden's Al Qaeda. By the way, years later, when the FBI asked the Department of Defense for the documents pertaining to their interrogation of Mohammed, particularly those detailing when he spoke of Bin Laden and Al Qaeda, DoD said those interviews and documents had been lost. The warning lights had been flashing red from 1984 to 1998, but no one noticed they were going off.

Chapter Sixty-two
The USS Liberty

The year was 1967, the "Summer of Love" to those of us growing up in the sixties. It would be another two years before American deaths in Vietnam would exceed those of the Korean conflict, yet already young people were protesting against the 436,000 American soldiers' having been sent to that conflict.

The second week of June 1967 would bring one of the bloodiest battles against our military men, a battle in which American troops nearby easily could have come to the rescue of their fellow men - and, in fact, were already on the way - but were told to stand down by the President of the United States, Lyndon B. Johnson. The survivors of that attack were sworn to secrecy, under threat of court martial if they ever told the story; and for 30 years, until declassified, it remained a secret: The day we almost lost one of our navy's most important ships and we never even knew it had happened.

This story is about the USS Liberty, out on its fifth patrol under Commander William L. McGonagle.

Things are rarely what they seem to be in the world of spies and secrets, and the USS Liberty was no exception. Although it boasted a well-trained Navy crew and flew the American flag, the Liberty was a signal interception ship. Technically under command of the United States Navy, it had the real mission of spying for the National Security Agency. And in late May of 1967 the Liberty, patrolling off the coast of West Africa, was given its new assignment. It was to take up position off the coast of Egypt's Sinai region, for fears were growing that there was about to be a war between Israel and the Arabs.

The Liberty's lower decks were filled with equipment designed to capture radio signals from outside sources and people who could translate the messages those signals carried; the data would be forwarded to the NSA to allow our intelligence agencies to get a handle on world events. And, just like they do today, our intelligence agencies in 1967 screamed because they didn't have enough analysts well versed in foreign languages; the Liberty carried only five Arab-speaking translators, some Russian and no Hebrew linguists.

Some people in the National Security Agency didn't want to use the Liberty on such a sensitive mission, because there wouldn't be any ships close enough to protect it if it were attacked. But those who urged caution were quickly overruled. The Liberty had its mission: the Middle East.

It was 7:45 in the morning on June 5, 1967, when Israel launched virtually its entire air force against Egyptian targets. On board the Liberty, south of Sicily and steaming toward the region, new orders came in; now it was the Liberty's job to find out who had really started the war and what their probable motives were. This was important, for already Israel's foreign minister, Abba Eban, had informed our Ambassador to Israel, Walworth Barbour, that the Egyptians had started the war by attacking Israel.

All ships in the Mediterranean were ordered to stay at least 100 nautical miles off the coasts of Lebanon, Syria, Egypt and Israel. Of course, those orders didn't apply to the Liberty; in a series of conflicting orders she was told to stay anywhere from 30 to as few as 6.5 miles offshore - but again in Washington a debate raged about getting that ship out of any possibility of being in harm's way.

It was June 8th when the Liberty took up position off the coast and near the Sinai village of El Arish and began picking up the signals of the combatant armies. And within minutes the ship was being circled by a large aircraft; by 10:55 that morning, military officials on the ground in the Sinai knew there was an "American spy ship" off the coast.

The orders were given to destroy the USS Liberty and leave no survivors. At 12:05 that day, three torpedo boats left Ashdod on that mission; jets took off from nearby bases to help destroy our ship. Cmdr. McGonagle was on deck fixing the ship's position, which he noted was 25 miles off the coast from El Arish and well into international waters. Below, NSA staffers were busy recording the radio traffic from the combatants; they didn't have translators to understand immediately what was being said, but no matter, that was typical. They would

forward the tapes to the agency, and they would be translated later.
On deck, McGonagle suddenly looked up and saw a jet zooming toward him, and in that moment he knew his ship was about to be attacked. He didn't have time to man the ship's few guns, but McGonagle did get off a distress signal that he was under attack. It was picked up by the aircraft carrier the USS Saratoga - which also picked up the enemy pilots' radio calls: "Great, wonderful, she's burning, she's burning!"

But the commander of the Saratoga demanded an authentication code from the Liberty, which he couldn't get because rockets and napalm from those enemy fighters were killing and wounding the officers and the men in the Liberty's conning tower - including Cmdr. McGonagle. Finally, the radioman of the Liberty, unable to reach a superior for the code, screamed into his mic, "Listen to the goddamned rockets hitting, you son of a bitch!" Then his radio went silent.

As soon as the first wave of fighters exhausted their weapons, in came the second, larger group. It was later estimated that the Liberty took 821 separate hits. Then at 2:24 the three torpedo boats arrived to finish the Liberty off. At 2:37 the first torpedo was launched.

Already 20 men were dead, another 100 seriously wounded. The antennas were gone, the ship was nearly dead in the water, and the only thing still flying was the American flag. When that was destroyed, a larger flag took its place.

As the attack continued unabated, the USS America and Saratoga finally launched fighters to go to the rescue of the Liberty. And at about the same time those planes took off, the first torpedo struck the boat. It appeared all was lost, because in Washington, President Lyndon Johnson was being told of the all-out attack on the Liberty and that our fighters were on the way to drive off the attackers. And unbelievably, LBJ ordered the recall of those Navy jets, saying that he didn't care if the Liberty sank, he was not about to embarrass ... our allies.

That's right, it was the Israeli military trying to sink the Liberty. And they almost did; 34 men died and another 171 were wounded. It was fully 16 hours after the start of the attack that help finally arrived. Helicopters from the USS America made it to the battle scene and started lifting the dead and wounded off the ship. Cmdr. McGonagle, although seriously wounded, would not leave his command until the Liberty limped its way into Malta.

The surviving crewmen were then ordered never to discuss the incident, although from the very beginning they'd known it was Israelis attacking their ship - they'd seen the markings on the jets. The men were forbidden to discuss it even with their families under threat of court martial.

For their part, the Israelis honored the men of Motor Torpedo Boat 203, which had launched the successful torpedo attack.
And for 30 years, no one knew that more people died on the Liberty that one day than in Vietnam all that week. We never knew that it had happened at all.

To this day the Israelis deny that they knew it was an American ship. We know better, because declassified NSA documents of the translated tapes prove otherwise.

So, why did Israel attack the Liberty? Because of those tapes: they didn't want the world to know what was happening in the Sinai, and they thought that destroying the Liberty was the

only way to keep their activities secret. But what Israel didn't know was that there was also an NSA aircraft way up above fighter flight level, picking up the same material.

Three UN observers were intentionally killed in the Sinai that morning by Israeli troops, which also fired three rounds into the UN headquarters in Gaza, killing another 14. And three Israeli commanders, among them one Ariel Sharon, were killing captured prisoners of war that morning by execution, 150 in El Arish but more than 1,000 Arab POWs. And during those mass executions - an egregious violation of the Geneva Convention - Israel realized that the Liberty had it all on tape, so it had to be destroyed.

And so 34 brave men of the USS Liberty were added to the list of the Navy's dead that morning, and the 171 sailors wounded had new scars they couldn't explain. Cmdr. McGonagle was justly awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, though President Johnson would not present it to him lest the media find out how he'd won it; the Secretary of the Navy hung the medal around McGonagle's neck at the Washington Navy Yard.

The commanders of the Saratoga and the America lodged formal protests for being forced to recall their jets from helping their fellow sailors. Their protests didn't even draw a response.

And the Israelis finally paid $20,000 to each man wounded, $100,000 to the families of those killed - and then argued about paying damages for the destruction of the Liberty for 13 years, finally giving us pennies on the dollar.

So, when you talk about war in the Middle East or the attack on the USS Cole, remember: One of the worst attacks on American sailors came not from our enemies, but from an ally.

And to the brave sailors of the USS Liberty, for your silence all those years and for finally breaking it: We salute you.

Chapter Sixty-three
Thomas Watson & Leo Frank

Thomas E. Watson was born on his family's plantation near Thomson, Georgia, in 1856. A child of the Civil War, he would go on to become one of the most dynamic Populists in America. In time he would be one of the most successful attorneys in that part of the country, be elected to the Georgia House of Representatives, and then be elected a United States Congressman in 1890. Six years later, William Jennings Bryan picked Thomas Watson as his vice presidential candidate; the two ran for the White House on the Populist ticket. Watson was even chosen to be the presidential candidate for the Populists just after the turn of the 20th century.

Watson was a son of the South, but he campaigned against racism and the Anti-Catholic Leagues forming across the country. He preached tolerance and advocated having the federal government help right some of that period's worst social wrongs.

In 1905 he started publishing his own magazine, appropriately named Watson's. The 100,000 copies of its first issue quickly sold out. In articles by liberal writers such as attorney Clarence Darrow, the magazine railed against the abusive class rule of America's rich and spotlighted the problems that runaway capitalism was causing in this country. All the while, Watson remained one of the more respected leaders out of Georgia.

But something changed in Thomas E. Watson after his final presidential campaign in 1908. By 1910, his magazine had begun portraying a completely different view of the scene in America. Once a champion of minority rights, including those of blacks in the South, Watson's now began to admit lines such as this one into print:

"We have to lynch a few blacks occasionally, and flog them now and then."

On the Catholic Church too he had reversed his stance, writing, “Catholicism is a jackassical faith.” He warned his readers that Catholic politicians would owe loyalty to the Pope and not to the people of the United States. The man of enlightenment from the South had gone over to the dark side.

Born in Cuero in 1884, Leo Max Frank was a Texas boy, but his family moved to New York City when he was a child; by 1906 he had earned a degree in Mechanical Engineering from Cornell University. The following year he sailed for Europe to study pencil manufacturing; returning a year later, he relocated to Atlanta to take a position with the National Pencil Factory. In October of 1910 Frank married Lucille Selig; and in the Jewish community service organization, B’nai B’rith, he became president of the Atlanta chapter, the South’s largest.

In those days of child labor in America, National Pencil employed 13-year-old Mary Phagan. On April 12, 1913, when she returned to her workplace on a Saturday morning to collect her meager paycheck, she would be raped and murdered, her young body found in the basement of the factory. In fact, her murder is a well-known piece of the history of this country, but most people don’t know all the facts of the case.

Many people were suspected of being Mary’s assailant, but it wasn’t until a few weeks later that the Atlanta Constitution ran an article quoting Nina Formby, owner of a local brothel. Formby claimed that Leo Frank had called her in a desperate state on the day of Mary’s murder, demanding a room at her brothel for himself and a young girl. Unsubstantiated and unproven, that story nevertheless started a movement toward mob action.

That one story might have forced an investigation of Leo Frank as far as the public was concerned. But it was the series of articles written by Thomas E. Watson - onetime Populist candidate for president, former advocate for minority rights and now mentally ill and getting worse by the week but still a powerful writer - that really convinced all of Georgia that Leo Frank was the one and only guilty party in Mary Phagan’s murder.

Articles soon started to appear in Watson’s describing orgies in Frank’s office at National Pencil. Letters were printed from anonymous women claiming to have had affairs with the 29-year-old Jew; another letter writer called Frank “a satyr-faced New York Jew, a rich depraved Sodomite Jew.” Watson continued his tirade against Frank, writing in one anti-Semitic article that Frank belonged to the Jewish aristocracy, “and it is determined by the rich Jews that no aristocrat of their race should die for the death of a small working-class Gentile.”

That’s how, despite the existence of convincing evidence that James Conley, a janitor at the factory, was guilty - evidence like his being caught washing out his bloodstained work shirt - a grand jury indicted Leo Frank for the murder of Mary Phagan.

The janitor Conley actually testified against Frank, claiming that he’d often been the lookout man when Frank had his office affairs. Then he testified that- after admitting that they’d had sex

and he had bludgeoned her to death -Frank had given him $200 to hide Mary Phagan's body. That was odd; Dr. Roy Harris, head of the Georgia State Department of Health, had testified that Mary had been strangled.

Frank's case was not helped by his mother; incensed by some proceeding in the courtroom, she jumped to her feet and shouted at the prosecutor, "You Christian dog!"

Now, another child laborer at National Pencil, Alonzo Mann, was an office boy for Leo Frank. Mann testified that there were never any women in Frank's office - and that he'd been there all morning on the day of the murder, but he never saw Mary Phagan.

It didn't matter. All of Atlanta believed that Leo Frank was a sexual deviant, capable of molesting and killing children, so it didn't take long to get a verdict: Leo Frank was found guilty and sentenced to hang on October 10, 1913. Worth noting is that Judge Roan had not allowed Frank or his attorneys in the courtroom for the reading of the sentence; so convinced was the judge of Frank's innocence that he wanted to be prepared for the mob violence he foresaw would follow the acquittal.

However, in spite of his personal doubts, Judge Roan denied a motion for a new trial. Frank's appeal was also turned down by Georgia's higher courts and by the U.S. Supreme Court, but the process did delay his execution. And during that year of waiting, Leo Frank became pen pals with some of the reporters covering his case. Among them were C.P. Connelly, writing for Collier's, and Harold Ross, who would go on to found the New Yorker. Frank wrote just before Christmas of 1914, "I feel with you that my ultimate vindication must come."
Across America, Jewish organizations collected hundreds of thousands of letters urging a new trial, and then came shocking news. Remember James Conley, the janitor? His own attorney became convinced that his client had been the actual murderer.

Conley's girlfriend told police that he had confessed the crime to her. Judge Roan told John Slaton, the governor, to commute Frank's sentence because he did not believe Frank was guilty either. The governor started looking into the case and, on his last day in office, June 20, 1915, he commuted Leo Frank's sentence to life.
Atlanta fell apart. Martial law was declared as mobs headed toward the governor's mansion.

Thomas E. Watson, who had published so many fictitious stories about this case, decided to take the action to the next level. Now his magazine ran stories urging the citizens of Georgia not to have justice denied: "The next Jew who does what Frank did is going to get exactly the same thing that we give Negro rapists; the next Leo Frank case in Georgia will never reach the courthouse."

The mob got the idea. On August 16, 1915, 25 armed men, calling themselves the Knights of Mary Phagan, drove eight vehicles to the Georgia State Prison. They cut the phone lines, overpowered the guards, and kidnapped Leo Frank. Then they drove him to Frey's Grove outside of Marietta, where Mary Phagan had grown up, to lynch him.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION
MOB TAKES FRANK FROM JAIL
Contraband Stamp Going on Cotton

Leo Frank had only two requests: First, he had been taken from prison in his nightshirt, so would they be kind enough to cover him so he wouldn't be exposed after his hanging? Second, he asked if his wedding ring might be returned to his wife. Both requests were granted, and Leo Frank was hanged.
A photograph taken of the lynched man hanging was made into a popular greeting card; and, though it clearly showed the faces of his assassins, no one was ever charged with the crime.
Thomas E. Watson, who had once led the tolerance movement in America, who had fought for equal rights for all, including mi-

norities, through his magazine had sentenced Leo Frank to an unjust death. And Watson had never been more popular: He was elected a Georgia senator in 1920 and died in office two years later.

The lynching of Leo Frank was the final catalyst for the creation of the Ku Klux Klan of the last century. It was also the event that led to the formation of the Anti-Defamation League, a Jewish organization founded to protect against anti-Semitism that is active still. And today, outside the Georgia State Capitol, a 12-foot bronze statue of Thomas E. Watson stands above a plaque reading, "Editor, Lawyer, Historian, Author, Orator, Statesman. Author of Rural Free Delivery. A Champion of Right, who Never faltered in the cause." It of course mentions nothing of his anti-Semitic writings, anti-Papist viewpoint, anti-Black work. Naturally, the plaque also says nothing about how he single-handedly railroaded Leo Frank into the arms of a lynch mob and a hanging, which spawned the Ku Klux Klan.

The lines on his plaque are accurate if you are referring to the Thomas Watson of 1856 - 1910. They're just the opposite of the man who lived Watson's final 12 years.

There are some footnotes to this story. Alonzo Mann, Frank's office boy, admitted on his deathbed in 1982 that he saw James Conley carrying the dead body of Mary Phagan. In 1986, the state of Georgia pardoned Leo Frank - not because he had been innocent, but because it had allowed a mob to lynch him.

In 1999 Thomas Watson's grandson, part owner of the Atlanta Falcons, had a few choice words to say about the Leo Frank affair in the Atlanta Journal Constitution. He suggested that Jews had bribed the governor into commuting Leo Frank's sentence and that his grandfather's writings had nothing to do with Frank's lynching. Asked whether the people of Marietta should apologize for the act, Watson shot back, "Maybe those Frank people should apologize for bribing the governor."

Lastly, a movement to tear down the statue of Thomas E. Watson was shelved in 1999, in favor of a fight to change the state flag of Georgia.

Chapter Sixty-four
You Can't Please Everybody

If you had to sit and think about America's future, which countries would you think we might, some day, depend on the most? Which nations will be our allies, and which current allies do you think now will turn against us? It's a legitimate question because, looking at our history, it is easy to find hundreds of cases where one day's best friends became the next day's worst enemies. If you doubt that, remember that 20 years ago Saddam Hussein was our boy in Iraq; 30 years ago we had close ties to Iran; 40 years ago we favored Pakistan over India; and 60 years ago Russia was our ally and Japan our enemy. History shows that more often than not, the nations and leaders we cheer today will be the ones we detest tomorrow.

So why do our allies so often become our enemies? It's typically not over a lack of admiration for America or the ideals we hold.

Certainly many nations around the world firmly believe in our concept of life, liberty and government by the people. Even more, most admire our technological advances of the last century. Look at Japan in the early twenties - they were studying the works of Frederick Winslow Taylor, the man whose time-and-motion studies would end up perfecting the use of Ford's

moving assembly line. By the fifties the Japanese had graduated to the theories of W. Edwards Deming, who taught them quality at all costs. Hard to believe that in the 30-year period between, we fought a World War against them.

Maybe it was our image that changed - especially with Asians. After all, when America freed the Philippines from Spain in 1898, the Filipinos could not have been happier to see us and be liberated from centuries of Spanish rule. The only problem is that we moved in and took over what the Spanish had left behind. And next thing they knew, Congress had passed the Oriental Exclusion Act, which ended virtually all immigration from the Pacific. The impression was, we preached liberty and freedom but didn't care to share it with citizens from Asia.

To be fair, Teddy Roosevelt greatly admired the Japanese and their incredible accomplishments in so short a time after opening their country to the West. And Roosevelt did try to stop the mistreatment of Japanese in this country. It was his respect for the Japanese people that led TR to negotiate an end to the Japanese Russian War of 1904 to 1905. But here's where history teaches us an ironic lesson: Japanese citizens took to the streets to protest Roosevelt's interference, because they believed that was the only thing keeping them from accomplishing their goal of crushing Russian power in the Western Pacific. Right.
So in this case, we did the right thing, but still took a hit for it.

We took another hit after the Great War, when the world heard Woodrow Wilson's promise to "Make the world safe for democracy." But that same Woodrow Wilson refused to allow the clause, "racial equality," into the charter of the League of Nations. So Wilson was for what, democracy for all except non-white races? Basically, yes; Wilson frequently said one thing about racism but did the opposite. There was one serious consequence of Wilson's error: in China a young revolutionary, Mao Zedong, used Wilson's hypocrisy to start building his power base, which culminated in the "Communist Revolution" in the late forties.
Asia was further outraged by our Immigration Reform Act of 1924; it limited Japanese immigration to America to just 246 people a year - but let England send 75,000.

American missionaries in Korea stoked the fires of nationalism, going so far as to set up a military training camp in Nebraska to help Koreans overthrow their Japanese rulers. But, while the missionaries cared, Washington didn't. Officially we couldn't have cared less about Japanese imperialism in Korea, any more than we cared about the French occupation of Indochina. It was none of America's business.

Many aspects of Americanism were studied and adopted in countries that later came to despise us. In China in the twenties, Sun Yat-sen's book, The Three People's Principles, was taken from the works of American economist Henry George, while during the same period China adopted American university standards for educating the country's best and brightest. At the same time, Japanese intellectuals began calling for reforms and an adoption of our version of democracy as a way to stop the chronic unemployment of educated men in their country.

The most popular clubs in Tokyo, Peking and Shanghai played little but American jazz in the twenties and thirties. In fact, respect for America was so strong in Japan that hardcore nationalists had to stop the movement toward democratic reforms and find ways to turn the Japanese public against our way of life. Retired Gen. Sato Kajiro wrote a book, If Japan and America Fight, in 1921, predicting an easy win against the U.S. Seven years earlier, Fantasy on a Japanese American War, had discussed destroying our Pacific Fleet while taking the Philippines and Hawaii. It was a man who had read these earlier works and had graduated from Harvard University, Admiral Yamamoto Isoroku, who launched the attack on Pearl Harbor.

Suddenly China, whose people had not appreciated our non-involvement in ending their colonial rule by Japan, was once again our great ally. Our new buddy, Ho Chi Minh, an OSS contract player in French Indochina, helped us defeat the Japanese there. Mao Zedong and his Communists worked with our military to defeat Japan in China.

Then history took another turn because, during our occupation at the end of the war, we treated the Japanese well and helped them to rebuild their country. This outraged the Chi-

nese; for one thing, they believed those hard-to-find dollars should have helped them instead of Japan. For another, all of Asia feared that we were going to let Japan rebuild militarily, which would make Japan a threat again.
That didn't happen, but it didn't escape notice that during the Korean War, their people discussed using ships formerly of the Japanese navy in combat operations. In Japan in the fifties, as the threat of Communist China continued to grow, our discussions of a great democracy for all of Asia evaporated. Washington reinstalled many Japanese leaders - who, coincidentally, were anti-Democratic pardoned war criminals - to toughen up that country.

Eisenhower liked Pakistan more than he did India; but John Kennedy backed India against China in their brief war in the early sixties, which made Pakistan dislike us - and that situation has reversed twice since then. We built up Japan for decades, then claimed they were unfair business trade partners. We supported Taiwan, then recognized China.

We fought in Vietnam, and now we want to do more trade with them. We liberated the Philippines, but controlled them with appointed autocrats. However, we also helped save South Korea, during a period in which South Koreans regularly demonstrated against us Imperialists. We sent in huge amounts of aid when a devastating earthquake hit Pakistan, then sent cruise missiles to the same region trying to kill Al Qaeda terrorists.

And so history winds on "like a river flowing to the sea," as Gen. George Marshall once put it. Here's the most interesting point: The one event in our history that other countries love most about us - that is key to their vision of America and our ideals - is the exact same thing that angers and frustrates them most. It's our American Revolution. You may not have realized it, but our Revolution inspired the world. It ended France's rule in Mexico, Spanish rule in Cuba, French rule in Indochina and many other foreign-rule governments. It is the story of the underdogs pulling together to end imperial rule, especially when it's natives who want the foreigners out. It's the fight for self-determination and for a government by the people.

The fact is that other peoples hold our revolution so dear that they can never understand why we don't leap to support them against their oppressors. But the fact is that we can't fight everybody's wars.

Be careful whom you cheer for today. Because tomorrow, the things that now bind us may separate us. It's nobody's fault, not theirs, not ours - just the river of history taking the straights and bends of its winding course. The good news is that the enemies you hate today might become our best allies in the future: This river is never dull.

Chapter Sixty-five
Overthrowing Foreign Governments Part 2

It was just a simple postal stamp, designed in New York City in 1900, but sold to the Nicaraguan government for their postal system. The price was ten centavos, but the picture on that stamp would change the future of both the United States and Nicaragua.

Pictured on that stamp was Nicaragua's Momotombo volcano. It was dormant at the time, but the New York designers added what looked like smoke or steam vapor rising from its peak - possibly for visual interest? In 1900, no one thought much about it.

Ulysses S. Grant was the first American president to look for a way to build a canal across Central America and connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. As a result, in 1876 a gov-

That was good news for one group of Paris-based investors. They just happened to own the rights to a perfect strip of land, on which they had tried unsuccessfully to build a canal. Now, with our first canal venture dead in the water, they saw a chance to make a fortune selling us that property; their asking price was $109 million. But the property was in Colombia; and if the U.S. showed interest in purchasing that strip of land, the Colombian government was likely to consider that it was worth lots more money.

So, in 1898, the Paris investors hired a New York attorney, William Nelson Cromwell, to find a way to change our minds about building a canal in Nicaragua, and move it to their location to the south. Cromwell immediately donated $60,000 to the Republican Party, hoping that would be enough to get Congress to change their minds.

The canal was again a hot topic in Washington. The dual-ocean Spanish American War had proven that if we were to become the world's new superpower, our navy needed quicker access to both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. President Teddy Roosevelt just wanted a canal, period, as quickly as possible. In 1902, he went back to Congress and demanded a $140 million package to finish the work started in Nicaragua. Cromwell's bribe hadn't bought much; the House of Representatives voted 308 to 2 to get going on the Nicaraguan canal.

If only they had voted the year before: As it happened, 1902 was a disastrous year for volcanic eruptions in the Caribbean. One such disaster on the island of Martinique killed 30,000 of its inhabitants; another eruption took place on St. Vincent - and, the fashion in journalism being sensational reporting, American newspapers covered the gory details of the human suffering minutely and endlessly.

That's when Cromwell ran across that postal stamp showing the Momotombo volcano and realized he could change Congress's opinion yet.

First, he had a story planted in the New York Sun claiming that that volcano had just erupted, sending seismic tremors across the country. That wasn't true, but Cromwell purchased enough of those official Nicaraguan stamps showing an active volcano where there was none, and combined it with copies of his planted story in the New York Sun - and sent that package to everyone in Congress.

Congress didn't question the story, didn't question the picture on the stamp, and certainly didn't check out the location of that volcano; if they had, they'd have known it was over 100 miles away from where we were working on the canal. So, on June 19, 1902, suddenly Nicaragua was out and Colombia was in as a canal site. The Paris syndicate lowered its selling price from $109 million to $40 million, and Cromwell walked away with an $800,000 check for successfully lobbying Congress.

Jose Santos Zelaya was born in 1853, the son of an army colonel and coffee grower. His family was successful enough to send him to Europe for his higher education; he married a Belgian girl and returned home to Nicaragua. There he joined the new Liberal Party, which was trying to topple the militant and conservative junta's decades-long rule of the country. On his fortieth birthday in 1893, they did just that and he was named the new president of Nicaragua.

Zelaya was vain, autocratic, and often short-tempered, but he did hate seeing his country and his people mired in abject poverty. In short order he built railroads, schools, and port facilities, legalized civil marriage and divorce, and paved and lit the streets of Managua. He encouraged private business and helped when able with our plans for the interoceanic canal. We loved the guy; in 1889 our minister in Nicaragua wrote Washington that Zelaya gave his people "as good a government as they will permit him [to]." In 1900, U.S. Secretary of State John Hayes said Zelaya had "great ability, high character and integrity." Our consul in Managua wrote, "He is the ablest man in Central America, popular with the masses and is giving them an excellent government." Teddy Roosevelt called him a personal friend and noted that even when Zelaya had lost the canal deal, he did not let it affect his relationship with the United States at all. And all those raves were probably deserved; yet he would become the Saddam Hussein of

his time.

It started when the British, who controlled Nicaragua's ports, closed up shop and went home. American businessmen filled their positions; one of them, George Emery of Boston, in 1894 was granted the lumber rights to the country's eastern forests. Within years Emery was supplying most of the lumber to the Pullman Railcar Company. He had made just two agreements with Zelaya: first, he was to build a rail line through his lumber concession; second, he was to plant two trees for every one he cut. Emery did neither; and when in 1909 the Nicaraguan government tried to enforce the contract, Emery went crying to Washington.

He had a friend there in our new Secretary of State, Philander Knox. So did the owners of the Philadelphia-owned La Luz Mining Company, also doing business in Nicaragua and likewise being pressed to honor its contract. Knox immediately sent a letter to President Zelaya, demanding that the country buy Emery out of his lumber concession or face Washington's wrath. No problem; Nicaragua coughed up a check for $640,000 and sent Emery on his way, but some hard feelings lingered over the matter.

Zelaya had another dream - building a coast-to-coast railway - so he went to European banks and borrowed £1.2 billion to make that happen. Both J.P. Morgan and Secretary Knox were incensed that Zelaya had cut American banks out of the deal completely.

He had drawn a line in the sand, as far as they were concerned: First, Zelaya had had the gall to try to enforce legally binding contracts with American businessmen in his country. And then, just because Washington had responded in a pro-American way, Zelaya had gone and diversified his holdings, borrowing money for a railroad from European bankers. It was time to find a way to get the American people behind an invasion. Once this independent, autocratic ruler was overthrown, we could install a president that would respond more positively to Washington's demands. In 1909 a seething Secretary of State Knox decided to start a public relations campaign to destroy Zelaya's image in America and set up said overthrow.

Overnight, Zelaya and Nicaragua went from being the most progressive country in Central America to being a nation suffering a national reign of terror. President Taft called Zelaya a "medieval despot" and said we could no longer tolerate his autocratic rule. Newspapers started referring to him as "The Menace of Central America." Seeing that Zelaya was being weakened by our withdrawal of support for his country, on October 10, 1909, Juan Jose Estrada, a provincial governor, enlisted the help of a few American businessmen in his region to overthrow Zelaya and his government.

That same day Estrada declared himself the new President of Nicaragua and demanded that the U.S. formally recognize him as such. Secretary of State Knox loved it, but couldn't really recognize him as the president of the country until the elected president was thrown out. Nevertheless, money poured in for the revolution, maybe as much as $2 million. That money bought Estrada a militia, but the second they took off for Managua it bogged down in the jungle. A new call went out for gunslingers and mercenaries to get the revolution going again. One who responded was Lee Roy Cannon; originally from Virginia, he was living retired in Guatemala after a career as a rubber plantation owner and mercenary in Honduras. Another was Leonard Groce; he was from Texas and the foreman at the La Luz Mining operation.

The two men carried off a number of insurgent attacks against the legitimate Nicaraguan military, and both were caught when they tried to blow up the Diamante, a naval vessel carrying 500 troops to fight the rebels in the jungle. Both men were swiftly tried and convicted, and they were executed on November 17.

That did it for us. Secretary of State Knox sent a letter off to Zelaya, saying he should have recognized the legitimate aims of the militia trying to overthrow him - and therefore those two men should have been accorded protection as prisoners of war. We then sent in our warships and Marines; realizing that all was lost, Zelaya resigned the presidency on December 16, leaving instead of putting his people through an invasion or shelling. As he said at his departure, he hoped his decision would bring peace.

Not so fast: sworn in as president was not Estrada but Jose Madriz, one of Nicaragua's

most respected jurists. And the first thing Madriz did was order his military to wipe out Estrada's militia.
What happened next was almost humorous.

Marine Major Smedley Butler had already seen battle in the Spanish American War, the Filipino Insurrection and our intervention in Panama in 1903. Known as the Fighting Quaker, he would one day become Commandant of the United States Marine Corps. He and his men were ordered to intervene in this newest problem, because we didn't want Madriz to become president; our money was riding on Estrada. Butler would later write, "It didn't take a ton of bricks to make me see daylight. It was plain Washington would like to see the revolutionists come out on top."

His men had landed off the Paducah and Dubuque at Bluefields; they came ashore and secured that city without incident. But Butler had seen enough war; knowing that Nicaraguan soldiers had his men surrounded, Butler came up with a plan. He wrote out a note ordering the officer leading the Nicaraguan army not to fire into the city, as stray bullets might hit one of his own troops or innocent Americans. He intended to mosey on out and disarm them, he said.The officer replied, "Does that mean you will also disarm the rebels in the city?" Butler wrote back, "That's not a problem; they will be shooting in your direction, while you will be shooting in toward us. Their bullets are no danger to Americans - yours are." That's right, Butler simply forbade them to fire their weapons, and they fell for it and left.

In the end President Madriz, realizing that our intervention made his situation hopeless, resigned too. General Jose Estrada marched right into Managua and became president on August 21, 1910. Harold Denny, the New York Times reporter covering the action, would write, "On that day began the American rule of Nicaragua, political and economic."

Our military did not leave Nicaragua after Estrada took over; in fact, our boys in uniform stayed in that country for the next 23 years. Because the Nicaraguan people had loved Zelaya, Estrada could never manage to completely take over the country; he too left office. His replacement, Adolfo Diaz, had been the accountant for the U. S.-owned La Luz Mining Company.
Still, great anger still simmered against our intervention and our troops still in the country. There were regular uprisings; Benjamin Zeledon, an ardent admirer of former President Zelaya, would lead the largest one in the early years. Zeledon was killed in battle against our Marines in 1912; a rope was tied to his ankle and his body was dragged through the streets of Masaya to the cemetery. A boy named Augusto Cesar Sandino, who witnessed his treatment that day, would later write, "Zeledon's death gave me the key to understanding our country's situation in the face of the Yankees."

In time Sandino grew up to lead his own rebellion, but he wasn't the only one doing so. Finally, in 1933, President Herbert Hoover, under pressure from the American public over the continued losses of our people in that country, simply gave up and brought the troops home.
Once our troops were gone, Sandino called a truce and, with the promise of safe conduct, went to Managua to help establish a new government. General Anastasio Somoza, who would go on to become one of the most despised dictators in modern times, had Sandino assassinated. It is estimated that 50,000 were killed during Somoza's reign, 120,000 forced to leave the country and 600,000

made homeless. After he was assassinated his son took over and was even more brutal, if that is possible.

Smedley Butler would go on to become Commandant of our Marine Corps, and twice during his service to our country he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. However, after he retired his conscience got the best of him, and he renounced his military career, writing in 1933,

"War is just a racket. It is conducted for the benefit of the very few at the expense of the masses. ... There isn't a trick in the racketeering bag that the military gang is blind to. I spent 33 years and 4 months in active military service as a member of this country's most agile military force, the Marine Corps. And during that period, I spent most of my time being a high-class muscle man for Big Business, for Wall Street and for the Bankers. In short, I was a gangster for capitalism. I helped make Mexico safe for American oil interests in 1914. I helped make Haiti and Cuba a decent place for the National City Bank boys to collect revenues in. I helped in the raping of half a dozen Central American republics for the benefit of Wall Street. I helped purify Nicaragua for the international banking house of Brown Brothers in 1909 - 1912. In China I helped to see to it that Standard Oil went its way unmolested."

President Zelaya, apparently having no real hard feelings over being deposed, moved to New York City, where he died in 1919.

As for the assassinated rebel leader, Augusto Sandino? Well, you know his story too. Because his movement took his name: the Sandinistas. They're still fighting the war today that started in 1909, when we said Zelaya had to go.

Chapter Sixty Six
The Forgotten Truths of Valley Forge

It is one of the iconic stories of our Revolution: the winter of 1777 - 1778, when General George Washington and his troops had to survive the impossible conditions of their camp near Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. More than likely, what you know about the story is that George Washington marched into that region with close to 12,000 troops, stoically spent the winter there, and then marched out in spring with his remaining army to ultimately defeat the British and secure our independence - a triumph of the Spirit of 76, as it were. Haven't you ever wondered why Washington chose Valley Forge for his winter camp? Or why British General William Howe, in his snug winter camp just 20 miles down the road in Philadelphia, didn't just march his soldiers out of the city and wipe Washington and his soldiers out? The British army was well fed and maintained in good order; Howe knew that Washington and his men were starving and certainly not up to the match. Yes, England probably could have won the war that winter, but Howe didn't make a move. He didn't have to. For Americans, the winter that Washington spent at Valley Forge changed how we fought the Revolutionary War. Before Valley Forge we had gone into battle and fought; after that experience we simply went to control the countryside. For Washington and others realized that they could not beat the British in direct battle; they understood that the land and time were on our side, and the only way for us to lose this war was to try and win it.

Washington chose Valley Forge in southeastern Pennsylvania because it comprised thousands of acres of exceptional farmland. It was one of the most densely populated areas

in America, with more than 50 people per square mile in residence. The soil was rich and fertile, and the farmers of Valley Forge grew enough wheat, grain, and livestock to sell not just in Philadelphia, but markets beyond that region. It was considered the most productive land on the East Coast of the continent, and for that reason alone Washington wanted to winter there - an army travels on its stomach, and he wanted his troops to be well fed.

This makes the story of Washington's winter camp even more mysterious, since it's well known that many of his soldiers died of starvation that winter.

More on that in a moment.

It's just an educated guess that Washington was quartering 12,000 soldiers, both because recordkeeping was impossible and because the Continental Army was a work in progress. Many volunteers simply walked away and went home as others arrived to join up. What we do know is that by the time of Valley Forge, the farmers and businessmen who had fought the very first battles of the Revolution mostly were long since dead or gone home. They in turn had been replaced by emancipated slaves, indentured servants sent by their masters, new immigrants from Ireland and Scotland who didn't care for British rule, and basic laborers from the cities - in other words, the Colonies' poorest. Now, this doesn't mean that the more influential citizenry had totally left the American cause; they tended, however, to gravitate now toward the state militias, where discipline was less rigid and one's obligation more open-ended. For rich and poor alike, however, Valley Forge was as bleak as it is portrayed in the history books. That anyone survived the ordeal is amazing. Albigence Waldo, one of Washington's surgeons, described a solider named Will: "Coming into camp without shoes, his pants torn, his shirt nothing more than strings barely covering his upper body, he was infested with lice, covered in open sores, and exhausted by hunger and exposure to the elements. Will kept crying that he knew that he could not live much longer."

Washington himself had to walk through his troops and look at fighting men without shoes, without coats, and often without even blankets to lie on. Washington wrote that the interested could easily follow his troops' movements, because of the blood in the snow from their bare and ice-shredded feet. Hospital records show that only 3,000 to 4,000 of the entire army was capable of duty at any one time; 2,000 were unavailable because they had no clothes or shoes, 3,500 were sick present, meaning they were confined to quarters, not ready for duty. Another 2,500 were sick absent, meaning they had been hospitalized. Dr. Benjamin Rush, then in charge of all hospitals, warned Washington that in their present state, his army formed a laboratory for any contagious disease that might come their way. But he also warned the General that the worst thing he could do was send these boys to a hospital, because they would most certainly die from new diseases acquired there.

Keep in mind that 1777 was right in the middle of the Little Ice Age, so on average it was far colder and bitterer back then than in a more normal Pennsylvania winter today. Things were so bad that within a week of arriving at Valley Forge Washington wrote to Henry Laurens, the new president of the Continental Congress, and described the misery of his troops, which he said it was outside of his power to relieve or prevent. Washington closed that letter by writing, "I am now convinced beyond a doubt, that unless some great and capital change suddenly takes place, this army must inevitably be reduced to one or the other of these three things, starve, dissolve or disperse." John Marshall, who would go on to become our first Supreme Court Justice, was then a junior officer in the Virginia riflemen. Marshall said of Washington's descrip-

tion of the problems that they "were not exaggerated." It got so bad that when the chance came to move at least some of the soldiers into hastily built wood cabins, they had to be forbidden to cut up their tents to use the canvas for makeshift shoes. What had happened to cause these shortages? Thomas Mifflin, a well-known Quaker from Philadelphia, had been serving as our Quartermaster General; a man of great personal integrity and ambition, he had delivered the goods when and where our military needed them, for the most part. But he resigned his post in the fall of 1777, just as Washington and his 12,000 troops were headed into his region. In fact, just as they settled into Valley Forge, the clothing and food shipments stopped.

February of 1778 was possibly the worst month, but it is believed that somewhere around 2,000 soldiers died at Valley Forge that winter from lack of food, exposure to the elements, or disease. Washington had already promoted his most able lieutenant, Nathanael Greene, to Quartermaster General; but, as capable as he was, it would take Greene more than just the winter to get the supply lines moving again. He also knew of another serious problem: morale was starting to slip throughout the country, for everyone had originally thought that our Revolution would be over quickly, the "Mission Accomplished" of its time after a 30-day war.

With the war now in its third year, Greene told Washington, many men had come to compare their situation in the fields of battle to being home with their families, and to contrast plowing their own fields to dying in someone else's. Greene even threw a bit of cold water on Washington's view that time was on the American side, not the British - Greene believed that whomever had the most money, "the longest purse," as he put it, would remain master of the field. Washington was not angry, for he knew that Greene was speaking not just his mind but the truth. So, when the Committee of the Continental Congress came to visit Valley Forge, Washington put his feelings onto paper. "Men may speculate as they will, they may talk of patriotism, they may draw a few examples from ancient stories of great achievements performed by its influence, but, whoever builds upon it, as a sufficient basis, for conducting a long and bloody war, will find themselves deceived in the end. We must take the passions of men, as nature has given them, and those principles as a guide. I will venture to assert that a great and lasting war can never be supported on the principle of patriotism alone. For a time it may, of itself, push men to action, to bear much, to encounter difficulties, but it will not endure unassisted by interest."

General Washington was proposing reforms. Among them, officers who signed up and served for the duration would receive pensions of half pay for life; if a soldier were killed, his wife or children would be compensated; and each state would have to provide a minimum number of new troops - in other words, start a draft. But these requests infuriated Washington, because in his mind they also violated the promise of our Revolution. After all, he believed in freedom for all, so forcing men into his army violated that belief and the principles of the Revolution. So, with the Continental Congress working on Washington's proposals and Nathanael Greene working on creating a new supply line, Washington still needed to whip his poor and starving army into shape for the spring offense.

And, as if in answer to his fervent prayer in the bleak heart of that bitter winter, into Valley Forge strode a former Prussian General, Baron Friedrich Wilhelm Augustus von Steuben. What a fraud he was. He wasn't related to royalty or an intimate of European rulers; he wasn't even a former general, but had risen only to the rank of captain in the Prus-

sian army. One thing he did know how to do was instill discipline in the troops. That fact alone was enough to make up for all of the "Baron" von Steuben's faults and flaws. Beginning in late February of 1778, von Steuben was marching the boys up and down in tight military formation, barking his commands through aides in English and swearing in German and French. First he toughened up platoons, then companies, then regiments and finally the entire army. Washington was so impressed that he made von Steuben our inspector general.

In the end, of the 12,000 men who marched into Valley Forge, only around 5,000 of those original soldiers marched out. Several thousand had died, others had simply gone home during that brutal winter. However, in the spring, thousands more came to join Washington's army, so he came out of Valley Forge with almost the same number as had entered his winter camp.

But, two parts of this story hadn't been answered.

How it is that Washington's Continental Army chose to winter in the bread-basket of the Colonies, yet had so little food that they all nearly starved to death? And why didn't General William Howe bring the British troops out of Philadelphia that winter, when he could have easily ended the Revolution right then and there?

The second question is the easiest to answer. In those days it was considered bad form to fight in winter. So based on European tradition, a truce was called in the coldest months of the year. Howe knew he could wipe Washington out, but it just wouldn't have been the gentlemanly thing to do. As for the food situation, the local farmers of Valley Forge were selling tons of it that winter - to the British army in Philadelphia. That's right, long caravans of farmers taking their food to sell to the British army passed Washington's starving troops almost every day.

-Bet you've never read that in your history books.

The two reasons why? One, at the start of the Revolution, more than half of all Americans believed in our cause, but after three years of war, less than half of Americans wanted to continue the fighting. Additionally, the British army paid in British sterling for that food. Our army paid in certificates, scrip redeemable in Continental Dollars. The British currency was worth something, our currency was worthless. So for our farmers to survive, they had to sell their foodstuffs and meat to the British for a currency that was worth something. And that's why Washington's army was nearly wiped out at Valley Forge: because the local farmers preferred the British pound to the extent that they carried all that food past their own starving soldiers almost daily. And by the way, at the end of winter, General Washington finally gave the order for the Grand Forage to save Washington's troops, forcing his men to go confiscate the remaining horses, cattle and food in the region. That's what saved the boys at Valley Forge that winter. Then again, Washington was sick about resorting to that move, because it wasn't in the spirit of the Revolution either.

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